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# Russia of Yesterday and To-Morrow

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IT was in the winter of 1897–98 that Mr. Gregory Wilenkin, the financial agent of the Russian Government at London, and Doctor Rafalovitch, who acted in a similar capacity at Paris, had an interview with Mr. Leopold Hirsch and myself regarding the future industrial development of Russia. At that interview they extended us an invitation from M. Witte, afterward Count Witte, the financial minister of Russia, to go to St. Petersburg to discuss the subject further with him. We accepted the invitation, and in the early spring of 1898 went to St. Petersburg. In the meantime, in order to obtain data to enable me to form an impression of the potential resources of Russia, I sent several of my assistants to Siberia and other parts of the Empire, and upon arrival at St. Petersburg I received from them a preliminary report conveying the desired information. At that time I was practising my profession of a consulting engineer in London, and as a representative of Cecil Rhodes had become acquainted with Mr. Leopold Hirsch in connection with the financing of some of the Rhodes mining properties in South Africa. Hirsch was the head of L. Hirsch & Company, a well-known London financial firm.

Sergius Witte was then at the zenith of his career, and was justly regarded in Europe as one of the most highly qualified of all the great statesmen of his day as an empire-builder, though perhaps in the economic rather than the political sense. He was second only in this respect to Cecil John Rhodes. By way of comparison and contrast it might be said that Rhodes was interested in the industrial development of a country chiefly as a means of the territorial expansion of the British Empire; that is, Rhodes's aspirations were pre-eminently political, while Witte's paramount interest was for the expansion of his country's industries, rather than for extension of its dominions. Witte's ambition was to bring Russia to a high state of industrial development, and to consummate this purpose he was willing to sacrifice such frontier territory as was not essential to Russia's political integrity. Witte comprehended the political weakness of an overextended empire. Like Rhodes, he was a man of commanding personality. Both were over six feet in height and broad in proportion. Each was imbued with the belief that he had a great mission to perform in enhancing the prestige and power of his country. There was in Witte a certain Oriental imperturbability, in contrast with the nervous energy and responsiveness which characterized Rhodes. Either would have been a great factor in the history of any nation, and either would have exerted commanding influence if he had been born under the Stars and Stripes. Both were in pre-eminent degree self-reliant and resourceful, both were dictatorial in their methods. Rhodes had more the spirit of compromise in attaining his ends. Witte was more rigid but was compelled at times to make compromises to maintain his position and influence. Witte had a far more difficult problem than Rhodes, because of the lack of appreciation of his policies by his relatively ignorant coun-

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trymen. Rhodes could, with confidence, appeal to the enlightened self-interest of the Englishman. Witte was handicapped by a selfish bureaucracy, and by a court camarilla opposed to any economic or political change that would militate against their control of Russian affairs.

It is a commentary on the provincialism of Americans that they know so little of the life of Sergius Witte, one of the great statesmen of his time. Few know of him other than through his connection with the Portsmouth Treaty. His real achievement was as a captain of industry, for such he virtually was when finance minister of Russia. At our first interview with M. Witte I asked if the reason that he sought English capital was not that Russia "had sucked the French orange dry," and was not disposed to allow German capitalists and entrepreneurs to obtain further measure of control and thus stifle Russian industries. He frankly admitted that this was his object in seeking the aid of English capital. I then asked him if he would not like also to secure American capital for Russia, and he replied that America was not an international money power, and for that reason American capital was not available. This was before our victory over Spain, and our resultant interest in world politics, and his criticism was doubtless justified. Later, when America had become an acknowledged world-power following our great industrial development after the Spanish War, I jestingly reminded Witte of this remark.

"Yes, you are right," he replied, "in saying that America is now a star of the first magnitude in the financial heavens, but it will be a long time yet before she will become an international banker."

Less than a decade after this discussion America had loaned almost as much money to the bankers of Europe as the total sum of England's foreign investments.

From Witte's office we proceeded to his house, where we had luncheon. At that time there were rumors that the Nihilists were "out to get" him, and when he invited some one member of our party, which consisted of Mr. Leopold Hirsch, Captain Money, and myself, to drive with him in his drosky—a diminutive victoria which had seats for only two—my friends, with the ostensible desire to be polite—"after you, Alphonse"—offered me the place of honor. Suspecting their motive, I could not help turning upon them a knowing smile, which must have conveyed very clearly my thought; spoken, it would have been: "I suppose you fellows are afraid of bombs." At any rate our keen-witted host understood perfectly and did not try to hide his amusement at the embarrassment of my friends.

At luncheon Madame Witte presided, and took an intelligent part in the conversation. I recall the vivid interest Witte evinced in Rhodes. I told him, in discussing England's attitude to Russia, that if Rhodes were the autocrat of England, and another man exactly like him the autocrat of Russia, the two would get together and settle all their differences. The English Rhodes, recognizing that Russia must have an economic outlet on the seaboard, would favor Russia's occupation of Constantinople—her coveted "window on the Mediterranean"—provided Russia would cease causing uneasiness to England on her Indian frontier; and that for the peace and welfare of the world, as well as for their mutual advantage, Russia and England would harmonize their foreign policies.

At the luncheon Witte warned Hirsch and me to be prepared to meet German interference in our plans. He also said that we must, under no consideration, pay anything in the nature of bribes to Russian officials; that, while there was a good deal of graft, he had to confess, among Russian officials, unscrupulous promoters had magnified the scandal, but that very little money paid to the middleman for his introduction and alleged influence with the officials ever got out of their hands.

We drove back to Witte's office. As we were about to enter our droskies, Mr. Hirsch expressed a desire to ride with Witte on the return home. To this the latter demurred, saying that "Mr. Hammond was a more dependable bodyguard, because he belongs to a republican form of government, and the Nihilists would be disposed to show him more consideration than they would an Englishman, in spite of the fact that England was well

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known to be the asylum of 'persecuted Nihilists.'"

The private coachmen of Russia are selected from the fattest men of their class. That they are fat shows they are well fed and indicates the prosperity of their masters; wherefore the coachmen of the minister of finance of the empire was one who bulked inordinately. Coachmen even resort to padding to attain the requisite bulk. I had a sense of comfort in the reflection that our coachman might serve as a shield from an assassin's bullet, but would have felt more secure had he been armor-plated. Notwithstanding, I could not help feeling somewhat anxious, and was relieved when we arrived safely at our destination.

After a few days in conference with Witte, we decided to make a trip into the Ural Mountains, and thence into south-eastern Siberia. Through the kindness of Prince Khilkof, the minister of transportation, a charming Russian nobleman, who had attained his practical knowledge of railroading starting as a locomotive-driver on one of our Western lines, we were given a very comfortable private car to take us to a station not far from what was then the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. From this station we went southward for several hundred miles into the Altai Mountains on the border of Mongolia.

Travelling in a troika over the almost impassable Russian roads (which is comparable, in discomfort, only to a journey in a dead-axe wagon over the rough roads of western America) proved very exhausting to my friend Hirsch, who was unaccustomed to such discomfort, having hitherto incurred no greater physical hardship than that of his customary morning horseback ride in Hyde Park, or fishing and stalking deer on his estate in Scotland. Therefore we were delighted to find en route a most hospitable host and very comfortable quarters at the Ivanisky estate. It was indeed an oasis in the desert, two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railway-station and a thousand miles from any town of significant size.

Ivanisky's story is full of romance. Sent as an exile to Siberia some forty-odd years before, whither he was followed shortly by his loyal and plucky wife, he had settled in the foot-hills on the northern slope of the Altai Mountains. In his younger days Ivanisky had acquired some knowledge of mining, and was fortunate enough to find employment in working a small gold-mine owned at that time by a fellow exile. Under the laws regulating exiles those who showed a disposition to be law-abiding were allowed, after a time, considerable latitude (and longitude), and could take up their residence in localities remote from police supervision. Ivanisky told me that, having served his full period of probation, he was at liberty when I saw him to return to Russia. He preferred, however, to remain where he was, as he said that his family and nearly all his old associates were dead and gone, and he elected to spend his remaining years in this remote part of Siberia.

I examined the little mining property of Ivanisky's, which consisted of some hundred and odd acres of gold-bearing gravels, or "placers." It was being worked in a crude way, but amply answered Ivanisky's financial requirements. We made him an offer for the property, which he very promptly turned down, saying that, while the sum offered was a fair one, he preferred to keep his gold in a gravel bank than to deposit his money in any of the banks of Siberia. It was far safer, he said, to have his wealth in that form. From this mine Ivanisky derived an income of from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars a year, varying with the amount of work done upon the mine, which in turn depended upon the income he required.

The Ivanisky home was the only one of any importance or size within a radius of many hundreds of miles. It would have been to any one else a dreary existence, but he found diversion, curiously enough, in raising trotting-horses. It was not a spot well adapted to the purpose, as there was hardly a level acre of ground within many miles of his stables. Notwithstanding, he had laid out a half-mile undulating track, and sent the man who was in charge of his stables to California to study scientific methods of breeding and training trotters.

The old gentleman (for gentleman he

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was in every respect) was a genial soul. He was well on in the eighties at the time of our visit. He loved to dispense hospitality, and provided most delightful entertainment for us during our visit. His sole amusement during the long winter nights was, together with his wife, to listen to the raucous music ground out from one of the early phonographs, which in some way he had obtained. The repertoire of the primitive phonograph was almost entirely limited to negro minstrel songs and *soi-disant* humorous dialogues. Our good friends did not understand a word of English, but nevertheless seemed highly amused at the minstrel jokes. They prevailed on me to translate those jokes and songs into Russian. This I did through a German interpreter, but the humor seemed to disappear through my rendition, and I fear that unwittingly I did my friends a disservice in detracting from the amusement hitherto provided.

From Ivanisky's, as a base of supplies, we outfitted for a trip into the Altai Mountains. Our route was through a country devoid even of trails, and, though it was the month of May, there was considerable snow on the northern slopes of the hills. Fortunately we had remarkably sure-footed Cossack ponies, which were able to negotiate treacherous places covered over with thin ice or incrusted with frozen snow. We trusted a good deal to the so-called instinct of the ponies (which is really judgment born of experience), and, with the exception of an occasional tumble into a soft snow-bank, we met with no mishap. It was interesting to observe how the ponies made their examination of suspected spots by rubbing off the snow with their noses, and testing questionable ground by carefully pawing. One night as we were preparing to go on a bear-hunt a messenger arrived from Marinsk, bringing to me a telegram forwarded from Petersburg by the American ambassador, my friend Mr. Hitchcock, who had promised to keep me informed of the result of the naval engagement then imminent between Cervera's fleet and our own, at the time we left Petersburg. It took us all evening to decipher this telegram. It had been sent in French from Petersburg to Moscow, translated into Russian there, and then forwarded to Marinsk, whence it was sent by special messenger on horseback. Our interpreter, a German, translated it from the Russian into German, and for the edification of my friends I gave them an English version of it, but the text was so mutilated in transmission from Petersburg, that all we could make out was that there had been a naval engagement between the Spanish fleet and ours; but as to which had won we were left in doubt, although the version seemed to be in favor of the Americans, and as an American I was confident that such was the case. We never did know, in spite of many telegrams of inquiry sent on our way back to Moscow, exactly what had happened until we reached that city.

On our way back to the railway-station at Marinsk, we stopped a day at Ivanisky's. Our entertainment on this occasion was beyond the cavil of an epicure. I should blush to have to confess the degree to which our conviviality reached. Suffice it to say, we began with champagne early in the morning, and were duly provided with caviare and other thirst-producing morsels to enable us to respond by drinking bumpers to the innumerable list of toasts proposed. It was a trying ordeal for Hirsch, Money, and me to meet the demands of the occasion. We were not accustomed to champagne toasts and "no heel-taps" in the morning, but we could not sidestep this conventional obligation without showing a lack of appreciation and wounding the feelings of our generous host. It was a relief when we retired at midnight for a few hours' sleep before starting on our trip early the next morning.

To our consternation, we found the breakfast to consist chiefly of champagne, and all our resolution was required to maintain sobriety until the time that out host bade us adieu. As we stepped into our troika his farewell words were: "God speed you, but pardon the lack of true Russian hospitality of which I am guilty. You are the first guests I have entertained who were able to leave my house sober." After we were out of hearing all breathed a sigh of relief, but when we arrived at the river where we were to leave the troika, we were flabbergasted at the sight of young Ivanisky, scion of the family, who stood on the

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brink of the river with a case of champagne to bid us a final farewell. He had secretly taken a short cut, and, by driving furiously, had arrived ahead of us. We protested against drinking more wine, abjectly pleading incapacity and pointing out the danger that we were facing in crossing the river, which was at that time a raging torrent, due to recent heavy rains. We explained that, even perfectly sober, it would be difficult for us to maintain an equilibrium to prevent the dugout from being capsized. Firm in this resolution, we left young Ivanisky dumfounded. By good luck we succeeded in dodging uprooted trees borne by the swift stream, and reached the other side safely. The last view we had of Ivanisky, Junior, was as we climbed into another troika which was awaiting us. He held in either hand an upturned bottle of champagne, the contents of which he was emptying on the river-bank. Then, according to Russian custom, the empty bottles were dashed to pieces on the rocks.

At Marinsk I found awaiting me a cable to the effect that if I arrived at New Haven on a certain date (at the time of the commencement exercises at Yale) my Alma Mater would confer on me an honorary degree. This news was as welcome as it was unexpected. I figured out closely that I should have time to spend two days in St. Petersburg, and arrive in London the night before the sailing of the *Kaiser William the Second*, and immediately telegraphed my wife to secure sailing accommodations, and to be ready to start on that date. I arrived at London the afternoon as per schedule, and found all our trunks packed and ready for the steamer, which was to sail the next morning. Just as we were about to leave the hotel a messenger from the steamship-line came to notify us that, owing to the breaking of one of the propellers, the sailing of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite* had been postponed for a week. We were of course greatly disappointed, and especially so because my long and strenuous trip, so successfully planned, was of no avail, nor could we find consolation in the generous offer of the steamship company to defray our hotel bills meanwhile, which, under the circumstances, the agent informed us, would include the cost of a not too expensive brand of Rhine wine and one bottle of champagne, if we would retain our reservations. This delay upset all our plans, and I decided to defer my trip, because it would have been impossible to reach New Haven in time to receive the degree, which I had been informed could not be given *in absentio*. However, Yale made an exception in my case, and the degree was given me.

When we returned to St. Petersburg from Siberia we had secured sufficient information to justify an optimistic opinion of the attractive opportunities for the investment of British capital. But, unfortunately, at that period the political conditions in the Far East were very disturbing, and there was considerable tension between England and Russia. Besides, the laws of Russia were not favorable to the investment of foreign capital, as there were clauses which made confiscation possible. At a meeting between Witte, Ethan Allen Hitchcock the American ambassador, Sir Nicholas O'Connor the British ambassador, Leopold Hirsch, and myself, I pointed out these objections. While Witte was willing to modify the laws regarding the tenure of property by aliens, he was forced to admit that it was not an opportune moment to attract British capital. On this trip I discussed the economic policy of Russia and America from the standpoint of a protectionist, to which economic policy Witte and I adhered. I was greatly impressed with the plans Witte had formulated for an intensive industrial development of Russia and Siberia.

Leopold Hirsch and I, on this trip, had made plans to secure the control of the platinum-mines of Russia, and succeeded in tying up nearly all the important properties. There was one large property, however, that we thought essential to our proposed consolidation. It belonged to Count Schuvaloff, of the famous family of Russian diplomats. We approached Count Schuvaloff on the subject, and he invited us to luncheon, for the purpose, we thought, of transacting business, as he had expressed willingness to join in the proposed amalgamation. But, to our surprise, after luncheon the count said it was not customary for him to discuss business affairs *au sérieux*, and he turned us over to his business

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agent, who professed sympathy with our plans. Unfortunately we could not remain to conclude negotiations, but intended to return shortly to St. Petersburg for that purpose. We never knew just how it happened (though we had grave suspicions) that in our absence a Belgian and French syndicate acquired control of the Schuvaloff property, and certain other interests comprehended in our scheme, and thus succeeded in defeating our consolidation. To obtain the backing of the Russian Government in this enterprise, we had agreed with Witte to refine the crude platinum in Russia. Up to that time the Russian platinum, which represented ninety per cent of the world's production, was sent to be refined in England, and in that way certain English firms had secured the monopoly of the manufactured product, enabling them to establish the market price of the metal for the world. Platinum was then selling at about five dollars an ounce, and Russia was producing about two hundred thousand ounces a year. Just before the outbreak of the World War the price of platinum had advanced to upward of forty dollars, and in 1918 was in demand at one hundred and five dollars per ounce. This obviously would have been for us a very profitable enterprise if our scheme had been consummated. Most of the world's platinum comes from the Ural Mountains, where it occurs in gravel deposits and is mined by the operation of dredging, very similar to that of dredging in working gold-bearing alluvions in other parts of the world.

My next meeting with Witte was in the summer of 1905 at Portsmouth. During the Russo-Japanese War, I had made an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia on the subject of "America's Commercial Interests" in the Far East. On that occasion I expressed the opinion that, irrespective of the merits of the controversy between Russia and Japan, a Russian victory would best serve the commercial interests of America in the Orient, et cetera, et cetera.

Witte had been informed of this address, the effect of which, coupled with the friendship that had developed between us in 1898, induced him to regard me as a genuine friend of Russia. For that reason he discussed with me the progress of peace negotiations with considerable frankness. He told me that he had been very much opposed to the war, ascribing it to the intrigue of an unprincipled coterie of the court camarilla. In confirmation I recalled the fact that Witte had expressed to me in 1898 opposition to the Russification of the Far Eastern territory of Asia. He had been unquestionably an advocate of world peace, since as an economist he realized the handicap under which the European nations suffered in competition with America, owing to the large cost involved in their national defense.

While, as is commonly asserted, Witte might have been playing the game of bluff, which he thoroughly understood, nevertheless I believe that he was sincere in stating that under no consideration would he be a party to signing a treaty of peace which involved the payment of an indemnity to Japan.

At the time of the Portsmouth Conference in 1906 Russia was in a bad way politically and financially: politically because of the unrest aggravated by the lamentable failure of the Russian army and navy; economically because of the depletion of her treasury by the war and the great difficulty experienced in obtaining further foreign loans. Witte was indeed negotiating with French bankers for a loan at this very time. This consideration had doubtless much to do with the practicable attitude of Witte at the peace conference, though he realized that Japan was also financially weak, that, in fact, Japan had reached the limit of her financial ability further to prosecute the war. Witte did not fail to recognize also the fact "that Japan in the event of a continuance of hostilities would be very seriously handicapped as her military operations advanced westward, because of the increasing distance from her base of supplies." Russia had not been vanquished, he told me. Indeed, he said: "Russia had only just begun to exert her full strength, and to attain the coordinated effort in her military plans." Witte exerted himself, during the conference, to win the confidence of American newspaper correspondents and, through the press, to counteract the prevailing pro-Japanese sentiment. In this

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he received valuable assistance from his old friend Doctor E. J. Dillon, and their efforts were entirely successful, much to the surprise and embarrassment of the Japanese representatives. Witte's repute as a statesman was greatly enhanced by the favorable terms, for such they were generally regarded, which he secured through his ability as a negotiator, and it is not surprising that the tardy expression of appreciation by his imperial master caused him deep chagrin.

In the spring of 1910, Mr. Gregory Wilenkin, who was on a visit to this country as financial agent of the Russian Government, extended me an invitation from that government to visit Russia to discuss plans for the development of its industries by American and English capital, under American auspices. He told me that my financial connections here and in England and my knowledge of Russian conditions was why the Russian Government requested me to take the initiative in this movement. After I had been assured that the Russian Government was keenly interested in this plan, and was willing to make such an enterprise especially attractive to American and English investors, I decided to accept the invitation of the minister of finance, M. Kokovtzoff, and started for Russia via Berlin late in November. I spent a few days in Berlin getting what information I could as to the relations, political and economic, between Germany and Russia. My departure for Russia had been cabled abroad, and the German newspapers were prepared to interview me. Of course I refrained from disclosing the object of my visit, and from giving them any more information than was necessary to allay their suspicion.

My wife and my son Jack accompanied me on this trip. At the Russian frontier we were shown every courtesy in having our baggage passed without examination, and a private car was provided to take us to St. Petersburg. Mr. Wilenkin had come from London to meet me there, and to introduce me to the Russian officials. I was accorded a very cordial reception, and was soon assured of their desire to conclude negotiations with me. I had chiefly to do with the minister of finance Kokovtzoff, the minister of commerce Timasheff, the minister of agriculture Krivoschein, the minister of foreign affairs Sazanoff, and the prime minister Stolypin.

My old friend, W. W. Rockhill, was then the American ambassador, but had not as yet been able to present his credentials to the Czar. At the time of my visit, the relations between our government and Russia were somewhat strained, on account of conflicting views regarding railway lines in Manchuria. I studiously avoided bringing Mr. Rockhill into the negotiations, in order that my visit should not assume anything of an official character, which otherwise might have been so regarded on account of my known close personal relations with President Taft. The result of this visit was most promising, for I had the assurance of the highest Russian officials that, as far as consistent with Russia's treaty obligations with other nations, preference would be given to American and English capital in the various enterprises we were to undertake. My investigation confirmed the opinion I had formed in 1898 of the great importance to Russia of a system of grain-elevators throughout the country; also of the need of a system of refrigerator-cars to transport fruit and other perishable supplies from distant parts of the empire. We likewise discussed in a tentative way the better equipment of Russian ports, et cetera.

I sent two American experts, Doctor Davis, chief of the U. S. Reclamation Survey, and Mr. Mackie, an expert in the development of the arid regions of the West, to make an investigation of the agricultural resources of the southeastern part of the Russian Empire. I also had secured the reports of experts in the building of American grain-elevators, after they had made a thorough study of Russia's requirements in this regard.

To get the imperial imprimatur of my agreement with the government officials, an audience was arranged with the Czar. He was then in residence at Tsarskoe Selo, one of his palaces about fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg. I was instructed through the Russian foreign office to present myself in evening dress, though my audience was to take place about four o'clock in the afternoon. I found myself in a quandary as to whether etiquette prescribed a white vest

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or the ordinary black evening vest. So I wore one, just which one I have forgotten, and carried the other in my pocket prepared to make the necessary change, if by good fortune I should be able to ascertain which vest was *de rigueur*. I faced the ordeal of meeting the Czar of all the Russias single-handed and alone. Although it was not later than four o'clock, it was dark when I reached the station. A royal equipage was there to meet me, with a Cossack footman gorgeously arrayed standing at the door. There was no other vehicle at the station. Not being able to speak Russian and to make inquiry, I assumed that the carriage was for me, and without further formality stepped in and was quickly driven off. On arriving at what subsequently I ascertained to be one of the lesser palaces, I was first taken to a small reception-room. I removed my coat and sat down for a few minutes, when I was, as it seemed to me, summarily hastened back into the carriage and driven down the same hill we had ascended in coming from the railroad-station. Fearing there had been some misunderstanding, I stuck my head out the window to protest in English, German, and French against being taken back to the station, but seemed to make no impression on the driver, and I had about become reconciled to the thought that there had been some confusion of arrangements, when suddenly the carriage turned into a side road, which brought me to the imposing palace where I was finally to meet His Imperial Majesty.

Here I had but a few minutes to wait when the Czar himself appeared. He was attired in the fatigue uniform of a Cossack. He advanced quickly, shook hands with me cordially, and offered me a seat, asking pleasantly in perfect English how I had been treated by the Russian officials, and whether I was satisfied with my trip. The Czar had been apprised of my negotiations with his ministers. Realizing that I had but a short time to talk with him, and thus encouraged to disregard diplomatic usage, "Your Majesty," I began, "I feel honored by the confidence you have shown me in your invitation to undertake the responsible task under consideration, and I presume that you wish me to speak very frankly to you, and not to take up your time with polite pleasantries." He replied: "Yes, Mr. Hammond, I would be obliged if you would speak perfectly frankly with me." Put at my ease, I said: "Your Majesty, let me reassure you as to the confidence you repose in me by suggesting that should I be so indiscreet as to betray this confidence, you could remedy all harm by placing me in the Ananias Club—a club formed a few years ago by President Roosevelt." To my query as to whether he knew about the club, the Czar smilingly replied he did. I told him that, inasmuch as Russia was going on a constitutional basis, an Ananias Club would be found an important institution. The Czar asked me whether it was true that America had sympathized with Japan at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, to which I replied in the affirmative. He inquired why that was the case, and I told him that the sympathy of Americans for Japan was both because Japan was the smaller nation and the American's belief in the righteousness of the Japanese cause, it being the impression in America that the war was brought on by Russian concession-seekers belonging to the court camarilla. I also told the Czar that the Russian Government had forfeited the sympathy of Americans because of the frequent Jewish pogroms. He said he could understand that, but that the Jewish problem was a most difficult one, as there were over six million Jews in Russia—more than half the Jews of the entire world. I then asked him if the effect of modifying the administrative regulations, which restricted Jews to residence in certain congested localities, would not result in eliminating the "sore spots" and, if so, why it could not be done. His Majesty assured me that this was under consideration.

Then I expatiated upon the superiority of Americans over any other people in the industrial development of Russia, where the problems were almost identical with those which had been so successfully solved in western America. I also pointed out that politically it would be to the advantage of Russia to have American and English capital, instead of German. Indeed, I continued, it was a great misfortune to Russia that Germans had been

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allowed to establish the strong foothold they had in Russian industries; that the Germans were exploiting Russia, and would stifle the growth of her middle class, so indispensable to Russia's financial and commercial independence.

Emboldened by the Czar's acquiescence in my views, or perhaps so absorbed in my mission that I was unmindful of the impression I was making, I monopolized the conversation for a time, and continued to give him good fatherly advice as to how the interests of Russia, politically and economically, could be best served. At the conclusion of our interview, the Czar assured me of his approval of the plans I had outlined and, wishing me success, he bade me a cordial au revoir.

Immediately following my audience, Sazanoff, minister of foreign affairs, called to see the Czar, who told him that he had just had a very interesting and informing interview with a man who spoke to him as "man to man, and not as subject to sovereign."

Before leaving St. Petersburg, Ambassador and Mrs. Rockhill gave us a brilliant dinner, one of many kind attentions we received from them. Mr. Rockhill was highly gratified with what I had accomplished, and predicted that my visit would prove of great advantage to America's commercial relations with Russia, adding that I had also done much to promote the entente cordiale of the two nations.

Another very interesting dinner was given us by M. Kokovtzoff, minister of finance, at which his brother-in-law M. Stolypin and Mme. Stolypin, M. and Mme. Sazonoff, and other prominent members of the Russian Government were present. Poor Stolypin was assassinated a few months after. Several attempts had previously been made to assassinate him. As a result of a bomb thrown a few years before, he had a badly mutilated hand. Stolypin was always regarded as a leader of Russian reactionary officials. He expressed great desire to see America, and when my wife asked him to give us the pleasure of reciprocating his hospitality if he came to America, he shook his head and said, "You little realize the danger you would bring to your peaceful household through my presence," evidently referring to further threats on his life by Nihilists. A few months later poor Stolypin fell a victim to the bullet of an assassin in the Royal Opera, on which occasion the Emperor himself was present.

When I left Russia I had with me, I believe, the most important packet of commercial opportunities ever offered by one nation to another, for I had succeeded in opening up a great field for the profitable investment of American capital and the expansion of her commerce. This was the view of American financiers, at all events.

It was my ambition to have this achievement the crowning work of my career as one of those "unprincipled American exploiters," who are accused of leaving their comfortable homes to open up new territory in foreign fields—often at the risk of both life and fortune, to the advantage of their critics, the stay-at-home beneficiaries of America's export trade. In Berlin, where I remained a few days to look into the much-vaunted efficiency of German industries, the object of my visit to Russia was freely discussed by the press, and considerable apprehension, I learned, was created in the ever-watchful German official circles. From Berlin I went to London, via Paris. In London I got in touch with financiers who evinced a keen desire to participate in the enterprise I had in hand. During my stay in London I accepted an invitation to have luncheon with Lord Rothschild at his office. It had been my custom, extending over a period of many years, to drop in informally and have luncheon with the Rothschilds at their bank once or twice during each of my frequent visits to London. On these occasions always the most interesting topic of conversation was my estimate of the wealth of Rockefeller and other rich Americans. Lord Rothschild invariably introduced the subject and, forewarned, I was ready to give him the desired thrill. He would usually start with some "piker" capitalist whose wealth did not amount to more than the paltry sum of one hundred millions of dollars, and then worked up by queries until he reached the American Crœsus, John D. Rockefeller. It would be an unpatriotic American who would belittle the wealth of a compatriot at a time like this, and after hav-

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ing modestly admitted, in reply to Lord Rothschild's question, that Rockefeller was certainly worth five hundred millions of dollars, assuming an air of ultra-conservatism, I would allow him to extort what was to him a delectable fact that Rockefeller was worth at least three-quarters of a billion dollars; and when the money-bags around the table stared at me with an expression of pleased surprise, but not of doubt, I would in subdued tone convey to them the fact that in informed financial circles of America, the Rockefellers' wealth was estimated at over a billion dollars! The internationalism of the Rothschild family, and the utter lack of envy, is evidenced in the unmistakable pleasure which characterized the reception of this titbit of high finance.

But on this particular occasion Lord Rothschild desired to see me in order to ascertain what I had accomplished in my negotiations with the Russian Government, and how my plans would affect the status of the Jews in Russia. I told Lord Rothschild that the Jewish question, as the Czar had said, was "a difficult one"; that there were in Russia six million Jews and that their political and social status was both deplorable and intolerable. They had been subjected, not only to every conceivable form of ignominy as a race, but had been cruelly persecuted as well, and they had been made the victims of innumerable fiendish pogroms. While expressing the sympathy that must be shared by all humanitarians, irrespective of the questions of the inherent justice of the controversy and of the responsibility for the pogroms, I said the argument pro and con had developed into a vicious circle of crimination and recrimination between the Russian authorities and the Jewish population. The former, I explained, proclaim the fact that if Jews would abstain from participation in revolutionary politics, they would be treated more liberally; the latter retorting that if they were treated more liberally, there would be no occasion to seek redress through political activities. Hence the impasse.

Lord Rothschild prefaced his allusion to the subject by reminding me of the fact of the intimate relationship I had enjoyed with many of the leading Jewish financiers in Europe and in America, and of the friendship that had developed through those associations, to which of course I gladly assented. I went on to explain, in answer to his question, what effect the carrying out of my plans would have on the welfare of the Jews in Russia; that under no conceivable circumstance would they be affected adversely, but that, on the contrary, if I succeeded in enlisting the financial support of certain of my Jewish clientele I felt convinced that I should be able in time to contribute very greatly to the amelioration of the condition of the Russian Jew. I told him that there was a strong feeling of resentment in Russia, not only on the part of the government, but on the part of the people almost universally, against the Jewish bankers of Europe and America, for the financial assistance they had rendered Japan during the Russo-Japanese War, and that one of the political parties in Russia had capitalized this circumstance in their partisan propaganda.

The hostility of Jewish capitalists in the future would, I said, tend to accentuate the tension now existing. On the other hand, by the co-operation of Jewish capitalists in the industrial development of Russia, I hoped to be able to effect gradually many reforms in the status of their co-religionists. I left, assured that I had impressed Lord Rothschild with the fact that my plan did not involve a disservice, but, on the contrary, might prove of great advantage to the Jews of Russia. A few days after, I sailed for America. Like a bolt from the blue I learned when I reached New York that our government was seriously considering the abrogation of our commercial treaty with Russia, in retaliation for the refusal of that government to grant America's request for passports into Russia for American Jews. On account of my close relations with President Taft, I studiously avoided every action that might be represented by his political enemies as an endeavor on my part to influence legislation on this subject. Moreover, I fully realized that endeavor on my part to frustrate the passport movement would be futile. I did, however, warn my Jewish friends that the desired passports never would be secured by threats and hostile legislation

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against Russia. Subsequent events have confirmed this prediction.

As the chairman of the commission of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, appointed by President Taft to invite European nations to take part in the exhibition to be held in San Francisco in 1915, I again visited Russia in 1912. Owing to the abrogation of our commercial treaty with Russia, to which I have before referred, the Russian Government could not receive our commission officially, but I was extended a personal invitation to meet the members of the government when we visited St. Petersburg en route to Austria. It was then that I saw Count Witte for the last time. I found my old friend greatly changed from the Witte of 1898, when he was at the zenith of his power; now a disappointed, embittered, despondent man, believing himself, and rightly too, a Russian Cassandra. It is interesting, though it may not be profitable, to speculate what might have happened if Sergius Witte had been retained at the helm of the Russian ship of state, and if he had been given the unqualified support of his sovereign and the loyal co-operation of his subordinates. Had Witte's policies prevailed, there is no question but that Russia would have been far better prepared to engage in the World War, precipitated by the vaulting ambition of the Kaiser. Sergius Witte alone, of Russian statesmen, had the genius to foresee the inevitable trend of political developments. He had, too, the ability to mobilize and to co-ordinate the resources of the country in preparation for the catastrophe. Witte, I think, will go down in history as a victim of the system that resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy—the system to which is to be ascribed the present deplorable condition of the country. His fall from power was a great calamity, not only for Russia but for the world, as events have shown; but it would seem that he was predestined to failure. His position in the political life of Russia was altogether anomalous. As a statesman in the Russia of his day, he was an anachronism. Foreseeing the need of a more liberal government to forestall the revolution that was otherwise inevitable, he used his influence to the utmost for that end, but without avail. In advocating a more liberal policy, he estranged himself from the court and the bureaucracy of Russia, who thought his aims too radical; and, by the irony of fate, he lost support of the liberal element, which regarded him as too conservative. He fell between two stools. What a fall it was for Russia and the cause of the Allies!

At the time of my visit in 1898 the fundamental laws of Russia described the power of the Emperor as "autocratic and unlimited," but since the opening of the first Duma, following the revolution of 1905–6, the word "unlimited" had disappeared, although the name and principle of "autocracy" was jealously preserved. Russia was described in the "Almanach de Gotha" as "a constitutional monarchy under an autocratic Czar." It was still a question whether the emphasis should be placed on the word "constitutional" or on the word "autocratic." The definition itself connoted the transition period through which the empire was passing. But in 1910, as far as was observable on the political face of Russia, the revolutionary spirit had become mollified, and the nation seemed destined to attain a more liberal form of government through political evolution instead of through revolution. Russia seemed about to begin an era of great industrial expansion and prosperity. Who could have seriously believed that within the brief period of seven years there would have been a Bolshevik Samson born of the opportunity created by a world cataclysm to pull down the temple of the mighty Russian Empire, though erected, unfortunately, on the quicksands of political oppression instead of upon the solid foundation of the "consent of the governed"?

To foreign investors Russia will be found a very attractive field. The vast opportunities will grip especially the imagination of Americans conversant with the development of our own great West, for the physical geography of many parts of Russia and Siberia bears a striking resemblance to that of western America.

The problems presented in the industrial development of Russia, the construction of systems of transportation,

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the opening of the mines, the erection of grain-elevators, the creation of new industries, the introduction of improved methods of agriculture, of a system of refrigeration to move the perishable products—all these, and other complementary problems to be solved in the development of the great natural resources of that country, will not be new to the American captain of industry.

Furthermore, Americans will enjoy in the new era a significant advantage over the peoples of other countries, because there can never be any political jealousy between Russia and our country. Russia has always held Americans in high esteem and admiration, and there exists among the Russian people a sincere friendship for Americans—a friendship that exists in spite of the controversy over the question of the Jewish passports.

Heretofore about two-thirds of the trade of Russia has been in the hands of the Germans, and every effort had been made by them to prevent the extension of commerce between Russia and other nations. A large part of the exports of America to Russia have gone through German channels and have been credited to Germany's exports. Germany enjoys, of course, the advantage of proximity to Russia, but, in view of the betrayal by her of Russian interests at the outbreak of the war, it is hardly conceivable that she will enjoy again the advantages that she derived under the treaty of Bjorke.

This treaty was made in 1905 by Witte, because of political pressure applied by Germany on Russia, at that time in the throes of the Russo-Japanese War. The treaty was tantamount to establishing a German economic protectionate over a large section of Russia, and had become a most onerous burden on her industry. As Russia has within her boundaries most of the raw material required in her basic industries, her policy will be to establish a protective tariff in order to build up her home industries. By reason of the greater earning capacity thus created, higher standards of living will result, and with her immense population Russia will in time provide a great home market for many of her industrial products.

It is my confident opinion that, under the right kind of government and industrial development, Russia will be able to create in the not remote future a national wealth greater than any other nation in Europe with the single exception of Great Britain.

The empire of Russia embraces one-sixth of the surface of the earth. Its extreme dimension from east to west is 6,000 miles—almost twice the distance from Maine to California, with a stretch of 2,300 miles from north to south. European Russia alone is larger than all the rest of Europe. The total population of the empire is 170,000,000, of which 130,000,000 are in European Russia. The largest city is Petrograd, which, until recently, had a population of 2,000,000—almost as large as Berlin or Vienna. There are in Russia 35 cities with an average population of over 100,000, and 3,000 towns having from 3,000 to 10,000. Upward of 80 per cent of the population of Russia, being agriculturists, dwell in villages.

With the exception of America, there is no other country under one flag with so great a variety of climate, of soil, and of mineral wealth. It is often stated by enthusiasts, in describing Russia, that her potential resources are greater than those of any other country. This is true if we make the single exception of our own great land, for I believe that America has been blessed in respect of its natural resources in a far greater degree than any part of the globe comprising a like area.

Within the boundaries of Russia are the most extensive timber tracts in the world. In European Russia alone they cover a territory ten times the aggregate area of our New England States. The timber industry of Russia is capable of enormous development and expansion.

Before the World War Russia produced more wheat, rye, and oats than any other nation. There are in Russia extensive deposits of iron, coal, lead, copper, gold, platinum, petroleum, and other valuable minerals. The country too will be able to provide an abundance of labor. While the labor is as yet crude and lacking in technical skill, it is the opinion of Americans who have conducted mining and other industrial operations in that country that there is the possibility of developing a most efficient class of artisans from the great Russian proletariat.

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All agree that while the Russian peasant is illiterate and ignorant—densely ignorant indeed—he possesses in an exceptional degree resourcefulness and "native wit." Physically he is equal to, if he does not excel, the peasant of any other European country. Given native intelligence and industry, which the Russian has, and educational advantage, which he will have, one is justified in having an optimistic view of the future man-power of Russia. The Russian peasant, contrary to the popular impression, has a peaceful and kindly disposition, but as his knowledge of the world is extremely limited, he has become an easy prey to the false political and economic doctrines foisted on him by unprincipled political agitators.

The opinion often expressed is that Russian political thought is so thoroughly indoctrinated with socialistic theories that it will take a long time to eradicate Bolshevism from the body politic; and that it will require not years but generations to restore economic and social order from the chaos incident to the aftermath of the Soviet régime. I do not share this view, for even now the Bolshevik dictators themselves acknowledge the ignominious failure of that fatuous and tragic experiment in Marxian economics, and from sources unbiassed and authoritative we learn that Bolshevism virtually has spent its force, not only outside of its own boundaries, but within the confines of Russia itself. There may be, most likely there will be, a recrudescence of Bolshevism in certain European states and elsewhere, where the political conditions are unstabilized, as the result of the débacle following the World War. But future attempts to establish Sovietism as a principle of government will be sporadic only, and foredoomed to failure, incompatible as it is with the genius of modern civilization.

Many persons unfamiliar with their history question the capacity of the Russian people for self-government. This unwarranted pessimism arises from the misconception that the de facto government is the exponent of Russian political belief. Nothing is further from the truth. History has repeatedly shown that in the political evolution of autocratic governments (especially where the administration was in the hands of a narrow bureaucracy, as was the case in Russia), men who were leaders for political reforms, whether by peaceful or by revolutionary measures, have almost always been theorists and visionaries.

These men had not the advantage of actual administrative experience, and for this reason they often advocated utopian reforms which, however, they were quick to repudiate when later they themselves were confronted with the responsibility of the conduct of government. Russia has been cursed as well as blessed by a class of "intelligentsia," which in other countries as well often renders a great disservice to the cause of real reform and progress, through advocacy of unrealizable ideals. Many of the leaders of reform could be justly stigmatized as unintelligent intellectuals. This will explain the attitude of mind of many upright and patriotic Russians who are affiliated with the proletariat dictatorship, under the less reputable leadership of Lenine and Trotzky. There is another class of statesmen, who served under the former Russian Bureaucracy; these have been proscribed by the Soviet dictators, and now reside outside of Russia. They will fortunately be available for future administrative service.

It is the deliberate judgment of those who are familiar with the history of the Mirs, the Zemstvos, the Co-operatives, and the more recent Dumas, that the Russian people possess no mean capacity for self-government. These institutions, which contributed such signal service in the amelioration of the conditions of the peasants, following their emancipation in 1861, (and who subsequently aided the proletarians of the vast industries established under the fostering administration of Witte), have been almost entirely suppressed by the political vandals of Soviet Russia. While the function of these institutions legally was economic and sociologic, the people were nevertheless afforded considerable opportunity to learn something of the political phase of government. But these institutions will be revivified, and will become important factors politically in the regeneration of Russia, which country under a constitutional form of government is destined to be one of the greatest of the great world-powers.

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# The Suffrage Torch

## MEMORIES OF A MILITANT

BY LOUISINE W. HAVEMEYER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[FIRST PAPER]

I CAME by right of heritage to the suffrage cause. My mother and her associates were interested in it and were friends of the pioneers of the movement. Susan B. Anthony and Lucy Burns were familiar names to me in my childhood. I was for a long time a fellow *pensionnaire* with Lucretia Mott's granddaughter in a French family in Paris, and Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton (she who inserted the equal-suffrage clause in the woman's constitution and, therefore, was the cause of the ensuing struggle), was the head of my first political party and my guide and friend for many years. It was Mrs. Blatch who insisted that I could speak; that I must speak; and then saw to it that I did speak. I think I spoke just to please her. How well I remember that first time that I spoke to an audience! It was at a large meeting at my own house, and Miss Helen Todd, of California, in order to answer our antisuffrage critics, was to tell us what the women of her State had already done with the vote. I was to introduce Miss Todd, and as I stood trembling amid the elaborate draperies of purple, white, and green, the colors of the Woman's Political Union, if any one had asked me if I were upon the platform or the platform upon me, I should have given it to the platform.

However, I soon became a seasoned campaigner, and I remember how amused I was during the last days of our long struggle when a call came from North Carolina for "Mrs. Havemeyer," because they wanted "a speaker of national reputation."

I always appreciated Mrs. Blatch's encouragement and discipline, for, when we entered the World War, I was able to serve my country in a small and humble way, and I spoke continuously, while the war lasted, on Liberty Loans, land army, food conservation, economy and relief, and conducted a "jam campaign," in which the women of several counties (one of which was Fairfield County, Connecticut, where Clemenceau had spent his six years of exile), made and shipped, the first year of our war, thirty thousand pounds of jam to the wounded soldiers at the front, and the second year increased it to forty thousand pounds. I also started and won out in a running fight of four years with the administration in order, for the sake of efficiency, to secure for our Army Nurse Corps relative rank similar to that in the Canadian and Australian armies.

But all that is in a story by itself. I mention it to prove that one can learn to speak. Often when I stood upon a platform—sometimes very weary—I was obliged to stop and think what *was* my subject for that occasion, but once started I forgot everything else and thought only of what I wanted to say. I enjoyed the speech as much as any one, and, although I frequently felt elated, never, I can truly say, did I feel conceit.

One of my best friends settled that question for me early in my career.

"My dear," she said to me, "you've got the gift of gab."

After that, no matter what thanks, what eulogies I received, that terrible word was ever before my eyes; and hum-



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bly and modestly I sought to banish it from my sight.

Again, in my early married life I was encouraged to support the suffrage cause. My husband firmly believed in the enfranchisement of women. "If a woman does not know how to vote, she'd better get busy and learn," he said, and when I was but a bride he stood beside me while I signed a great petition for woman's rights that was to be presented to our governor in Albany.

Of course, I thought I would have my franchise by return mail, but alas! I was many times a grandmother before that came to pass, and only after a long and bitter struggle, including six years against a President and an administration that hesitated at neither legal nor illegal means to subdue and imprison us.

The record of that struggle throws a dark shadow upon the otherwise brilliant pages of our history. A little band of women, women as valiant as those patriots who, disguised as Mohawks, threw the taxed tea overboard in Boston harbor a century before, they fought and conquered President, administration, senators, representatives, governors, and legislators, and finally the word sex in connection with the federal amendment was obliterated forever.

It goes without saying that my art collection also had to take part in the suffrage campaign. The only time I ever allowed my pictures to be exhibited collectively was for the suffrage cause. As a proof of the deep and bitter animosity against us among certain classes, I may say that some of our best-known and important collectors not only refused to attend the exhibition, but threatened to withdraw their patronage from the dealer who had kindly loaned me his gallery for the exhibition. For those of my readers who enjoy humor I may add that, at my second venture, some of my opponents had so far changed their minds as to become contributors to it.

My posters were beautiful! After the fashion of France I adopted the three-striped poster — only, instead of the French tricolor, I used our party's colors, the purple, white, and green. I well remember how delighted I was to see the fine effect they made hanging on each side of the entrance to the gallery, as well as in the most important windows on Fifth Avenue, where with a great deal of tact and a little assurance I managed to place them.

Furthermore, the only time I ever spoke upon art matters was at one of these exhibitions. The party needed funds so badly that we had to find an excuse to charge an entrance fee of five dollars, instead of the usual one-dollar admission. I had to be the excuse. I spoke upon the art of Degas and Miss Mary Cassatt, whose work was for the first time creditably exhibited in America and formed about half of the exhibition, while the other half was made up of an unusually interesting collection of old masters. To contrast the old with the modern gave me a most attractive programme; but nevertheless, probably on account of the enthusiasm it excited and the wide publicity the exhibition received, I was very much frightened at this venture into a new field of oratory so different from anything I had ever attempted before. It was very easy to talk about the emancipation of women, but art was a very different and difficult subject. I knew every art critic in America would be ready to challenge my remarks about Degas, and, as I had brought his first picture to America and had been his friend and champion for over a generation, they would be curious to hear what I would say about him. Fortunately for me I met the dean of our art critics, and he gave me some advice. "Mrs. Havemeyer," he said, "if you don't want to be reported as advertising some 'soothing syrup' or a 'popular hair tonic,' write down every word you intend to say. After you do that you can say what you please, but release only written 'stuff' to the press." "Oh," I gasped, "I wish I hadn't said I would do it; I never wrote a speech in my life; but I have given my word and I suppose I must go through with it, and we simply must get the money! If I write a speech, will you run your pen through me?" He saw my feeble joke and encouraged me, and we spent some delightful hours together which always did me good, for they made



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me feel that nothing was too hard to *try* to do when it was worth doing.

After a long midnight vigil the dying embers of my once cheerful fire saw the last flourish of the pen to my speech, and, lest I should do anything foolish, I mailed it at once to my friend. The following evening I received a number of typed copies labelled "For the press," and my dear critic wrote me a kindly letter in which he called my maiden midnight effort a "sluicy" speech. After I had read his letter I did not care who heard me—I had something to say and I said it, and we made a lot of money. Another art dealer—a French dealer—had my speech printed for circulation among his art patrons abroad, and he sent me a great many complimentary copies which we sold for the benefit of the cause.

I think I did a bit of good in an art way also, and I felt very happy afterward when some one would say to me: "*You* made me understand Degas for the first time"; and I laughed over one dear friend, who told me he was so nervous about my speaking, fearing that I might break down, that, although he had bought a ticket, he was afraid to come and hear me speak. Later he came to hear me preside at "The Shop," and, as it was a bright afternoon with plenty of fun, I hope he changed his mind.

I must not fail to tell you about "The Shop," a great empty shop with a seating capacity of about one hundred and fifty, loaned to us—until rented—by a kind friend, and directed by some of the brightest women of the Woman's Political Union. The window committee saw to it that the biggest crowd on Fifth Avenue was always in front of *our* window. "The Shop" became so well known that strangers could call a taxi at any terminal in our city, and all they had to do was to say, "The Shop," to be whisked off and landed as quickly as possible at our building. In the window there was a little theatre where the history of suffrage was illustrated with dolls. There were maps in colored sands indicating the enfranchised and unenfranchised parts of the United States, and leaflets in our party's colors upon which were printed short sentences to catch the eye and to reveal the unfair, cruel laws and the hard conditions to which women were subjected. The daily remarks of our opponents appearing in our newspapers were usually answered in some conspicuous way. In fact, it was the one window which never failed to attract attention; even business men, whether for or against us, confided to me that they had formed a habit of passing that window just to see what the next novelty would be, for we did not forget the huge bulletin-board outside the door.

As Washington's birthday approached, the chairman of the window committee said to me sadly: "Oh, why are we so poor? I want an eagle for our window, and I don't know how to get one. Just think of a great eagle in the window with a streamer in his bill with 'Votes for Women' on it! Oh, dear! Why are we so poor?"

Her distress was so genuine I felt I must either laugh or cry, but I only said to her, "I will try to get an eagle for you," and I disappeared. The next day I telephoned them, "Get your window ready for the eagle," and by afternoon a huge bronze, too heavy to lift, was rolled in by several men and put in place; it filled the window, and in its bill was the purple streamer with "Votes for Women" on it—done at top speed by another worker. The bulletin-board announced daily every attraction that the mind of woman could think of. We announced days for the clergy to express their opinion on suffrage, days for lawyers to do the same thing, days for men of science, for men of business, for men in every profession in life; we even had convicts or reformed convicts to speak for us. We encouraged speaking *for* and *against* suffrage—it meant discussion, and discussion meant interest and publicity; publicity was our greatest asset, that open-sesame to the ignorant and uninterested feminine mind—publicity which awakened their curiosity and their intelligence. It was wonderful how we secured so many speakers. Speakers would offer their services, friends would bring them. Every one knew some one who could speak, and that some one knew some one else. Even opponents and our formidable politicians found it embarrassing to refuse; popular actresses would fre-

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quently fill our hall and often also fill our meagre exchequer, for I can imagine no order, religious or lay, that was ever poorer than our party! Pioneers are rarely the wealthy members of a community, and I have often, when asking for funds, had women pledge the price of a dress or of some article of wearing-apparel and do without it. The devotion to our cause was sincere and complete. Yes, at an election when I called for watchers at the polls—think of it—a needed precaution in the old days of State referendum—many a young school-teacher or working woman with pale cheeks and weary eyes, would come up to me and say: "Mrs. Havemeyer, I will watch at the polls until school begins," or "I will watch until my factory opens," which meant a loss of needed rest and a very early rise.

We held some very brilliant meetings at "The Shop." Such were those when we answered the antisuffragists' criticisms, when we had one-minute discussions for and against suffrage; on those days the hall was packed to the doors. At another time we would answer the prevailing slogans of the day, such as: "Woman's place is in the home!" "Would suffrage break up the home?" Our answer to that was to put as many happy married couples upon the platform as it could hold, and they all testified that it did not disturb the home in any way. During the debate a large box was sent up to the platform; the chairman opened it and found it was filled with orange blossoms—corsage pieces for the women, and boutonnières for the men; they made the platform appear as if June had come and many weddings had taken place. That meeting counted for the suffragists!

Again, our opponents sneered that suffrage was only a passing fad, that we were not really in earnest but seeking notoriety; and as quickly again our bulletin-board announced that on the following afternoon there would be four groups of suffragists, three consisting of three generations, and one of four generations; and we were as good as our word. I presided at that meeting, and it was very touching to see Mrs. de Groot leading the group of four generations and to hear her tell us of the early struggles and of her friendship with the emancipators.

We scored that day as we never did before. I placed my little grandson upon a chair and said: "Friends, if the *men* of your generation will not grant us justice now, you may be sure this generation will!" The little fellow, thinking it was time to do something, began to clap his hands vigorously, which the audience interpreted as his approval of my remark, and caused much amusement.

The activities of "The Shop" lasted for over a year, and then, alas, our day of doom arrived and it was rented, and we were obliged to move out and close it up. "The Shop" was always considered a brilliant feature of our campaign.

Now, before I go on to tell you more of our devices for attracting public attention and appealing to the sympathies of the people, before I speak of "The Suffrage Torch" or "The Ship of State," or of our later prison experience, I must tell you as briefly as possible the history of the movement.

In 1915, when I was requested to speak in Seneca Falls on the centennial of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's birth, I requested Mrs. Blatch to tell me what she remembered of her mother, and to give me some of the details of the beginning of suffrage. She said: "Suffrage began about seventy years ago in a little town near Seneca Falls. One hot Sunday morning in July my mother and Lucretia Mott were discussing the 'woman's constitution' they were writing. Suddenly my mother said: 'Lucretia, I think I will put equal suffrage into our constitution!' Lucretia threw up her hands and exclaimed: 'Why, Elizabeth, they will think thee is crazy,' but my mother did put it in, and, crazy or not, the suffrage clause was inserted in the new constitution, and for over seventy years the battle raged hotly." It was defeated whenever it was reported in Congress. In the form of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, it was shut up in Congress's strong box by the judiciary committee for twenty-five years at one time. But Elizabeth Cady Stanton's propaganda spread over the West, and slowly, State by State, won the vote through the referendum. In the East little was done until the militant movement in England created a renewed interest for it in America, and eventually four

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of our Eastern States determined to try and win the franchise through State referendum. Again Mrs. Blatch's astute political sense saw defeat ahead. She said to me: "We cannot do it! We are trying to do too much at once. If we concentrated on one State we might accomplish it, but we shall never carry them all." She was right; after a brave struggle against great odds and against a hostile administration, the suffrage cause in four States went down to defeat. The different suffrage organizations broke up or combined as they saw fit. My party, the Woman's Political Union, of which Harriot Stanton Blatch was president, joined Alice Paul's party, which sought to win suffrage by a constitutional amendment. A year after we joined the Congressional Party, as it was then called, they did what old politicians called the "cleverest thing women ever did": they formed a national woman's party, with a single platform, and that was the passage through Congress of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, which said that "the rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of sex."

The National Woman's Party, as the new organization was called, had no political affiliations. Their business was to pass that amendment; they begged their sisters in the West to help them with their vote, they exerted every known means—known to women at least—to bring enough pressure to make Congress pass the measure, and at last, after thrilling experiences, some of which I am going to tell you of, they succeeded in passing it in June, 1919. Then came the struggle for ratification! The amendment had to be ratified by thirty-six States in order to become a constitutional amendment, and again a dark shadow crosses the pages of our history as we have to record the opposition and treachery of a number of States, of their governors, and of their legislators.

There you have the briefest outline of the suffrage movement. A detailed history of it will no doubt be written later; probably many will be written, and by those far more capable of writing one than I am. But you see I did not begin this chapter to write a history of suffrage, but only to tell you of my personal experiences with the movement.

Well, to go back to "The Shop," which had to be closed. Mrs. Blatch's fertile brain was already hatching a new scheme for publicity. The parade was already a thing of the past; prejudice, with vulgar flippancy, had frowned upon parades, had jeered at and spat upon the bluest blood in the land because they walked sedately shoulder to shoulder beside the humblest worker who, like us, was asking for her freedom. A few years later, when the Great War was declared, all the women of the land could march—and march together—under Uncle Sam's banner in any and every parade. I watched the President as he passed my windows in the Liberty Loan parade in 1917. He had the land army in front of him—women with their hoes and their wheelbarrows, and the "women's motor corps" behind him, women in khaki and their stretchers and their ambulances, and no one even commented upon woman's parading—but then, even men can learn a good bit in two years when war pounds it into them! As the parade was no longer interesting enough to excite publicity, what could we do? Mrs. Blatch called me to her office one day and asked me if I would go "up State" on a speaking tour for about ten days. I consented, and said if she had no objections I would take my landaulet car as I would be more comfortable and it would make me entirely independent of time-tables. It could be easily opened if necessary to speak out-of-doors, and one great advantage would be that I could take my organizer along with me. Everything appeared to be satisfactorily arranged, and I was to go my ways and await further orders.

### THE TORCH

I was visiting on Long Island about a week later when one morning what was my surprise to see Mrs. Blatch's secretary come to my hostess' door, and have her thrust into my hand a piece of wood that looked to me something like a torch. Well, it *was* the celebrated Liberty Torch, as great a piece of campaign publicity work as Mrs. Blatch ever did.

"Here, take it," said the secretary out

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I lifted the torch as high as I could and . . . the words came to me as if by inspiration.—Page 534.

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of breath. "It has been at Montauk, the eastern coast, and you are to take it to the western limit of New York State. Mrs. Blatch wants you to be at the old Academy of Music in the city just at noon to-morrow," and all in a breath she continued: "Can I get my train back? I have only four minutes to catch it; don't you think I can? I must, can't I?" "Sure," I answered, knowing suffrage necessities, "there is my car, jump into it; James"—this to the chauffeur—"don't miss that train! It may be a minute late." They did not even hear my last words, as they were spinning down the road to the station, and I stood there holding the ugly brown thing in my hand.

"Look," I said to my hostess, who still stood dumfounded at this little scene, and holding up the torch; "the paint isn't dry on it and what has a torch to do with suffrage anyway?"

That same question kept my mind busy the next morning as I approached my destination. Traffic had delayed me a few minutes, and, as I drew near the old Academy, I saw the familiar "lunch-wagon," which we used for a speaker's stand, and a number of women ran toward me all calling out at once to hurry up, as they were waiting for me, and "Don't forget," they added, "you are to speak on the torch." As I ran, the torch was thrust into my hand; I was "boosted" onto the stand, while about thirty cameras were trying to "snap" me. All I recollect was that I had an intense desire to step out of the lunch-wagon and walk upon the numberless straw hats that spread out before me like an endless field of grain. The luncheon-hour had assembled one of the largest audiences I ever spoke to, and almost every man wore a straw hat. I suppose the new situation excited me; I lifted the torch as high as I could and for once I did not have to think—the words came to me as if by inspiration; I could not utter them fast enough; I feared the moments would pass before I had told those men all I wanted them to hear. The torch, I told them, was like the one that lighted up our harbor, like the one held aloft by the Statue of Liberty—it stood for liberty and for freedom—the freedom we were seeking—and it greeted the strangers who came to our shores and it did not welcome men only—no, but rather men and women alike, bidding them welcome to the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But I must not bore you with a campaign speech; my audience liked it, and it ended with a rousing cheer, as the men went back to work, many stopping long enough to speak to me and to promise they would vote for us.

Sunset of that same day saw me rolling along by the upper Hudson, trying to make Beeman, where I was to meet my organizer and to fulfil my first engagement that very evening.

It had been a long and exciting day, but I thought I should have only a house or a theatre meeting, which were comparatively easy to do; but to my surprise that night I was to have my baptism of fire, my first street meeting; I was told I was to speak at the opera-house, and I proudly communicated the fact to my companion, a very dear but dainty sister-in-law, who liked me but never could see why I liked suffrage. Alas! when we arrived at the opera-house I was not to speak inside of it but on a busy corner on the outside of it. "And great was the fall thereof," I said, as I mounted the "Jewel Box" the name given my pretty landaulet, and I began with a few boys and ended with a big crowd. I cast a triumphant glance at my sister-in-law, but it was lost upon her—I found she was treating the small boys to soda-water. My other meeting was in the slums; it was the first time we had met the men of the slums, and I was afraid of them—oh, so afraid! How foolish! for we became the best of friends, and even at that very meeting a laborer returning from work in shirt-sleeves and carrying an empty dinner-pail came up to me, and handing me a bit of silver said to me: "Lady, I do hope you win out." That fixed the status; after that they were all my friends.

My organizer was past master at the game, or she could not have averaged seven speeches a day for ten days, arranged garden-parties where the whole town turned out with a splendid brass band, have taken me into the very camp of the antis, and have discomfited them at the State Fair by her tactics on publicity.

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At Chautauqua the great gates, contrary to rule, admitted our automobile, and we rolled up to the immense auditorium, which was generously offered to us and where I spoke to one of my largest audiences. My organizer had a chain of decorated autos accompanying my "Jewel Box" up and down the Mohawk Valley. She got suffrage into clubs by clever ruses when the antis tried to keep it out. She would call it a simple luncheon or an informal reception. I recall one huge affair at Schenectady, where the opposition was so strong that I suggested speaking without rising in order to make it more informal, and it was one of the most sociable and convincing meetings we ever held.

The torch leaped into notoriety with bounds and strides, and as the paint dried, although I always maintained it was a clumsy thing to hold, I became deeply respectful toward it. I was surprised to see how it impressed audiences whose minds seemed to grasp the visualized analogy of woman's suffrage to the Liberty Torch.

To better illustrate my remarks I noticed, when any one took hold of the torch, it was always lifted up, held high, or waved in the air. My audience left no doubt that it expressed a big idea to them. In Chautauqua, in the big auditorium, the audience surged around the platform where I spoke, and as I finished my speech they begged to be allowed to hold the torch, which they did with deep reverence, causing a delay of over an hour in our schedule, which it was difficult to make up, although campaigners are supposed to be indifferent to "hours."

After the torch had accomplished its purpose in New York State, Mrs. Blatch planned a very spectacular transfer of it to the New Jersey branch of the Woman's Political Union, the transfer to take place in the middle of the Hudson River under the very shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Unfortunately, Mr. Blatch died very suddenly just at that time, and Mrs. Blatch was obliged to sail at once for England. Her last request before sailing was that I should take her place, and, of course, I felt I could not refuse. I assure you I had no appetite for speechmaking in the mid-waters of the Hudson, but it had to be done. It meant tremendous publicity, both in press and movies, and the public were all interested. It was a bright windy day when I presented myself for duty, the tugs were decorated with our colors, the whistles blew from shore to shore, and we were finally told to start. While lashed together in the middle of the river, I, with an appropriate speech, was to deliver the torch to our sisters in New Jersey, and with another speech our sisters in New Jersey were to receive it. All went well for a time. I was a bit dizzy trying to dodge cameras, but when I arrived in mid-stream that dizziness assumed alarming symptoms, and I began to get anxious about my speech. I knew what a poor sailor I was, and I was afraid in the increasing wind my condition might prove discreditable to the suffrage cause.

"Hurry up," I said anxiously. "Let us get this over with as quickly as possible. Where is that Jersey boat?" I noticed a look of consternation on the faces of the committee, and just at that moment a small motor-boat came alongside of the tug, and some one shouted:

"The party over there forgot to get a license to come out."

"Good gracious!" I gasped. "Will it be long?"

"No, no," some one said soothingly; "come and lie down, and you will feel better."

I did not wait for a second invitation, for we were now tossing wildly about, but promptly lay down—I don't know where, for there isn't any place to lie down on a tug, but I just lay down. I closed my eyes and tried to think of my speech and of our great cause! It was no use—I became more wretched every moment, and I was about ready to commit myself to the waves when a cheery voice said:

"Now, Mrs. Havemeyer, Jersey is here and we are waiting for the speech." Would you believe it, friends? I got up and made that speech! I blessed the father of the great river, and the brave men of the Empire State who were to give us our freedom in the coming elections, and I confided the sacred token of liberty, the beloved torch, to our sisters in the neighboring State, and hoped in the coming elections their mighty men, headed by

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the President himself, would lead them on to victory! The whistles screeched, the ferry-boats puffed and wheezed; the crowd cheered, the press wrote madly, and the camera and movie men ground away like frenzied hand-organs—the threatened fiasco ended in a glorious finale. I went home despising myself as an arch-hypocrite, pretending to be seasick and then being able to make a speech at a moment's notice, and that without an unpleasant sensation. I believe firmly to this day that I was seasick; and I really don't know what happened to me that I was so easily cured.

"I saw you in the movies; you were on the Hudson River in a boat," said a friend to me a short time after, who had just returned from California.

"Did you?" I asked eagerly. "Did I look seasick?"

"Not a bit," was the answer, and I was still more puzzled.

A day later I crossed the Hudson again. This time to start the torch upon its career in New Jersey. Not only the antis but a hot day greeted us in Newark. The asphalt was soft and gooey as the crowd gathered around my car. My audience had "warmed up" before I began, and as I caught their attention I was congratulating myself that Newark was not as bad as I feared. Suddenly, from out of the crowd came a tall, raw-boned man full of booze and talk. He staggered to my car, braced himself up, and said, as respectfully as hiccoughs would permit:

"I want to shake Mrs. Havemeyer's hand; I am the father of nine children and I hope she gets the vote."

Several men stepped hurriedly from the crowd, took hold of his arm, and attempted to draw him away. He resisted, of course, and wanted to continue to talk to me. I saw my opportunity to let him plead the woman's cause. I drew back and let him be plainly seen as he continued his drunken chatter. I never saw a crowd of men more moved or more ashamed. It was a spectacle, and somehow they seemed to feel responsible for it. They could not escape the question so solemnly put to them: Was a man or a woman the more worthy to be a citizen, to make the laws that would at least give a mother equality over her children? At last my visitor was coaxed away and I had no heart to start in again. I closed by saying:

"Men, look to it that some day your daughters don't turn upon you and say: 'Father, oh, father, why didn't you give us a right to help make the laws which might protect us, and which must affect every condition under which we live?' Remember, it may be their nine children whom they cannot protect because you deny women the right to vote."

I carried the suffrage torch through all the great watering-places on the Jersey coast, and then, worn out with the heat and fatigue, I returned home, leaving it in the custody of a group of young campaigners.

"Remember, young ladies," I called to them, as I motored away; "the torch is not an easy thing to take care of."

The very next day it was stolen, and, although we were heart-broken, we at once tried to make the misfortune count for publicity. The New Jersey branch offered a large reward; the antis said we had had it stolen; I am not sure we did not hint that the antis had it stolen themselves, but, as we were about to give it up for lost, it appeared at headquarters, brought in by a man who said he found it in a street-car in Philadelphia. He was handed the promised reward in a check. He said politely that he was for suffrage and wished for no reward, and, indorsing the check back to our party, he handed it to our chairman and left, wishing us good luck.

For a long period the torch was our leading lady, and even years later I had to carry it in a parade in our neighboring State of Connecticut, as well as the still more popular "Ship of State."

I was the originator of that emblem, the greatest crowd-gatherer I ever saw, and it happened in this way. When Mrs. Blatch was obliged to return to England so suddenly, and leave us to run the party, we all felt a sense of responsibility. It was growing late in the season, the days were shortening, and the evenings, the only time we could get hold of the men for a street meeting, were growing very dark. New York must be held! How could we attract the crowds?

"Ladies, what are we to do?" I asked

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I confided the sacred token of liberty, the beloved torch, to our sisters in the neighboring State.—Page 535.

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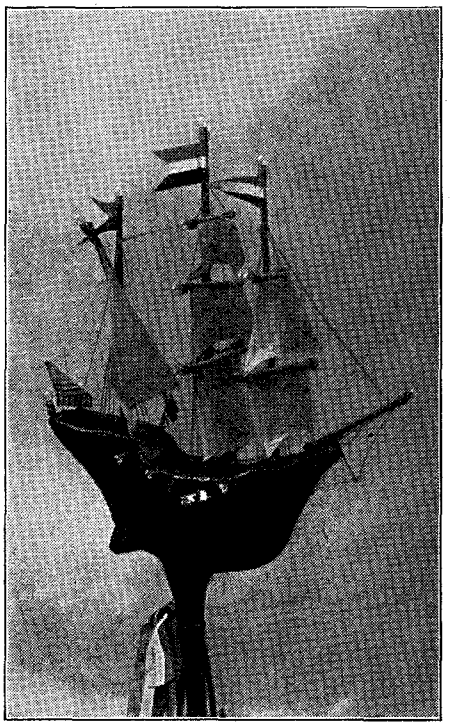
as I walked into headquarters. "How can we replace the torch?" No one knew. Just then in walked the torch-maker herself. Immediately a suggestion came to me.

"How soon can you make me a little ship to replace the torch?" I asked her.

"In about ten days," she answered.

"All right," I said. "I will pay for it. And now I will tell you what I want."



No matter where I went . . . I had but to light my little "Ship of State" to collect a crowd.

In about ten days a little ship, whose centreboard tapered into a stick so we could hold it, was ready. It was made and rigged to look as much as possible like the *Mayflower*, and on the end of every spar was an electric light which outlined the ship so it could be distinctly seen even in the blackest darkness; the port and starboard beams bore green and red lights, which gave it a finishing touch and made it seem a very attractive toy. The electric wiring was attached to a battery which I carried in the bottom of my automobile, and a button gave me control of the lighting. No matter where I went from the largest city to the smallest village, I had but to light my little "Ship of State" to collect a crowd. Wherever I went my organizer saw that the papers inserted a print of the ship, and the people would come out to look at it. In the manufacturing towns the small boys would crowd around me and beg:

"Please show it to us, Mrs. Havemeyer."

"No! Go get your fathers and mothers, too, to come out. I have something to say to them and then I will light it up for you," I would answer and I would soon have a big crowd about me.

I should tire you if I attempted to tell you of all the arguments that little emblem enabled me to make. For instance, I would say: "Good women were good ballast on the *Mayflower*, why should they not be now on our Ship of State?" Or—"it was a woman who climbed over the side of that ship, and was the first to put her foot on Plymouth Rock. She claimed this land as a home for men and women alike, not men alone." Or again: "Suppose a man and his wife had paid their passage on a ship and as they were about to go up the gang-plank, they were stopped, and the woman was told she could not go on board.

"'Why not?' asks the man. 'Oh, because she is a woman,' he is told.

"'But I have paid her way, I have signed all the papers, agreed to every condition. It is all right, stand aside and let her go up.'

"'No,' he is told, 'she cannot go on board.'

"'But why not?' persists the man, who is getting hot under his collar.

"'Because she is a woman,' is the indifferent answer."

When I see my crowd are getting a little "hot," too, under their collars, I drive home my argument and say:

"Friends, that is the state of things you men are tolerating to-day. There isn't a woman in the land who does not subscribe to and obey the laws. There isn't a woman in the land who, if she has

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property, does not pay her taxes—taxes to support a government that deprives her of her rights, a woman who in every way supports the Constitution of the United States, and yet—she is told she cannot go on board our Ship of State—just because she is a woman."

That illustration never failed me, and many are the votes it brought to us. Or again: I hold up the ship without lighting it, and say: "Friends, you want to see how my ship looks? It is dark, is it not? You see there can be no light where there is no freedom, but when you men give us our freedom in November, then my ship will look like this," and as I say it I snap the button and the thirty-three lights with the red and green ones at its port and starboard sides flash out in the darkness, and one hears the ohs and the ahs, and great applause follows.

The leading lady of the town was usually asked to sit in my car and snap on the lights at my signal. It made splendid publicity and often made a friend for the party or a contributor to our always depleted treasury.

The "Ship" flashed out its lights up to the very day before our defeat in 1915. We had put up a good fight and had developed our political instincts; the campaign had "toughened our sinews and summoned up our blood." It had prepared us for the coming struggle, the great fight when we had become a national party, and Susan B. Anthony's federal amendment was our only platform. Those were the days when a little band of women had to fight single-handed an administration and a political organization armed cap-a-pie against them.

[Mrs. Havemeyer's second article, "The Prison Special," will appear in the June number.]

# I Would Not Grow Old

BY CATHERINE ISABEL HACKETT

I WOULD not grow old, loving wind-swept grasses
Too much to have my eyes grow dim;
Bowed pines sighing as the warm wind passes,
Sunset tawny on a mountain's rim.

I cannot feel youth die, for gay music thrills me
Too much to have my feet grow slow;
Fear of gray years in the future chills me,
I cannot let my short youth go.

I would not grow old, for I love light laughter
Too much to bear thought of tears;
I want days filled with dawn-flush, and no night after;
I must have gladness all my years!

Too much I love small bits of beauty—
Whistling winds or the touch of rain,
To bear old age, or to walk in paths of duty—
Exquisite rapture lost in pain.

I fear touch of age on precious gifts I treasure—
Far-off glint of wings in cloudy blue,
Voices at evening, and dear beyond measure
The look in the eyes of you.

. . . . . .

To-day there was an old man, walking slowly down the street—
I saw his face—and ah, how old age can be sweet!

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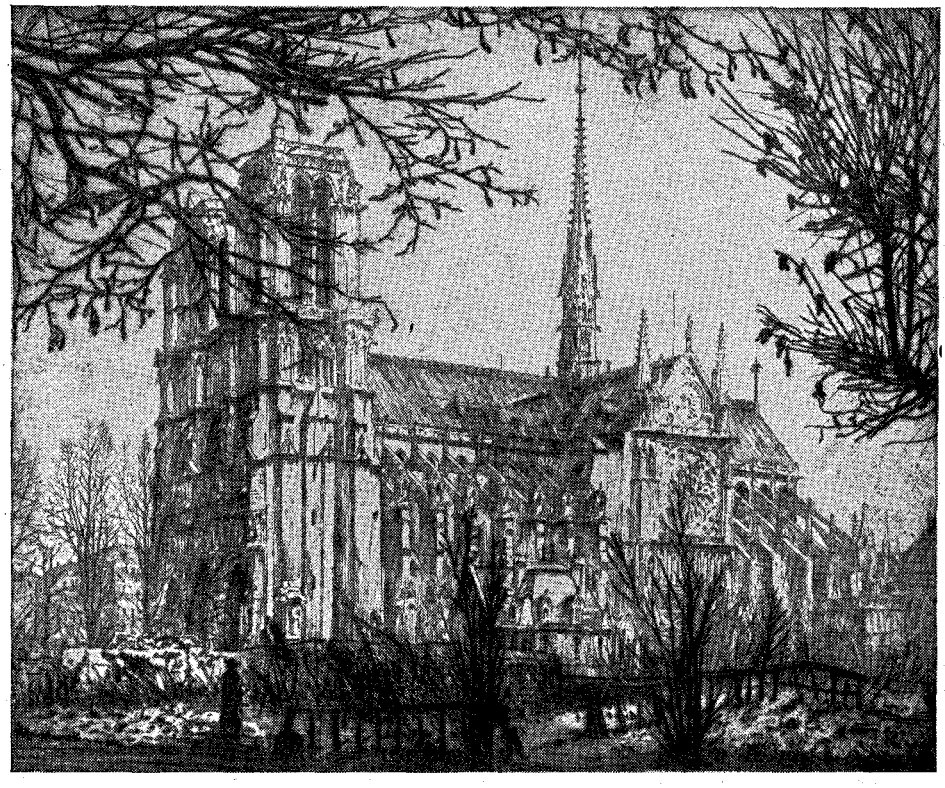

Notre Dame de Paris.

From the garden of St.-Julien-le-Pauvre, which is entered through the old Gothic church of that name, hedged in from the gaze of the curious, screened by stately trees, one gains a unique view of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

# Seven Etchings of Paris, Amiens, and Chartres by Robert F. Logan

IN the following reproductions, principally of Paris, the artist has successfully obtained view-points of his subjects which are a little out of the ordinary and consequently full of interest.

We see the stately towers of Notre Dame de Paris looming up behind the quaint old houses on the Isle de Cité, while in another plate, under the very nose of the magnificent Cathedral of Amiens, busy market scenes are being unfolded. Again, we have an unusual view of the church of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, constructed in part after the plans of Charles Le Brun, a child of the parish, and situated at the eastern end of the Quartier Latin.

The Pont Marie, reminiscent of Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier, the Pont Neuf with its sombre arches and quaint carvings, and views of the stately Cathedral of Chartres, complete this unusual group of etchings.

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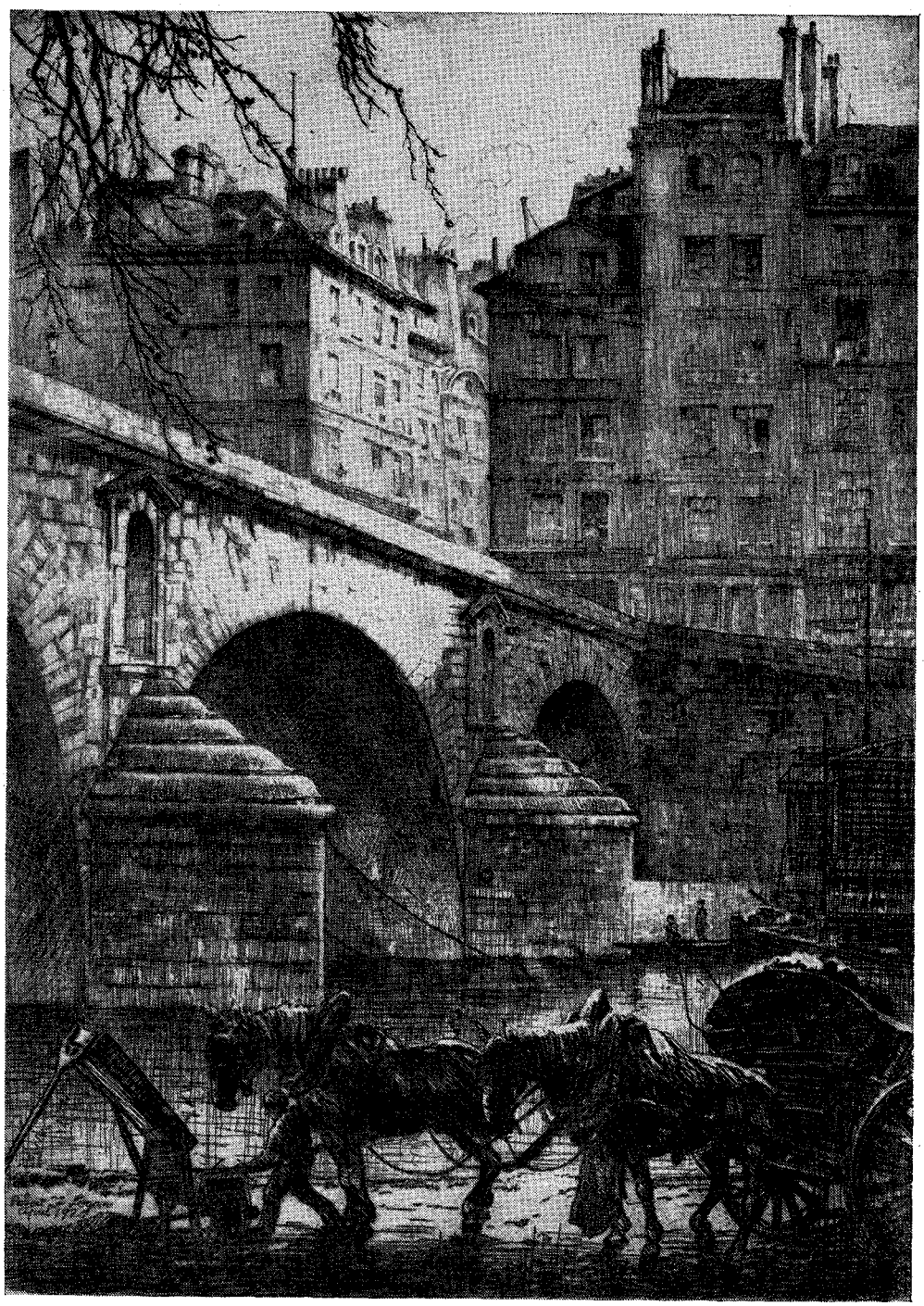

Le Pont Marie, Paris.

Built by the engineer-architect Marie, it connects the Isle St. Louis with the right bank and is one of the oldest and most romantic of Paris bridges.



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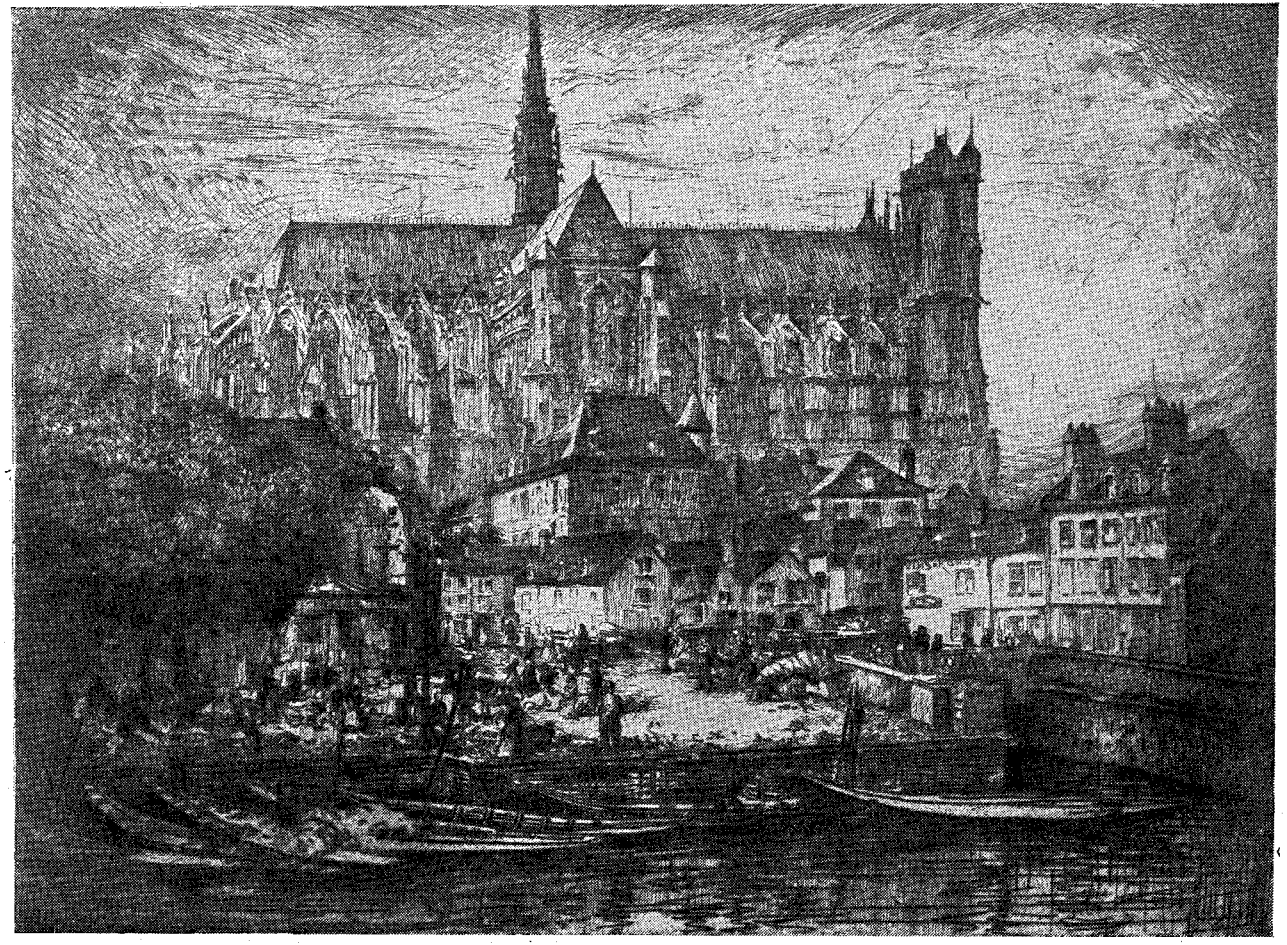

Market-Day at Amiens.

The Cathedral of Amiens is one of the noblest of Gothic temples and towers like a cliff above the seventeenth-century houses nestling at its base. Here, thrice weekly, a scene of bustling action takes place when purchaser and vender vie with each other in voice and gesture.

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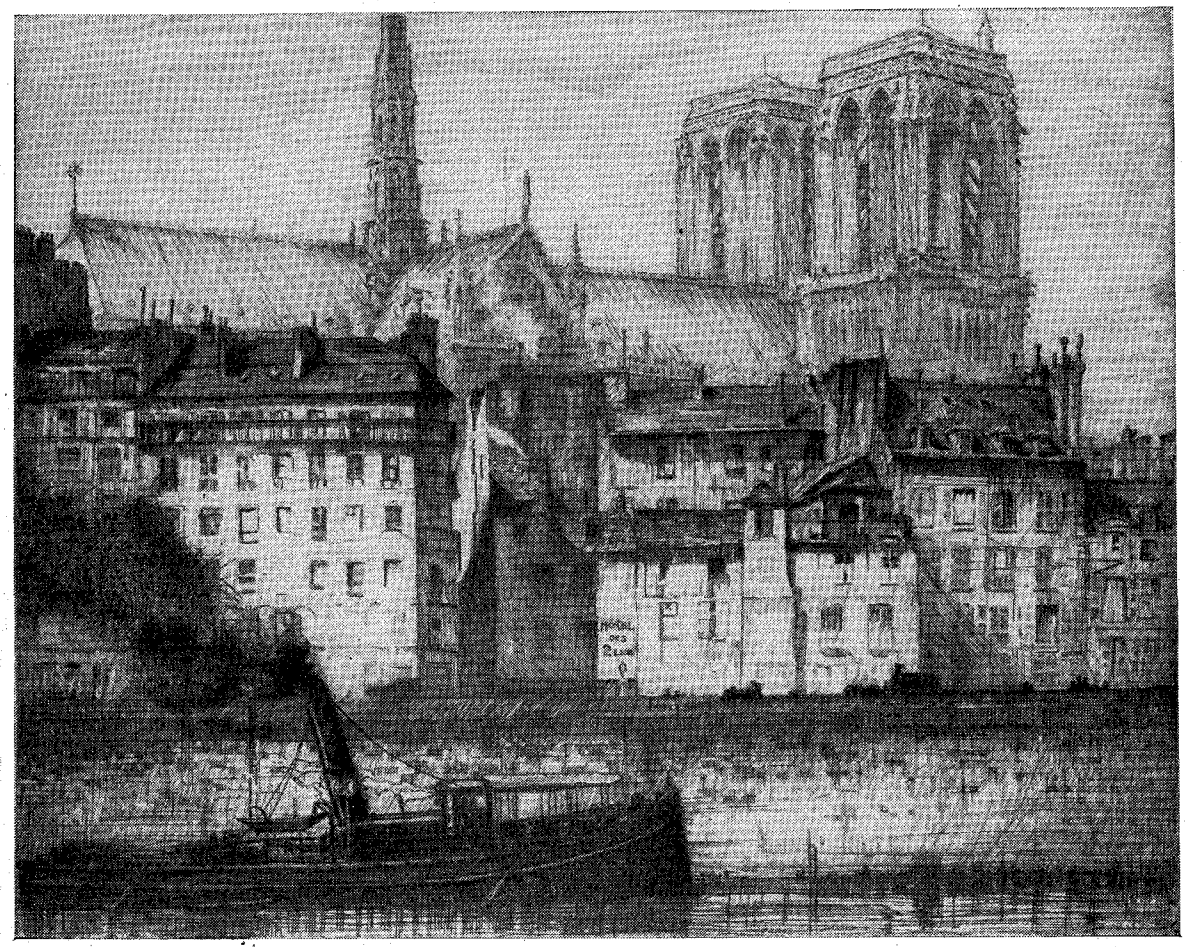

L'Isle de Cité.

The Gallic capital Lutetia was the Paris of the Romans and the Franks. It separated the Quartier Latin from the bourgeoisie of the right bank, and was the seat of bishops and kings of Gaul. Notre Dame de Paris dominates the Isle, reflecting past glories of the Crusades.



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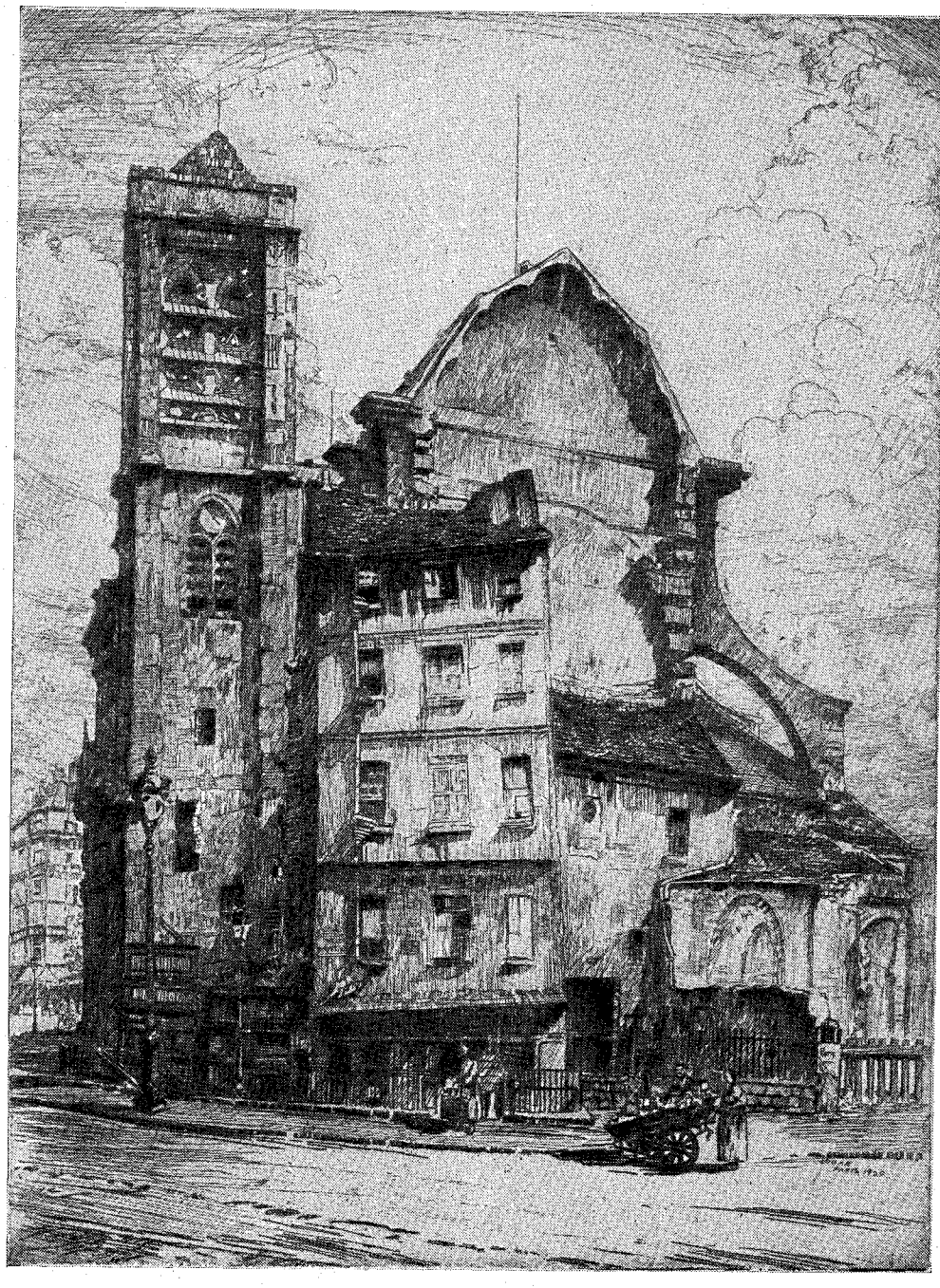

L'Eglise de St. Nicholas du Chardonnet.

Finished at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it is an agglomeration of styles, the tower belonging to an earlier church, while a side-chapel has been torn away, leaving blind lancet windows like scars in the ancient walls.



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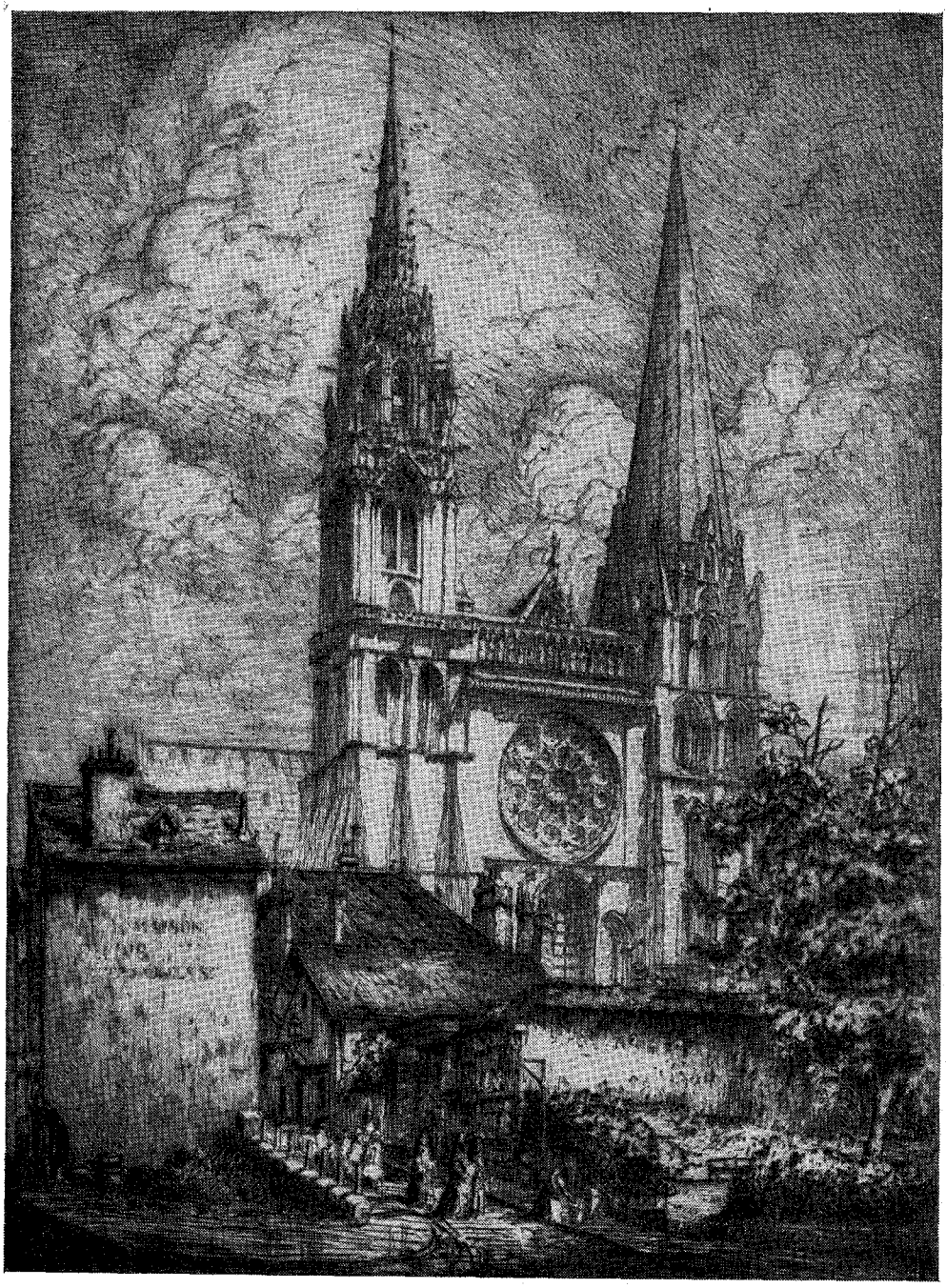

The Cathedral of Chartres.

It is crowned by two of the most magnificent of Gothic towers in existence. The present church, embellished with splendid rose windows and sculptures, is built above a grotto of the ancient Druids. The crypt dates from the eleventh century.



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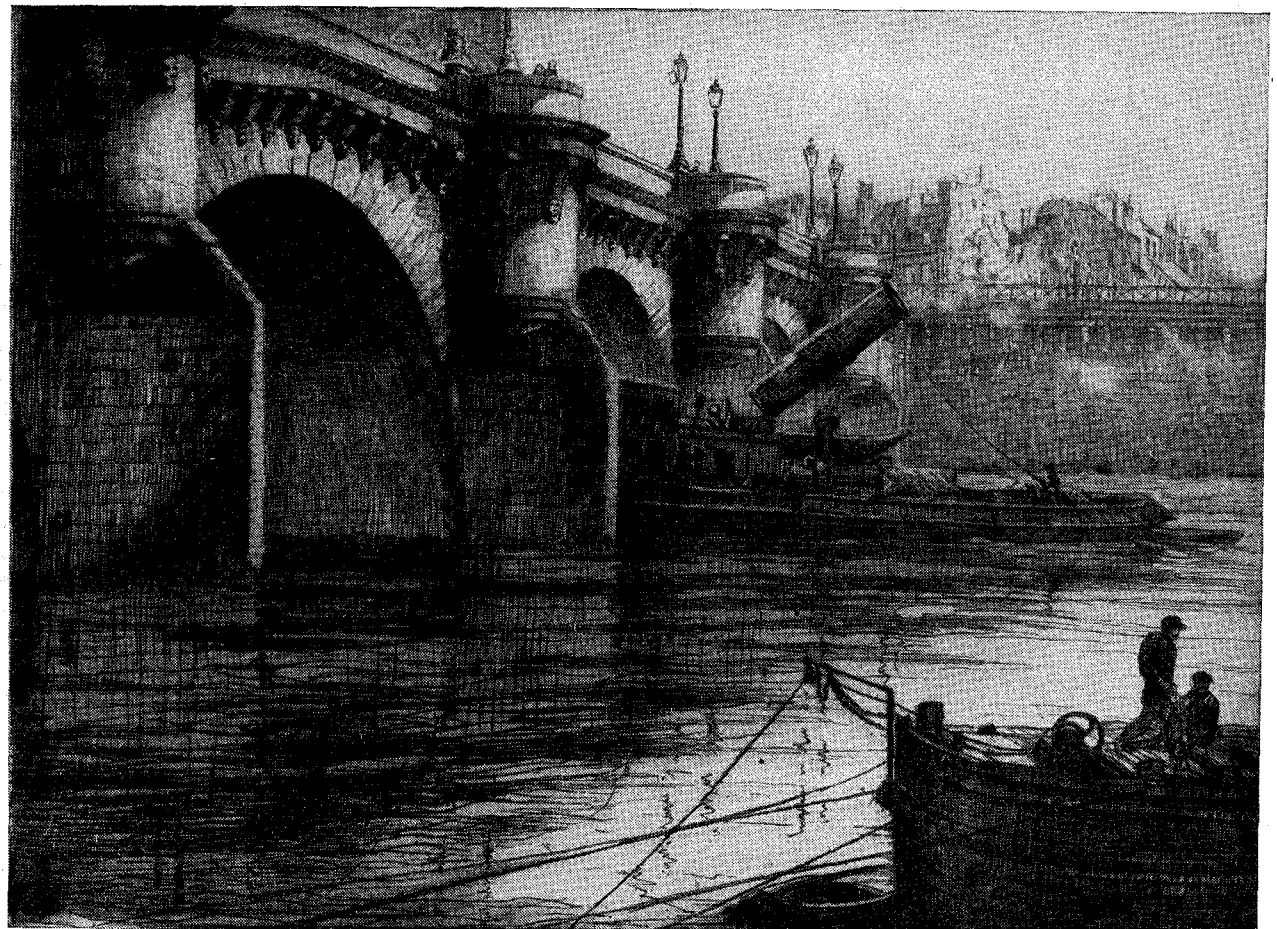

Le Pont Neuf.

One of the oldest and most interesting of bridges in Paris. Built in about 1578, it was lined originally with little shops and for a long time was a great commercial rendezvous. Around the buttresses are unique carvings from the chisel of Germain Pilou (1535–1590).

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# Commuting from Mont'Estoril to Lisbon

BY NORVAL RICHARDSON
Secretary of the American Legation, Portugal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

CONTRAST is in some ways just as much the spice of life as variety—especially if the contrast is in one's favor; and it surely is when, in winter, one walks along the sunny paths of Mont'Estoril, smells the spicy fragrance of geranium and stock, pauses a few moments in an avenue of palms, catches a glimpse of an emerald sea gently washing a beach of white sand—and while doing all this reads in the European edition of an American paper, three days old, that the whole of the United States is being swept by a terrible blizzard. It seems impossible to believe that such contrasts exist, especially when one realizes that straight out across the emerald sea, only three thousand miles away, is that snow-swept country.

The little station at Mont'Estoril is built facing the sunny beach; ivy geraniums cluster about its red tile roof; a solid stone wall forms the road-bed of the railway and creates a bulwark against high tide. The emerald sea is in reality a wide bay, outwardly placid, yet a deceptive entrance to the Tagus which leads across perilous sand-bars to Lisbon. The ancient fishing town of Cascaes drowses in the curved line of the rocky shore, its fortress, once the summer home of Portuguese kings, a landmark for all incoming ships. Fishing-boats are scattered over the calm water—sailboats that seem to belong to centuries long past, left over from those hundred glorious years of Portugal. There is real romance in their large sails of orange and yellow and wine-dark red; their gondola-shaped hulls, their Phœnician prows—all suggestive of epic adventure. Surely, their mission must be more poetic than merely that of furnishing food to modern Portuguese citizens!

As one waits at the station for the arrival of the "business man's special" to Lisbon, many other things in sight are suggestive of that far-away time when Portugal led all the nations of the world. The fishwives passing down the road bear their flat, heavily laden baskets on their heads with the superb carriage of those whose ancestors had learned to master the sea; their bright handkerchiefs stream out behind them as they speed on fleet feet from village to village. The full-throated voices of peasants shouting "A Burro" to their tiny staggering donkeys makes one hear again the shouts of brave mariners braving the gales. A huge bull, led by two men wearing the black knitted caps, a style which has come straight down from the Phœnicians—some of them look as if they were the very caps themselves—gives a clew to the traditional sport of the country, for they are leading the bellicose beast to Alges, where he will amuse thousands next Sunday in a bloodless fight. A flock of turkeys, most well behaved and following in soldier-like fashion the direction indicated by their master, march from house to house to offer themselves for sale. And donkeys, carrying venders of fruits and vegetables whose heads are arrayed in dazzling red and yellow scarfs, are trotting by just as others like them have trotted for years unnumbered. Of course, there is the flaunting contrast of modern life; automobiles, motor-cycles, even motor-trucks may pass by occasionally; and the calm sea is sometimes disturbed by motor-boat and dashing hydroplane. But nowhere has the ugliness of modern life crept in; the most recently built cottage or villa follows the traditions of centuries of building in Portugal.



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Commuters assemble leisurely. Why not? Even if they miss the nine-thirty express there will be the slow train in half an hour. And as for reaching Lisbon so early, what does it avail one? No shopkeeper with any self-respect would think of taking down his shutters—the equivalent of opening his doors—before ten o'clock. Morning was meant for sleep—or at least quiet repose and the undisturbed reading of yesterday's change of government. No one should work until after a midday breakfast. Besides, there is a long, sunny afternoon to be got through somehow. The rhythm of Portugal!

When you enter the little station and look about for the ticket-office you may be a bit puzzled. Then your glance falls on a tiny little window, just large enough to pass your hand through. It is set very low; you almost have to lie down to see through it with one eye. When you achieve this position, your eye meets the black eye of the ticket-agent. Now you must take away your eye and apply your mouth to the window and ask for a ticket. Then you remove your mouth and apply your ear to hear how much it is going to cost. All this takes time, a great deal of time—and develops long-unused muscles—but no one is pressing you impatiently from behind.

"One thousand and eight hundred reis!" the ticket-agent hisses in your ear. At first you stagger at the tremendous sum, and do a little calculating which ends with the realization that, in your own exceedingly good money, all this amounts only to eighteen cents. You hand out two one thousand reis notes and await the change. But the ticket-agent has never been known to have the change. If the train is on the point of arriving you give up the fight and add two hundred reis to the agent's salary.

A timid whistle is heard in the distance, the station-master comes out and blows a little horn—for all the world like those we used to blow at Christmas time—and the passengers rise languidly from benches under palm-trees and stand in readiness. The train appears, coming casually round a cliff where sprigs of ivy geranium brush the engine's smoke-stack, and comes to a very gentle stop, often quite beyond the station platform—all a matter of how much steam the wood fire is producing that morning. The passengers climb in, find plenty of comfortable seats—those wide aisles and seats of English coaches—the Christmas horn is blown again, and without any jar or noise of any kind the train glides off to make two more stops before going straight on to Lisbon, a matter of some seventeen miles away.

The first stop, at Estoril, gives one time to glance at a beautifully laid out and partially finished imitation of Monte Carlo. There is a rather splendid hotel, an impressive thermal establishment, two semicircular buildings for shops and, crowning an eminence, a building dignified by columns and handsome arches which is destined to be a casino. These buildings centre about a vast park of palm avenues, fountains, miniature waterfalls, and flaming flower-beds. The background is an extensive grove of pines. It is all a Portuguese financier's dream, left unfinished in the aftermath of war. One day it will surely be famous, for it has much to recommend it over the too fashionable Riviera, particularly its milder climate.

The next stop, Sao Joao do Estoril, a little farther on, shows only a small station with pleasant hedges and a road leading toward a small town on the beach.

By this time the coaches are well filled. Friends have greeted each other—this very formally done with bows and handshakes all down the aisle—and conversation becomes animated in the usual Latin manner. Almost every known language is heard. Above the undercurrent of Portuguese, much English is spoken, some French, and, now and then, a guttural German phrase.

Two English ladies, who got on at Mont'Estoril, begin an excited discussion over their experiences of the night before at the Casino. Though their ages are uncertain, their reputations are surely not. Garden-party hats with long veils, sweaters uncompromisingly home-knitted, solid boots, woollen stockings, tweed skirts—all stamp them unmistakably, even if one did not hear their explosive voices.

"My dear, it's really most extraordinary! Do you see! I put two pence ha'penny on thirteen—I always play

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thirteen—and, just fancy, it came up! Extraordinary, wasn't it? But, my dear, the most appalling thing happened. You know that frightfully vulgar Mrs. Slatings-Roberts. She was sitting next me. My dear—she claimed it—said she had put two pence ha'penny on thirteen herself! What did I do? I simply *looked* at her, my dear! The result? Oh—the croupier paid us both."

Mont'Estoril.

One catches a glimpse of an emerald sea gently washing a beach of white sand.—Page 547.

To appreciate fully this conversation, you would have to spend an evening at the Pequeño Casino—the Little Casino—the most intimate family gambling-place one could well imagine. In reality it is only a small cottage set back in a delightful garden with one or two thoroughly sympathetic policemen standing at the door. One is inclined to wonder that any officers of the law are necessary at such a gentle place until it is learned that they are there simply in the interests of the patrons. You see, gambling is forbidden in Portugal and, if the government suddenly decided to open its eyes, these pleasant attendants would give the signal to those at play so they could shift quickly from roulette to tea-tables before unfriendly inspectors entered the building. In the centre of the one large room is the roulette table which seats about sixteen people. Those who cannot find seats lean confidingly over the heads and shoulders of the more fortunate ones. The Portuguese say that this little casino is run only for the diversion of British spinsters and widows who come all the way out from England, not really to escape fogs and endless rains, but for the sole purpose of spending cosy afternoons and evenings about a roulette-table. The chips are so large and of such low value that one can grow daringly reckless and lose the large sum of fifty cents an evening. One spinster, who is always at the door at the opening hour, five o'clock—they say she hasn't missed an afternoon during five winters—immediately buys a stack of chips which she puts in her reticule—there is no word that expresses so perfectly her bag—and, playing them carefully according to some system until they

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are all gone, has tea, smokes a cigarette, and then returns to the hotel apparently quite happy, feeling no doubt that she has been outrageously daring and immoral. Any sort of gambling, you know, gives one the feeling of being something of a devil—even if one only loses fifty cents after three hours of hard work!

In the coach, seated next the English ladies, are four Portuguese men—a prosperous ship-chandler, a doctor who has office hours in Lisbon, a politician—perhaps minister for foreign affairs last week—and a rich exporter of sardines. They talk in that extraordinary language in which *ishes* and *owngs* seem to dominate, a language in which nothing is called by a name that vaguely resembles any that you have ever heard before; for a simple train is called "o comboio"; a carriage is "trem"; a knife is a "faca"; a fork is a "garfo"; and only "thank you" sounds the least bit familiar as "muito obrigado" almost a third cousin, by marriage, to "much obliged." The four men discuss politics with wonderful gestures and speculate upon who will be in next week's cabinet; then one nudges another and calls attention to a very dapper gentleman in smartly cut suit, spotless white spats and monocle, who is sitting a little way from them.

"Manoel's secretary! What's he doing here?" Mind you, a republican would not be caught saying King Manoel or even Dom Manoel.

"Looking after the Braganza estates, I suppose."

"Ah—and where is Manoel now?"

"As usual—playing tennis at Nice," the other one replies with a disdainful shrug and an envious glance at a king's secretary. Republicanism does not seem to have quite eradicated the traditional glamour of thrones.

A woman with eight children—this is small for a Portuguese family; a recent prime minister boasted eighteen sons by the same wife—is dispensing cocoanut candy and quince paste with generous hands. She is undoubtedly accepting immediate peace for future trouble. However, the children are strong and lusty and exceedingly pretty; they appear quite capable of managing such rich food.

The train now leaves the coast and comes to an almost abrupt stop as it attacks the gentle grade which leads across the peninsula that forms the dividing line between sea and river. On one side a pine forest, the trees bent and leaning from the effect of the north wind, stops the view; on the other side a stretch of barren land, really moors, extends to a distant mountain range—the Serra de Cintra. Against the sharp blue sky, clearly distinct in the crystalline atmosphere, on the topmost peak of those mountains of the moon, looms the grand-opera castle of Pena, a perfect reproduction of a mediæval stronghold built only seventy years ago by one of the sons of that Coburg family that allied itself to so many ruling houses.

When the high point of the ridge is passed, the train begins to roll gaily down-hill, and a panorama that is full of historical import and actual beauty gradually unfolds. To the right stretches the broad mouth of the Tagus, so broad that one sees the surf breaking against the calmer waters of the river; on the far shore bleak sand-dunes gradually give way to fertile hills and gaily colored villages; and still farther on, in the blue distance, too far away to be seen, are ruins of Roman cities, Moorish strongholds and remnants of Lusitanian civilization.

Over a near hilltop one sees a group of Moorish towers, golden in the sun. The sight brings a thrill. One wonders if, after all, he has not suddenly been transported back a thousand years, and is approaching the abode of some mighty Saracen chief. But a turn in the road dispels illusion, and shows a fort with perfectly modern equipment placed on ancient foundations. Then Sant'Amaro comes into view, a village of pink-and-white houses with red tile roofs and palms and eucalyptus-trees, and a miniature bay filled with fishing-boats with orange-and-red sails. It is exactly like a stage curtain, just those colors—vivid blue sky, vivid blue water, vivid green shrubs, and vivid red roofs. Nothing is subtle or subdued. It is all vibrantly intense.

Far ahead, the broadly curving shoreline which makes this part of the river almost a bay stretches along with gay villages set in green surroundings, and

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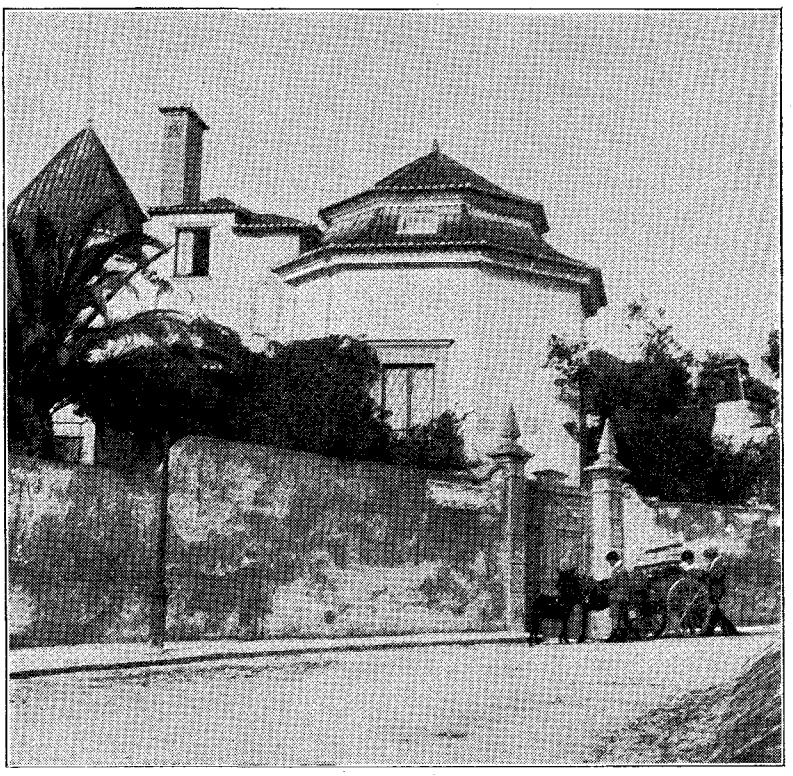
ends at a point which is made salient by the sparkling white Tower of Belem—one of the most beautiful buildings of the world and as perfect to-day as it was four hundred years ago when it was built to defend Lisbon from invasion by sea. bougainvillea, appear in shady groves, their gardens coming down to the railway and even crossing it to reach the sandy shores of the river. Modern villas cluster near the railway, small but resplendent with an overdress of glistening



Modern Portuguese Villa.

Resplendent with an overdress of glistening tiles . . . with roofs curving upward at the corners and finished with metal ornaments.

Just beyond this tower rise hills congested with houses—Lisbon.

Romance and adventure are all along the way. Villages slip by with immensely suggestive names: Paco d'Arcos—the Palace of Arches; Cruz Quebrada—the Broken Cross; each with a story of days when pirates waited until the dark of night to come stealthily ashore; or sailing crafts swept by on their way to unconquered, unknown lands; or Roman galleys rode triumphantly along to claim country and people; or even those vague, shadowy Phœnicians landed at these very same inlets. Old crumbling villas, covered with protecting ivy and gorgeous green, yellow, blue, pink, and white tiles, each one of them with roofs curving upward at the corners and finished with metal ornaments—a decoration which some roving mariner originally brought back from the land of pagodas. Now and then a bare, forbidding fort rises on a jutting point, its crumbling walls and battlements proclaiming the need of protection from those dangers which came so silently from the sea, and the suggestion of Moorish architecture, showing in a pinnacle or dome, giving ample evidence of its original builders. And all the while, floating by or moored in some shallow inlet, are strange old ships—as redo-

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Caes de Sodre.

The Caes de Sodre is not beautiful but it has great interest in that it appears to be the connecting link with so many interesting and remote places.—Page 555.

lent of adventure as the face of an old crusader, and no more really a part of to-day than the forts which were built to keep them at a safe distance.

There is so much suggestive in the scene that one wonders if some of this left-over romance is not still living in the people of this country; and one turns to their faces in the effort to find, in flesh and blood, what so abounds in stone and mortar. The conductor, passing so leisurely up and down the aisle, catches one's attention. He is not at all one's preconceived idea of what a Latin looks like; nor does he suggest other Latin races; but then, one must remember that this Iberian land was populated with so much more than purely Latin blood. The infiltration of Moorish and Gothic and Celtic characteristics makes for a very distinctly marked race. Gray eyes, rather far apart and severe, set in olive skin and framed with black lashes that make them gleam both dreamily and intensely; a thin face with aquiline, rather delicate features; and an economical use of flesh on both body and face—all make this man quite different from what one who has travelled in other Latin countries would naturally expect. He is in no way Spanish; he is not at all French; he has little of the Italian geniality; he is purely Portuguese—perhaps more really Gothic than anything else.

As the train approaches Lisbon the modern villas grow more numerous and the shore-line becomes dotted with quaint little bathing-houses. Alges—the Coney Island of Lisbon—is a suburb which combines a nice sandy beach with a park where trees, jolly awnings, comfortable willow chairs and cafés make a day's excursion from the city—only a matter of ten minutes—within the reach of all classes. Even in the early morning, when it is deserted, it still has the air of being all ready for gay visitors.

The Tower of Belem marks the real



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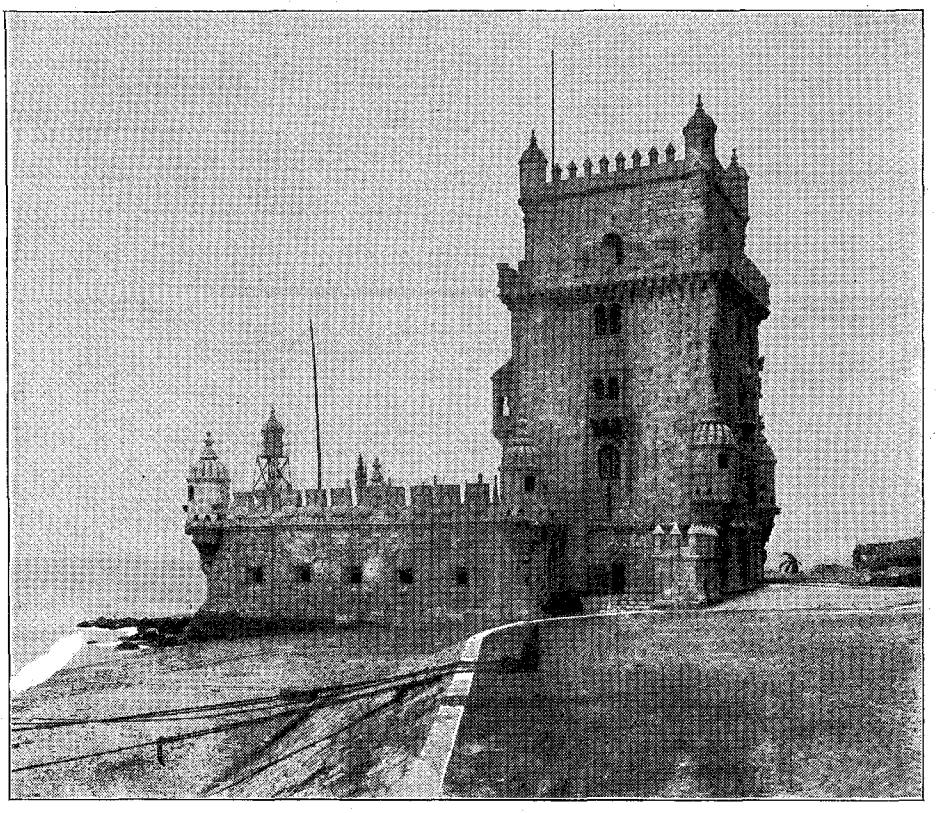
entrance to Lisbon. It is the point at which entering war-ships salute; it is the line at which the city's customs are drawn; and it is the salient object which fires one's imagination and makes live again those glorious hundred years of Portugal, for clustered near it are so many of the best things the country boasts. The tower itself, seen from the car window, is an elaborate structure of white stone—a combination of Gothic, Moorish, and Manueline architecture. It would be difficult to imagine a building more ornate. It has all the charm of a fairy fabrication; it appeals immensely to the imagination. Towers, turrets, elaborate traceries, winding stairs, pinnacles, balconies, drawbridge, moat—all stand out against a background of river and sky like some fantastic dream.

And across from the tower, seen from the other side of the train, above a grove of Judas-trees in full bloom, springs up the church and convent of Soao Jeronymo —another building of enchantment. The exquisite detail of the main portal is fairly gleaming in the sunlight; it seems too delicate and fragile to be actually real; its Gothic, Moorish, and even Indian sumptuousness, showing above the dainty freshness of the flowering trees, makes it appear quite like a mirage—especially when one looks beyond and sees, dominating the crest of a hill, the monumental pile of the Ajuda Palace. The contrast is a bit bewildering. One building is so convincingly the work of man, so solid, so permanent, so uncompromisingly a safe abode for mere mortals; the other is more an imaginary structure—the sort of thing one might dream of and never expect to see realized.

History is about one on all sides now. Buildings, monuments, gateways, statues, all recall famous names. Here it was that Henry the Navigator came to see the



Tower of Belem.

It would be difficult to imagine a building more ornate. It has all the charm of a fairy fabrication.

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ships he had fitted up sail off to conquer the world; there is the spot where Vasco da Gama and his followers passed the night in prayer previous to starting off on that perilous voyage which was to end in the discovery of a new route to India; a tall marble column bears a colossal bronze statue of Affonso de Albuquerque, packages, and stand impatiently in the aisles. Perhaps it is the effect of the scene without that has made them restless. Once within the real boundaries of the town the change is very noticeable. The river which, a few miles back, was so suggestive of old Portugal is now a modern, animated harbor. The docks are

Fish Venders.

They are superb, these fishwives, real Amazons . . . the backbone of Portugal.—Page 555.

whom many consider the greatest of Portuguese administrators; a pink-and-white palace set far back in a grove of pines transfers one quickly to the past century, for it was here that recent kings have lived; the Necessidades Palace, dark-red and white, rising out of extensive gardens, brings history almost up to the present day, for it was here that Manoel lived until he was forced to give up both throne and country.

Though there are still ten minutes more before the journey will be finished and the train stop at the Caes de Sodre, in the heart of Lisbon, the passengers hurriedly gather together their hats and sticks and lined with all sorts of vessels. There are tramp steamers, many of them with names that appeal to the American—John Prentiss of Portland; Mary Thompson of Norfolk: there are tank-steamers and coal-barges; far out in midstream looms the huge bulk of a transatlantic liner reducing everything else to absurdly small proportions. A River Plate steamer is just coming up the river, all the way from Buenos Ayres; a French liner, boasting three smoke-stacks, is leaving for distant Brazil; a dapper Portuguese boat is making ready to go straight to Madeira, then the Azores and the Canaries; a British schooner is dropping anchor after a

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long voyage from Cape Town; another is on its way to Angola—boats from every part of the world going to every part of the world.

Warehouses and sordidly commercial structures line the way, though, now and then, a picturesque old church covered with blue-and-white tiles and some ancient neglected palace give evidence of what this busy river section looked like in the days of the great Manoel.

Now the air becomes almost overpowering with a stifling scent. The fish-market announces its proximity. Surely, all the fish in the world are being offered for sale—fresh fish, dead fish, fish in oil, and fish in salt. One has the feeling that he will smell of fish for the rest of his days. Then the market comes into view, close beside the track, with its hundreds of fish-women arranging their baskets preparatory to starting forth, barefooted, their skirts girded up about them, heavy gold earrings in their ears, gold necklaces hanging down over their negligible corsages, to peddle their wares up and down and through every street of Lisbon.

The Caes de Sodre is not beautiful but it has great interest in that it appears to be the connecting-link with so many interesting and remote places scattered over the globe. The sailors lounging on the benches there could probably tell you of any seaport you might ask them about; the little café on the corner, decorated inside and out with tiles that depict the maritime story of Portugal, is always filled with ships' captains that are either leaving or just arriving; the pavements are banked with vegetables and fruits, their venders standing under signs that announce the best route to reach some unheard-of African port; straight ahead, out of the centre of the square, a street leads directly up the steepest hill one is likely to find in any city. No wonder Lisbon calls itself a rival of Rome in this respect! And all the time, while one is trying to remember that this city no longer belongs to the past that was so living on the journey there, he is in very great danger of being run over and knocked down and carried entirely away in the rather reckless form of transportation that is passing through the square. Motors and trams and carriages apparently vie with one another as to who can go fastest. After one has dodged and run madly for the narrow sidewalk, still he is far from having reached safety, for here he comes straight into a procession of fishwomen. And here a word of eyes, warning! They are superb, these fish-wives, real Amazons, strikingly handsome, the backbone of Portugal—I grant them all that—but lurking in the corner of their eyes, which apparently are bent only upon selling fish, is a mischievous gleam. Spotless white linen has an irresistible fascination for them. You can't blame them, with their constantly fish-scented clothes. But give them the right of way, don't force them to move an inch out of their paths, for if you do, their baskets will tilt casually, and you will find yourself splattered with a thin stream of fishy water that necessitates an immediate return home.

The square safely crossed, you jump into a tram which, to your consternation, begins, without apparently the least thought of danger, to climb the precipitous hill. If a Portuguese notices your alarm and overhears the prayers you are stammering that the brakes are in working order, he will most considerately try to reassure you by telling you that you are ascending the Rua Alecrim—Rosemary Street—and that no evil can overtake you in Portugal as long as there is a bit of rosemary about; then, further to divert your attention from what you are now certain is immediate death, he will point to Lisbon, unfolding beneath and above you, bland and smiling in its pink-and-gray dress. The rhythm of Portugal!

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# The Man with the Ironic Mask

BY JOHN D. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. J. DUNCAN

I

IMPRESARIO GERALD JAY CARTON, husband of the famous actress Mrs. Carton—one of the few non-Yiddish managers in the theatre—and therefore not financially successful—was sitting on a high stool in the box-office, beside the ticket-seller, delightedly watching a huge, distinguished-looking audience pour through the lobby of the Gotham Theatre into the auditorium.

It was the first performance of the new drama "Possession." But it was just barely the first performance. That afternoon the chief actor had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him whole. However, Impresario Carton had not been forty years in the theatre without encountering similar emergencies. The understudy had been located, rushed to the theatre; found to be letter-perfect, in fact, surprisingly equipped with his own wigs, clothes, and make-up, and at that very moment was pacing up and down behind the curtain ready to go on for the leading part. "Slips," explaining the star's indisposition, had been printed and inserted in the programmes. There was also a "stretcher" in front of the theatre announcing the fact. Thus far nobody had asked for his money at the box-office.

So Impresario Carton was happy. He radiated his usual, optimistic, fun-loving self. He talked—mostly to himself but he talked incessantly—quoting, paraphrasing, laughing at his own jokes, quizzically knitting his brows as he invented a new one, laughing in turn at that. A trace of the dandy—a hang-over of the boulevardier—that was once a real figure on the Avenue, was discernible in the cracked monocle that hung from his neck, and the care with which he every now and then punctuated his remarks by giving sharper points to the ends of his tiny, waxed mustache.

When Madison Square was the centre of New York fashion and 14th Street its art zone; when people dined and did not merely eat; when the best part of every gentleman's afternoon was religiously reserved for calls or a cocktail tour extending from the Lafayette, up the Avenue, with stops at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Manhattan Club, to a gathering of wits in the grill-room of Martin's; when MacGowan's Pass was the Ultima Thule of coaching and sleighing; when there were no motors nor taxicabs, and millionaires were as scarce as tired business men; when a man was honored for his culture rather than his success, and life was an enchanting vintage to be tasted, not devoured; when correct dressing was a ritual as important as one's good name, and to be a beau sabreur, a fine sportsman, or a brilliant raconteur were careers sufficient unto themselves; in short, when everybody was somebody, time a device for renting houses, and money a topic only for tradesmen—Gerald Jay Carton was a celebrity, as distinguished as a festooned Corinthian column on that decorative, leisure-loving, wise living, Appian Way.

Of the catastrophe that had just survived—his play abandoned by its chief actor on the opening night—Impresario Carton gaily declaimed: "Doubt that this star is fired; doubt that he'll ever know how I wish he had never been hired; but do not doubt my show." His face was red with merriment, his eyes sparkled with fun, and he chortled, as he thought up his own lines, all the while watching the goodly line at the box-office window.

But in less than two hours Impresario Carton was badly in need of another quotation, and he had none. For once he



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was dumb, but, as always, uncomplaining. A thing took place that even his encyclopædic knowledge of the theatre could not compass. His carefully rehearsed understudy—an actor of vast experience—suddenly lost possession of all his faculties. In a trice he was as useless to the play as a locomotive to a train when its wheels are making millions of revolutions without advancing it an inch.

Many who read this doubtless saw it all—that night at the Gotham Theatre; but until they read these pages they will never know what they really saw.

## II

THE night Antonio Silvain, on very short notice, brilliantly essayed the principal part in the drama "Possession"—only suddenly to achieve the greatest and most inexplicable failure ever seen on a New York stage—the few who were really in the know told one another that a great actor, an artist akin to the elder Salvini in genius as he was in blood, was lost to the theatre, broken upon the wheel of some mysterious mischance, a spiritual bankrupt within the hour.

Silvain—it is best to put it just as he afterward explained it—suddenly believed himself confronted by a vision. He afterward defined it variously at various times, but never more clearly than to call it his conscience embodied. He was pedantic and pseudoscholastic of speech, and once, hating to be questioned any more, he left even Impresario Carton baffled by blaming his downfall on his alter ego. He said it walked and had enormous eyes, this thing; that he had been "got" by the evil eye in the ghostly image of his finest traits; the traits he had discarded to get on—because they had made him fail all his life—sensitiveness, fairness, giving, never asking or expecting, but, above all, a religious trust in the ultimate triumph of certain theatre ideals. It was never any use pressing him to tell, even years afterward, what *it* or *the thing* was. His answers were maudlin; "the thing I've done," "the ghost of the artist that was me."

The disaster was poignant to the few who knew that, when Silvain first became a part of the two hours' traffic of "Possession," he had no thought of being priest but acolyte to the play. It had been given him to read, and at once he so loved it that he declared he would act a doormat in it—merely to be within sight of its lovely scenes and sound of its exquisite lines. As a matter of fact he had been cast for a minor character in the first act—with something vaguely said about "understudying the lead," but so vaguely that it did not appear in his contract, and was only casually mentioned again during the rehearsals.

Between themselves producer and author admitted they would have liked to have given Silvain the part of "Marvin"; but they also admitted that heaps of other producers and authors had thought the same way about him for other plays; for Silvain, plus being an artist, was a most lovable, interesting man. But there was that comic-supplement countenance; belonging nowhere but in a circus-ring; not merely laughably ugly but in action almost disgusting; not homely but, especially if excited, horrifying.

So that his acting opportunities were rare. A grim irony forbade him to do what he could teach others to do—magically. But this night his chance had come. And then, for him—the deluge; an artist buried alive.

## III

IT happened in the middle of the second act, with a huge audience entirely with him. Silvain delivered his lines of the text with the charm and freshness of extemporaneous thoughts until he was almost half-way through his performance. As for the spirit of the piece, he was uncannily brilliant—easy in method, with a sure, authoritative hold upon each scene; never acting, always living the character; warming and perfectly pacing the other actors about him, like an amiable magician waving a wand. That indefinable suction that takes place in a theatre when a really good play, finely performed, pulls on an audience, had unmistakably set in.

Then there was suddenly a good deal of noisy jostling, talking, and bustling at the rear of the theatre—apparently late comers colliding with the standees. At that, Silvain casually glanced out front;

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looked again, and then stopped in his tracks, staring intently at the rear seats of the theatre. For a moment he stood as if transfixed with horror, but suddenly he fell awry into the half-standing, half-lolling position of a puppet whose wires have been cut. He uttered a low, far-away exclamation—as if through his bulging eyes; and then, fascinating but awful to see, as his enormous, thick-lipped mouth fell open, the make-up he had carefully laid on to give him the face of "David Marvin," benign and as lovable as an old bishop, gradually vanished and there came through the distorted features the preposterously caricatured countenance of Silvain himself.

The face exposed was even more out of drawing than Silvain's—because the flattened nose, with blood-red nostrils, was now distended wide from hard breathing; the eyes gleamed, ratlike, with terror as if belonging to something cornered; the heavy jowls had dropped and could not be lifted; the cavernous mouth wide open—and edged with flabby, wet lips—tried hard to shut, but had not the strength to cover a lolling tongue and rows of black teeth. The act of transformation was as grotesque and as absorbing to look at as if a stone gargoyle had gradually come to life, and begun to pantomime its years of pent-up suffering.

Taken as acting, it was rewarded with thunderous applause. And not unreasonably so, for the chief character in the play—the plot was very like "The Bells"—was supposed to end in madness. The word "genius" flew from lip to lip.

But, in the theatre, what passes for genius out front is often recognized as paranoia back stage. The people about Silvain, terrified for the fate of their own performances if he gave them no cues, expecting at any minute his complete collapse, gazed at him as if hypnotized. After the climax of the mad scene Silvain became more and more inaudible, but the audience thought this natural to the character until the effort to hear became trying and irritating. Toward the end Silvain mouthed the text until it was meaningless. He was like a man, waked in the night, groping for his wits.

The final scenes of the play seemed all the more interminable, because of Silvain's incoherence. But the man's fine sense of responsibility was touchingly shown in the stubborn exertion of all his will to stress the last words of each speech—so as surely to give the other actors their cues. After seemingly hours and hours, it was possible to signal for the curtain with decency. At last it was rung down—and, of course, this time it would fall with a resounding, comic thud—on the pitiful remnants of the glory that was Silvain, and the exploded hopes of a young, black-haired, pink-cheeked lad, sitting in the gallery. His hands were white like a girl's; they had been clinched together for hours. And his eyes were wet, but even after the curtain had fallen, he still stared at the stage. He could not believe what he had seen—his best play, the work of years, ruined as if by a blight.

Motionless, awe-stricken, the company huddled near the prompt entrance, and silently watched Silvain as he tottered through the lane they had automatically formed. He attacked the iron stairway with one or two firm steps, but soon was climbing slower and slower. He planted his feet as if they were separated from his legs on the top step, wavered, and then the door of his dressing-room slammed, and was locked.

Silvain fell into an old wooden chair that screamed horribly as his limp body touched it. He swabbed the thick sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand and began to talk.

"Well, here we are, all alone, David. Just you and me; just you and me, David Marvin. But him! That loafer! That bluff! That ham! Where do you suppose he is? He beat us, by God; he beat us just as I thought we were making the hit of our lives! We're licked, David. Wiped out! *La Commedia e finita!*"

All the while Silvain gazed fixedly at his own image in the long mirror, that, with its row of tiny footlights, he had rigged up for himself on one of the walls. He was mad.

## IV

While it would be much more telling and appealing to say so, the truth is there was not one atom of sympathy coming to Silvain; quite the contrary. He was piti-

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able, but not a pathetic figure; a pitiable marplot; the assassin of a great play. He had taken a bold chance; staked everything; even gambled another man's life and failed—pulling the entire enterprise down with him. Even if he had succeeded he would have only been another example of the charge that an artist knows no scruples.

Years earlier he had laid out a programme of revenge for all the rôles that had belonged to him; that had been denied him for a reason that, he thought, no playwright or producer of artistic honesty should let stand in the way. So intense was his passion for acting, that what had once been an humble contentment with a small part, out of love of a fine play, became a cunning device for gaining any kind of a foothold in a company—trusting afterward to his acting genius and fine Italian wits to fetch him the acting honors of the piece.

So that when Impresario Carton and the author of "Possession" pitied Silvain, after he had gratefully signed his contract for a small part in the play—"alas, poor Silvain! I knew him well, Moffett. A fellow of infinite jest, a most excellent clown"—the laugh was really on them. And Silvain gave loud vent to it, all the way down the corridor of that office-building, until the lights of the approaching elevator cautioned him.

For, as an actor, a constant habitué of actors' clubs, he knew that the star they had engaged for the principal part was for him, Silvain, as easy to show up as an amateur. More than that, he knew what the sponsors of the play tried to forget—that this star had the reputation of being about as reliable as a flea, and that once he disappeared he was no easier to locate.

Silvain was as correct in his reliance on the last fact as he was wrong in depending on the first. Robert Bancroft, the "Marvin" selected, was far from being an amateur—just as far as he was from being an artist. He was an extremely good, safe, uninspired actor, with about as much imagination as a reliable carpenter. He had personality and personal beauty, although obviously the face of a drinker. He had presence, authority, and fine diction. In action he displayed warmth, but it was the warmth of a radiator; never the white flame of an inspired imagination.

It was extravagant of Silvain to expect anything else of Bancroft, a workaday product of a Western stock company, but in discovering Bancroft's kinship to the flea family, Silvain got a master's grip on his rival. Rehearsals of the play were not two weeks old when Silvain—always helpful to everybody in the cast, and always deferential to the star—or, if ready with a suggestion, certain to whisper it to him in a dark corner—knew Bancroft as thoroughly as if he were his own brother. They became inseparable. It was very convenient for Bancroft because Silvain knew New York better than he, and Silvain not only took an occasional drink, Bancroft was glad to see, but knew where to get another.

So they had many parties in common—very common—night after night, in place after place. Silvain's thirty years' residence in New York came in handy. When their usual haunts wore out, when mine host shook his head, even at Silvain and his "distinguished friend the star, Mr. Robert Bancroft," there was always the Italian quarter.

Arm in arm, night after night, from the garlic to the spaghetti zone, thus went Silvain and Bancroft. The first was rather short, stocky, broad-shouldered, obviously physically powerful, looking forty but nearer sixty, walking with the tiny, delicate steps of a toe-dancer, always wearing a black slouch hat and always with his head down—ever conscious of the gargoylian countenance. The second was tall, head erect, always with a cane, certain to be taken either for an actor, a floorwalker, or one of the traffic squad; and as conscious of what he considered his personal distinction as Silvain was of his personal extinction.

There they go now; they are just leaving the basement of the Brevoort. Louis has served them one of his wonderful dinners—onion soup, brook-trout, sauté; guinea-hen casserole; potatoes chipped in cream; salad, just flecked with garlic; and a small flask of—sh!

They have been together ever since the rehearsal finished at five o'clock. It is now eleven. They are crossing the

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Avenue toward the Washington Arch. Now they are skirting the Square. They are fearfully out of step, but Silvain trots along as if avoiding eggs, while his companion strides like a cavalryman. Bancroft is talking very loudly, gesturing, waving his cane, so that the multitudinous dingy denizens of the dimly lighted park stare at him as he goes by. He thinks that they know he is a famous actor. They think he is a hard-hearted landlord raising the little man's rent.

Now they are passing the theatre of the Provincetown Players.

"Once a stable, egad," says Bancroft, romantically waving his cane as if it is the sword of Rupert of Hentzau.

"Well, the greatest protagonist of all times was born in a stable," answers Silvain.

Whereat Bancroft, already in his cups, and thinking the remark a joke, gives vent to his manufactured actor's laugh—a raucous sound, just like a horse in vaudeville trained to duplicate the printed signs of laughter.

This was their favorite nightly tour, week after week; and this night, as usual, the sidewalks were so littered with children they had taken to the middle of the street.

"The patient lives of the poor," Bancroft started to declaim.

"The dirtiest of them can buy and sell us in happiness," interrupted Silvain. He had long since got to hate the stencilled actor in his companion.

"But look here," he went on; "at one end of the village, the Provincetown Players; at the other, this."

He took Bancroft by the arm and led him into the tiny Marionette Theatre, on Mulberry Street.

It is a long, low, dimly lighted, but picturesque hall, with charming imitation mediæval banners on the walls. It is late; the play is on; it is in Italian. The stage, not more than ten feet by eight, takes on the proportions of a normal theatre as one's imagination is excited by the thrilling action. There is a delightfully colored stage-setting, with castle walls and moats and knights of old, caparisoned in swords and shining armor.

At this moment the audience was wildly applauding and cheering a duel with broadswords between two puppet figures in armor, outside a very frightened but perky-looking castle. Crash upon crash resounded, and, as the heroes fought, they were so skilfully manipulated by unseen hands from above, that they themselves seemed to declaim the noble thoughts one heard. Shout after shout went up from an audience genuinely moved at the sight of the old duke defending his daughter and castle against the robber baron.

Bancroft stood at the rear of the little theatre amazed at the sight, especially at the enthusiasm of the audience. At the thunder of applause he pricked up his ears like a terrier at the word "rats."

"Wooden, aren't they?" he asked Silvain, who was meantime busily whispering to the woman who manages the place.

"Yes."

"Worked on levers?"

"Yes."

"Gad, I'd let myself be worked on lightning-rods in a thunder-storm if I could get a reception like that. What's the play? Who controls the English-speaking rights?"

"Petrarch."

"Who speaks the dialogue?"

"A woman and a man behind the scenes—in fact, this lady's husband speaks all the men's parts. Allow me, signora; my distinguished friend, the star, Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft—Signora Spinnelli. And now whenever you are ready please show us the way, signora."

Then Bancroft realized that it was not to the Marionette Theatre, but to a resort of probably infinite possibilities, that Silvain had taken him.

They climbed a flight of rickety stairs. Some gas-jets were lighted on the way by the signora, who soon "took the orders," and, after lighting more gas-jets, left the men seated at a table at one end of a room as long as the theatre and directly over it.

It contained some rather good pieces of Italian painted furniture, casually scattered about as if stored there, all imitations, but unexpected pleasures to the eye. There were two mediæval cabinets, a refectory-table and bench, and a rather fine inlaid Venetian fireplace, now filled with the heaped-up ashes of burnt papers. Some chairs were sprawled along the wall,

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as if there had been a dance there, and on the floor without a single self-explanatory sign, were scattered three mattresses covered with black velvet.

Through the floor, from the theatre below—as they waited for the drinks—Silvain and Bancroft, even though they talked, could still hear plainly that sound beloved of all actors and politicians, gorgeous applause. And all for wooden figures, Bancroft thought. How wonderful it would be if only some of that champagne of champagnes, as it filtered up through the floor, could be bottled; to be released as one needed it.

## VI

It was dawn when Silvain left the place. He staggered down the rickety steps, and pushed his way through the swinging door, next the theatre entrance. He paused on the sidewalk to steady himself. He was stunned for a second by the sunlight, the smells of vegetables, the shouts of venders, the drone of unseen thousands, and the drone of things in his memory. He was drunk. But he grinned a horrible grin, with the satisfied cunning and shrewd calculation of a man whom liquor effects more in the legs than in the brain.

He was grinning at the thought of the last thing he had seen by the faint gaslight in the room up-stairs. He had loathed the sight but now was exulting over it. There he had left Bancroft, his collar off and his shirt pulled open about the throat, stretched out on one of the mattresses, his face as white as marble against the black velvet.

With his feet now well under him, Silvain pitter-pattered up Mulberry Street toward Washington Square, with thoughts of a bus, and the good it would do him riding on top in the cool morning air. The clearer his head got, the greater he enjoyed remembering. He laughed and laughed as he recalled the details.

It had been at Bancroft's suggestion—after they had been drinking together for hours—and then at his pleading, that Silvain, guided by Signor Spinnelli, had set out to get the stuff. And, sure enough, it was easy to buy at the corner of Forsythe and Delancey Streets. They sold it almost in the open—ratlike-looking people—walking up and down the sidewalk, waiting for victims whom they could distinguish from detectives either through knowing them for years, or, even more clearly, by the pin-point pupils of addicts' eyes or their distended, glassy stare.

Tiny, harmless-looking vials, rather pretty, and yet the remembrance of their power and the extraordinary metamorphosis they produced was staggering. To think that such a simple little potion, as white as snow, could first effect such enchantingly brilliant talk, such absorbing fantasies, and then so complete a paralysis.

Silvain remembered it all. He remembered that he could not rouse Bancroft. And then he remembered that he remembered about himself. It was the day of the dress rehearsal of "Possession." So he left "his friend, the distinguished star, Mr. Robert Bancroft"—alone.

## VII

It was fortunate for Bancroft, like many Irishmen, that he had a number of retainers about him, in his home and at the theatre. They were part pensioners and part servants. There were two in particular who were adepts in protecting him in just such lapses. He called them "the old faithfuls." Generally they knew where he was, what the matter was, and, even without instructions, were quick of feet and glib of tongue with excuses to the panic-stricken or enraged manager. But this time the poor old things were entirely in the dark, themselves completely panic-stricken. They were too experienced to show outwardly any anxiety as they reassured Impresario Carton.

But there was no Robert Bancroft at the dress rehearsal, although the curtain was held for him over an hour. The old faithfuls took turns running into the theatre with fresh bulletins of apology and explanation, supposedly direct from Bancroft, but really invented between them on the nearest street corner. And still he did not come.

Finally the rehearsal had to go on without him. Silvain volunteered to "read" the part of "Marvin."



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He did read it, seemingly from the manuscript, but with extraordinary ease and flashes of unexpected memory. Every now and then he would put down the manuscript, and do whole scenes letter perfect. It was an amazing feat of memory to the rest of the company. They not only marvelled at it, but cheered him as a surprising example of a "quick study." Everybody on the stage, down to mechanics and grips, hoped that he would get the part for the opening; even the lowliest loved him.

Of course, Silvain had been privately studying the part of "Marvin," ever since the first rehearsal. But the masterly ease with which he went through the dress rehearsal was a brilliant, courageous performance, and, except for his appearance, it was much truer to the author's intention of the part than Bancroft's.

Impresario Carton, dazed by Silvain's resource, bravoed him; gave him a new coin—one of his pet devices for flattering—and exclaimed: "I had rather have an understudy to make me money than a star to make me sad." Inwardly he had no doubt but that Bancroft would be on hand for the first performance. Still, it was "clever" and "nervy" of "poor old Silvain," to get through the dress rehearsal so smoothly.

"Quite like the good old times! Now, in the days of Palmer's Theatre I remember Augustin Daly once said to me——"

## VIII

At three o'clock that morning—the rehearsal was not over until two—Silvain, making sure that he was not followed by either of Bancroft's minions, was again climbing the rickety stairs that led to the room over the Marionette Theatre. As he approached the top landing the faint light under the doorway showed him that the gas-jets were still burning.

The whole house was as quiet as a church.

He pushed open the door leading to the room, the gas-jets flickered in the draft, increasing the dimness.

He looked at the mattress.

Bancroft was not there.

He had got away. Silvain's heart sank at the thought.

But he had not got away. He had been up and had partly dressed himself. He had apparently started to leave the place, and then it was plain that Spinnelli had done good work; that he had dissuaded him—with a fresh supply.

There he was, propped up against the wall, his right hand outstretched toward the window facing the street, as if he had thought of opening it. Blood had been flowing for some time from his inert left arm. Obviously he had accidentally jabbed the needle of the hypodermic into an artery.

On the floor beside him were a spoon, a water-jar that had spilled empty, and two little brown vials, also empty.

Silvain picked up the vials and looked alternately at them and at Bancroft. One vial had contained morphine and the other heroin. Bancroft had not only doubled his dose but mixed the drugs.

His head was buried in his chest, his eyelids, when Silvain lifted them, showed a sightless stare. There was no pulse. The body was as rigid as stone, and it seemed much smaller than Bancroft's.

Silvain leaned over the body and listened for breathing. Not a sign of it.

He did not know what to do next, so he lifted Bancroft's outstretched hand, but it was like ice. He had to drop it. It rattled against the floor like fleshless bones.

Then Silvain wiped the sweat from his grimacing face, and got up from his kneeling position.

"Bob! It's Silvain! Wake up!" He grinned with terror as he spoke.

Nothing; not a movement nor a murmur.

Silvain made the sign of the cross on his sweaty forehead, cautiously got up from his crouching position, and at one spring flung himself through the door leading to the street.

## IX

Late that afternoon there was a heavy pounding on the door of a room in the dingy little Hotel Marblehead, on Sixth Avenue. At the same moment the telephone inside the room, began ringing as if it were a fire-alarm. The din went on for some minutes until it was redoubled

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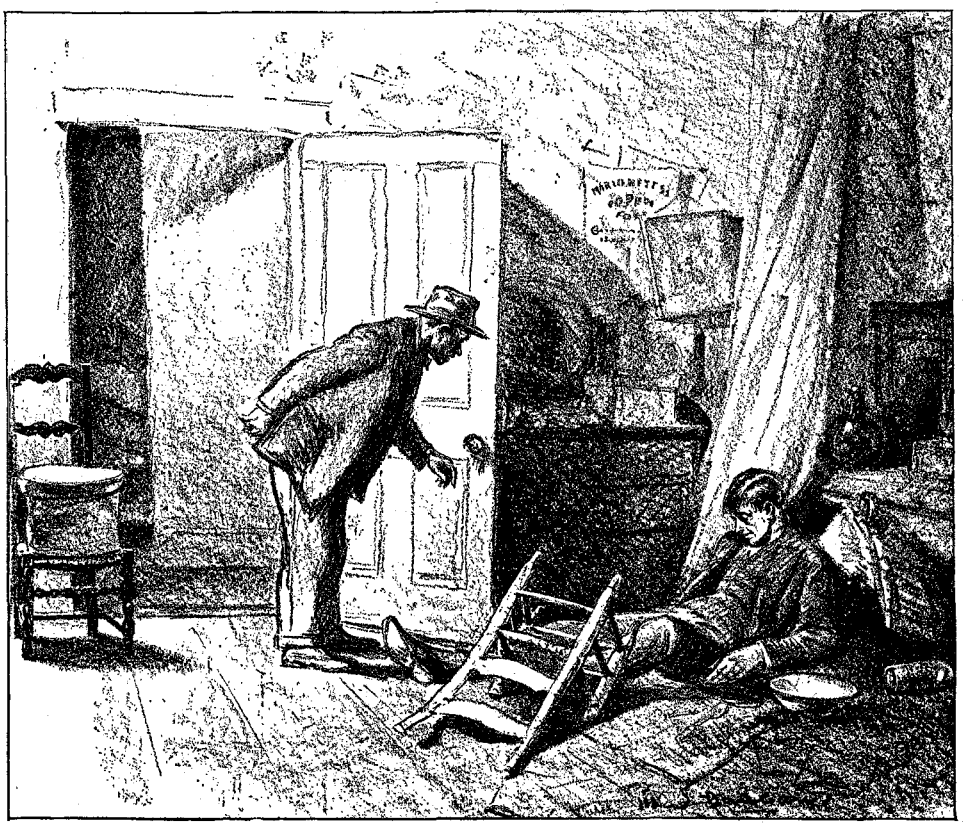
by a man inside the bedroom alternately screaming—"Spinnelli! It was Spinnelli!"

At this the uproar was further aggravated by the voice of a man in the corridor pounding on the door.

He panted like a race-horse eager to get away.

He was in the theatre, dressed, made-up, and mulling over his lines, just behind the curtain, long before the orchestra began the overture. He begged the stage-



"Bob! It's Silvain! Wake up!"—Page 562.

"This is Mr. Carton's secretary, Mr. Silvain. They want you at the theatre right away. You may have to go on to-night in Bancroft's part. Please hurry up. Do you understand?"

By that time Silvain had recovered himself. The riot of noises had caught him sound asleep, his head covered by the bedclothes. But he calmly answered the telephone and at the same time the man outside the door; their messages were the same.

Soon Silvain, quite himself, had all preparations under way for the great hour. It had come at last. A part as good as King Lear; and a superb play.

manager to keep everybody away from him until the end of the play.

The artist then submerged the man, and, with the rise of the curtain, Silvain, through that gorgeous imagination that was his, that uncanny, miraculous faculty of self-loss, was totally displaced by the venerable, kindly old "David Marvin." Like a hypnotist, and yet seemingly without effort, playing with the audience, and not at it, he held the vast throng spell-bound, until—until——

"Sancta Maria! Sancta Maria! What is that at the back of the house? It's him—back from the dead——

"Look at his face—so white and his

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eyes so bulging—I'll never be able to get away from them——

"He'll always be there—every night—at the back of the house—staring——

"All white, just as I left him—and a touch like ice——

"The evil-eye of the dead——

"I'm doomed—doomed——"

## X

IMPRESARIO GERALD JAY CARTON was sitting alone in a dark corner of the Gotham Theatre, two days later, watching the scenery for "Possession" being carted to the storehouse.

It was all over. Silvain and Bancroft had fought their duel. Both had lost, both had disappeared, leaving Impresario Carton to pick up the pieces and pay the check.

Poor little roly-poly Impresario Carton! He was so silent, so comically pathetic. If only a quotation would pop into his mind to buck up his spirits! But he was mute, and for some time motionless. But presently he stirred a little, began to hum, and that old-fashioned courtesy which was always his came to the fore, warmly if not gaily, as somebody, uttering his name, groped toward him through the darkness of the auditorium.

It was Bancroft.

"The old faithfuls" had found him. It had taken time but they, too, had often bought "supplies" for him from the ratlike people at Forsythe and Delancey Streets. Only this time it had taken so long to revive him that they had not gotten him to the theatre until ten o'clock.

It was his arrival that had caused the bustle, talk, and confusion. He saluted friends, was warmly and excitedly saluted by them. But he was principally anxious to elbow his way to the head of the centre aisle. And at last he had got there—conspicuously.

He wanted revenge, he wanted his sudden dramatic presence to strike terror in Silvain, he wished he had the power to paralyze him with a look.

And he had done just that. But—irony of ironies—he did not know it.

At the sight of Bancroft, Silvain seemed to have become inspired rather than terrified.

Then followed that thunderous applause.

Bancroft, as if nailed to his tracks, had gazed dumbly, and had listened wide-eyed at the apparent triumph of his usurper.

Effaced on an opening night by an understudy, by a human caricature, a gargoyle! He could never show himself in a theatre again.

He never would. He would not only flee from that theatre but the theatre.

But great actors, like great generals, may retire, they may even flee, but they never surrender. So there stood Bancroft—back again. He showed not a sign of his recent orgy—if anything he was handsomer than ever, stick in hand, jaunty of manner, tailored within an inch of his life.

"All dressed up and no play to act," Impresario Carton smilingly greeted him.

"Mr. Carton, I wish to explain to you the dastardly deed done in your theatre the other night when——"

But he got no further, for Impresario Carton burst into loud song. It had come—the quotation! He was gay. As if oblivious of Bancroft's existence, he parodied at the top of his voice, the old Béranger song to Lizette.

*Théâtre, O Théâtre,*
*Tu m'as trompé toujours;*
*Mais vive Le Théâtre!*
*Je veux, Cher Théâtre,*
*Boire à nos amours.*

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# After the Ball

BY GILBERT PARKER

IT was one of the poorest districts of the city of Montreal. In its dirt and its grimness it was not surpassed by the slums of London or New York. In summer it had refuse in the streets, and its odor was bad; in winter it had bleak cold and grinding poverty. To the eyes of those who lived in better quarters, it was hell. The French Roman Catholic families were cared for somewhat by the priests and the sisters who had the district in charge, but the few English Protestant families were left in a state not easily described. No philanthropic Protestant ladies came to the district and the condition of the few Protestant families was deplorable.

In one home was Jean Roone and his family. Roone had been a worker in a great sawmill at a low wage, not sufficient to bring up his family of five and to care for his faithful wife, who had been an English girl in a cheap music-hall when he married her, at eight dollars a week. He was good-looking when they were married and she had been as happy with him as poverty and misery will permit. She had a quick temper and no religion, for her people had belonged to circuses and cheap shows, and she had gone to school only about four years of her life. She was very pretty in a tousled sort of way when she married, and buxom and taking, and had had no lovers—she was only seventeen. She was exceptionally virtuous for one of her class. One day in the winter she had slipped and fallen on an icy pavement after her performance at the music-hall, and Jean Roone, who had attended the performance, helped her up, and as he lifted her had a thrill he had never felt before in his life. She was magnetic in those days and the end came soon.

He went to the music-hall every night, took a twenty-five-cent seat, and then walked home with her. She was not very happy in her home, and when at the end of a week he proposed to her she accepted him. They went to a registrar's office and were married, for he, though French through his father, was a Protestant, and then followed months of wild happiness, for she was deeply in love with him and he adored her. After the first child was born things went well for a while, then she realized that another child was coming, and the second child was born a year after the first. Again a child was born at the end of the third year, and then troubles began. Times were hard and they became harder. Work was not steady and the expenses of the home did not grow less. In course of time—six years—two more children came, and now love, as it had once been, declined, and little remained of the old romance. Year by year the struggle to make both ends meet went on.

At last Jean said to her in English, for they talked in that language: "Things go not well, Meg. Wages are low and they'll be lower, and I not feel well—no, bagosh!"

She was in an irritated mood this day, and she replied: "If wages go lower we can as well peg out. It's too hard now. Five children and us two on ten dollars a week! It's starvation, that's sure. I'm sick of it all. I earned eight dollars a week myself before I married. You're getting little more."

He fired up. "P'r'aps you wish you'd not married me, *hein?*"

"P'r'aps!"

Then suddenly she relented, for the look in his face hurt her. She went over to him. "Jean, you're not well, you say. I'm sorry. If you get real sick, what are we going to do? . . . But never mind, I'll go out, and earn ten dollars a week in the music-hall again!"

Poor creature, she did not realize that her day had passed forever at the music-hall, that she was no longer young and



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pretty and taking, and that there was no manager who would employ her. Jean knew this well, and he stared for a moment at her, then he said: "Them places ain't so easy to get now. You're not sixteen—no."

There was a mirror in the room on the wall. She went over to it and looked in, and then a queer change came over her. She swung round on him. "I ain't got any looks no more. Why, my face looks fifty, and I'm not twenty-seven. That's what marriage has done for me. My, what a fool I was!"

"*Nom de diable*, I thought we'd been happy, Meg, even when things was bad, but I made a meestak. *Sapristi!*"

Suddenly she repented. She caught his head to her breast. "You not well, my Jean—that worse than all. I'm not myself to-day. What's the matter now?"

He looked at her sadly. She had always been neat and clean even in their direst poverty and now she looked worn and tired and dejected, but wholesome and clean and patched. She had been a good wife to him. He said: "I not know what the matter is, but I not feel well this past three months. I not sleep well. I have no real strength any more—no. I not know what to do. If I must give up work, we starve, Meg!"

She drew back with sudden fear and looked at him. "You not so well as to work, Jean! That's bad. You have had meat, but the rest of us have not had meat for a month. You must not get so sick as to give up work—but yes, you shall give up work if you have to, Jean."

The haggard look in his shrunken face tortured her. She turned her head away, then went about her work, thinking hard. Jean was sick, and that would mean Heaven knew what. If Jean were taken from her, what could she do? Her heart was in her throat. She went and looked at the five children in one bed. As she stooped over the bed, the eldest child waked. It was a girl, who resembled her mother greatly in all ways. She had dark-blue eyes, pale but not scrawny cheeks, and a mind that thought quickly. She stared at her mother and the look in the face startled her. "What matter, mother —what makes you feel bad?"

The mother did not reply, but stooped down and kissed the child and tucked her in. It was early November and winter was near. Snow would soon come. She shook her head, no more, and the little girl, understanding, as only the children of the poor can understand, cuddled down, but lay long in the night thinking hard of the look in her mother's face and of the strange way her father had acted of late. She was very sensitive.

Next morning when Meg got up to light the fire and make breakfast—bread and porridge, no butter, and tea for herself and children, and the same with a little ham for her husband—she did not at first call Jean. But at last, seeing he did not move, she went over to the bed and spoke to him.

"Jean, get up; breakfus' will be ready ver' quick."

Still he did not rise. She touched him and he did not respond. She stooped and looked at his face. His eyes were open but there was no light in them. He was gone forever.

She did not cry or exclaim. She looked at him in horror. He was dead; he had been dead about an hour. He had waked with a sharp pain at his heart, had gasped, and was gone. He had died of a combination of heart and kidney disease.

She sent for the doctor and undertaker by the eldest girl, who, like her mother, had not exclaimed when she saw her father dead, but had comforted the other children, and helped to dress the youngest; then after a hasty cup of tea and plate of porridge had gone for the doctor and the undertaker. For one so young she knew her way about well. Her name was Denise.

The funeral took place two days after, and the undertaker, doctor, and others had to be paid, and the total bills for all the funeral expenses, etc., were some sixty-nine dollars. Meg had but three dollars and her home. There was naught to pawn and the undertaker pressed. He must be paid and she had promised him that he would be paid. What was there to do? She must keep her word and pay him. But how? She could not go on the music-hall stage. That was over forever. Yet her experience of the music-hall came to her aid. She would earn the money

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and pay the undertaker and the doctor. Coming from a shop she passed a drill-hall, and then came to her mind that she could give a ball at fifty cents a head, and pay for the burial of Jean. She went at once and secured the drill-hall for fifteen dollars. She had a gift for organization, and it became known in the district that Meg was trying to pay for her husband's funeral by a ball. It startled the Roman Catholics, it shocked the Protestants, yet when the night came there were four hundred who paid for admission to the drill-hall, and Meg took the money at the door. Refreshments had to be paid for inside, and they were paid for at fifteen cents a head, and the final result was that the funeral indebtedness was paid, and there were sixty dollars over. At the ball a violin and a concertina had provided the music, and neighbors who wished to be kind and who admired Meg's pluck, helped to make the affair a great success. She plainly showed by this one act that she was an unusual woman. Curiously enough, it was the influence of heredity and early association. Had she not been connected with the music-hall she would have been wholly at sea.

The next day a Protestant lady, who had lately come to Montreal, visited the district in a philanthropic way. She had heard nothing of the ball, and she came by accident to Meg's house first, as it was at the beginning of the street. She was admitted. Meg was not at home, but Denise was, and when the lady came in Denise talked to her.

"Where's your mother, little girl?" asked Mrs. Medley, looking round the orderly room which showed extreme poverty, yet taste and cleanness and ornamentation.

"She's settling up about the ball—sure," answered Denise.

"About the ball—what ball?" Mrs. Medley asked, looking at the black dresses of the children.

"The ball last night to pay for father's funeral."

"To pay for father's funeral!" Mrs. Medley exclaimed.

"Yes, at fifty cents per head. Father was buried six days ago, and the funeral had to be paid for, ma'am."

Mrs. Medley was horrified. A ball at fifty cents a head to pay for a funeral! It struck her as dreadful. A ball to be arranged by the mother of five children in a house like this—a common workman's cottage. It seemed almost phenomenal and improper.

"I don't understand," she said helplessly.

"Lots of things we can't understand, but they're true—yes," said Denise.

At that moment Meg entered, and saw Mrs. Medley with surprise. "It's my mother that made the ball," said Denise, and looked inquiringly.

"I've come to see if I can help you people in this district in some small ways. Things don't seem very bright here now," said Mrs. Medley.

"Things ain't never very bright down here—no. Wages are low, and we've little enough to eat and wear. And when there's death——"

"You give a ball to pay the funeral expenses," said Mrs. Medley severely.

For an instant Meg looked as though she could cut the lady's throat, then she lashed out.

"You come here—the first that ever come to see what we do and how we do it, and help us 'in small ways.' Then, when you find a poor honest woman gives a dance to pay for her man's funeral, you turn up your nose and are shocked—yes! Well, if you don't like it, you needn't. It would be better to let the undertaker not be paid, or the doctor, or other bills, would it? Is that the thing Christ taught? I'll face my judgment-day with no fear. My dead husband would bless me for letting people get pleasure out of his death, if it made his home happier, and paid what he couldn't pay. Christian religion—what is it if it ain't to pay debts honestly made? You are rich, mebbe, and you come down here to us poor, because you wish to do something good, and when you find an honest woman like me, who gives a dance six days after her man's death, you're startled. There's oceans between us. You don't —you can't understand— Haven't you stayed long enough—eh?"

Mrs. Medley rose to go, startled by the attack made upon her. Tears were in her eyes. She was no hypocrite, she was only conventional, and she had not understood,

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but she was beginning to understand with difficulty.

"I can see a little of what you mean. I have never done this work before. My husband died six months ago, and I wanted to do something to help my fellow creatures. So I began this work here. I didn't realize that no one ever came here before like this. Few women like you have the gift of organization. You are not like other women, I see. How did you come to organize the ball? . . . Don't send me away, please. I honestly want to know. I'd like to help you. Of course I was startled at so unusual a thing, as who wouldn't be? But you've explained it all. How were you able to do it?"

"I was on the music-hall stage before I was married at sixteen. I came of a family of circus people and cheap-show people. I've had a happy married life, though poor."

"That explains so much," said Mrs. Medley. "I have a brother in the music-hall business, and can now understand how you did what you did." She came close and looked into the clear, yet sad, blue eyes of Meg.

"You are a remarkable woman, and you ought to get on. What can I do to help you?"

She took a purse from her pocket, but Meg said: "No, put it back, madame, I've enough to go on with. I've sixty dollars over the cost of the funeral—but, yes, I can go on! In any case I couldn't have taken your money, except if my children were starving, and it'd have hurt me to do that, and I'd have paid it back! I know what the world will think about this ball. It's in the papers to-day, but I don't care. I've done what's put my conscience right, and my children will have food I've earned for them."

Mrs. Medley said: "You have forgiven me, and I'd like to help you. I'll try and think it out. You've got a mind of your own, an original mind, and you're young yet. You should only be at the beginning of your life-work."

"My life-work? It is to earn bread for my children, and I'll do it, and I'll not borrow, beg, nor steal. If I keep my health, I'll do it. I seem to have waked by the death of my Jean. I'll keep awake now. I know what some Roman Catholics think of what I've done, and the Protestants too, and yet they come to my dance. I'd do the same thing over a hundred times, yes, I would, *bien sûr!*" She smiled. "We'll see what God does for me now. I ain't ashamed of it."

Mrs. Medley said: "Of course you're not ashamed of it. It's a matter for your own conscience, and Heaven above, and you meant only to do good. I'm going now, but I'll try to help you—to find work for you to do. You want work, I suppose?"

"I want work to support my children, and I'll get it too if I can."

At that moment there was a great noise outside the house, and looking out of the window they saw a crowd of boisterous boys and men shouting at her house. They were chiefly from outside this district, and had come to challenge her on her giving the ball to pay for her husband's funeral. As they clamored there came a knock at the door, and when Meg opened it a young man stepped inside.

"I'm a reporter of the *Comet*," he said, "and it wants to know about the ball. There's a feeling it was sacrilegious, but what's your point of view? Why did you give the ball?"

His blond face had a sort of sneer on it; his manner was patronizing and familiar.

"Why I do this or that's my own business, and I won't tell the public why I did it. I'm my own mistress. I don't care what the public think. I'm not a bad woman, as all know."

"Well, the crowd out there seem to think otherwise." He pointed to the street, where men and boys were noisy and insulting in their remarks. They were evidently organized before they came.

Meg opened the door, and the reporter of the *Comet* stepped outside. He was greatly nonplussed by the will and fiery temper of the woman he had come to interview. She had qualities quite her own, and it was clear she meant what she said. Yet he now had a "story" apart from an interview, and this pleased him. It would be a sensation to the public to have a woman of the lower class refuse an interview so firmly and so bitterly. Here was the excited crowd outside. What would she

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do with it, this six-days-old widow and the heroine of the pay-for-the-funeral ball? He soon knew and he chortled with glee. Meg saw the crowd, and it roused her spirit. She looked at the noisy men and boys for a minute, then, in her plain black frock, she stepped forward to the middle of the doorway with Mrs. Medley behind her and the *Comet* man on the edge of the crowd. She had gifts of her own, got from her earlier life and inherited from her parents now dead, and her stage experience. By nature she was a good actress, but she was not acting now. She was in dead earnest, and her face showed what she felt. She looked at the crowd in mingled surprise and anger, but there was a touch of pride in her anger. Unconsciously she realized that she had an audience, and the spirit of the stage came out unknown to her. Her fuzzy hair was always well brushed. She was by habit neat and clean, and, though of medium height, she seemed to tower over the noisy crowd.

"What you folks doin' here? You don't belong. This ain't your district. No, you're out of your beat. You not belong here. What you want—eh?"

"We want to give you blazes for the ball when your husband was only dead six days. That ain't decent—no!" shouted a man.

"It ain't decent—no," she repeated. "It'd be more decent to owe for the funeral and burial, eh? Wot you givin' me? I loved my man." Her voice got thick and broken. "I loved him so I wanted his soul to be at rest. And could it have been w'en we were starvin' and his funeral expenses wasn't paid? Was it easy to crowd down my grief, and do that thing? It wasn't. It hurt me terrible, but I pulled myself together and I done it. But, yes, I'd do it again, no matter what the world thought. I have five children, and I had five quarters—that was all, and my man was gone from this world. I had to fight for them and for myself. There was the bill of the burialman and all, and I had to pay it. How? By takin' from some charity society? No, I ain't built that way. I couldn't—no. I told the undertaker I'd pay him and he believed me. He took the risk, he was white. And I went out and earned enough by the ball to pay for the funeral and to give me something besides. Eh, wasn't that right? Wasn't it right to pay honest debts by a ball?"

"Dancin' on a dead man's grave!" shouted a man in the crowd, which gasped at his boldness, for she had almost conquered them.

"Dancin' on a dead man's grave—to pay the dead man's funeral debt. Would he object? He knows that the dancin' was made by a woman that loved him, and wanted to see his home clear of debt and the children fed. Dancin'! He'd dance in heaven to think the woman that loved him was with a breakin' heart doin' this—but yes! Do you think it was no trial to me? All my neighbors know I loved him, and was straight with him while he lived. I love his memory now, and I'll stand my chance at the last day for what I've done. It was done all right, and my neighbors thought so or they'd not have come to the ball."

"It was a damned good ball too!" shouted one who had been at it. "It was no insult to the dead. It was an honor. She's a brick, that widow Roone. Three cheers for the widow Roone! She's all, all right."

The crowd laughed, then burst into a cheer. It had all come right, and the reporter of the *Comet* chuckled, for he had a splendid story for his paper. This low-class woman was a genius in her way, and he meant to say so. She had loved her husband, yet she had swallowed her grief, and with a dollar and a quarter as her only capital had brought off this magnificent coup. She had paid for his funeral and had a balance to go on with to keep her house. It was unusual, it was a stroke of genius. The clear thing was that she had a white heart and had initiative and courage and will-power and goodness. And now her neighbors had gathered and the vast majority of them were in her favor. Some were not, but that was envy and jealousy. There was naught to be said of her but what was good. He came forward to her and said: "You've given me a splendid interview, madame; I don't want anything better."

She frowned and stepped back into the house as the crowd cheered and presently dispersed. Mrs. Medley was alone with

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her. "That was an eloquent and convincing speech," she said. "You'll do well in life. I want my brother to know you. Perhaps he can give you work in his office, or even older parts on the music-hall stage."

"No, I've finished with acting. I'm too old, and I have no looks, but I'd like to work for the stage."

Mrs. Medley eyed her house and her dress. "You'd be good in the dress department."

"In the property-room and in the dress-making, eh? Well, p'r'aps I'd know it by instinct. My parents was on the stage. I'd like to go back to it. I would for sure —but yes!"

"I'll speak to my brother. He's hard, but if he takes a fancy he'll do all he can." She turned to Denise and the four smaller children. "There are five children and you did what was right. Dancing to pay an honest debt is no crime. Even David the king danced before the Lord. Dancing is moral if it's a good dance and your dance was a good dance." She put her hand on Meg's shoulders. "I like you, and I'll do what I can for you. You may go far yet."

Meg looked at her with sad, glad, startled eyes. "In these three rooms, and with these five children, I may go far—but!" She looked round helplessly. Then she sank into a chair, leaned forward, and put her head in her hands and her arms on her knees. Denise and the other children crowded round her, and Denise put a hand on her shoulder and with the other stroked her hair.

"Don't feel so bad, muvvie, we'll be all right."

Mrs. Medley admired Denise greatly. She saw in her the making of a fine woman. She had sensitiveness, feeling, temperament, and common sense above the ordinary. She was pretty and would be prettier still in good time.

Meg got to her feet with composure restored. Her children called out her best qualities, gave her courage and self-possession. She smiled, but rather sadly, and her hands stroked the heads of her bairns. "I've got a fair start, and I'll be all right. Sorry, but where should I be if it hadn't been for the ball? It saved us and did no one any harm at all. I got to keep my children from starving—*bien sûr*."

Mrs. Medley smiled. "You'll do far more than that. You'll have success and good luck. You have the true thing in you. Good-by. God bless you! You'll hear from me again."

With that she left the house, parting with Meg at the door, and made her way to her brother's office in the city.

That night, however, she was knocked down by a motor-car and was badly injured, and, though the accident appeared in the papers, Meg did not see the account of it, and waited without hearing from her for four weeks. Meanwhile she kept her house in order and tried to lay plans for the future. What could she do? She could not go on the music-hall stage again, and, though she had been famous by the account, first of the ball and then of her defense of it by the sensational article in the *Comet*, it brought nothing but advertisement and cheap *réclame*. She was bitterly disappointed that Mrs. Medley had not kept her word, and yet, somehow, she continued to believe in her. One music-hall manager came to see her, but she did not suit the stage, and, though she said she could do other things, nothing came of it. The ball had developed her enormously. Imagination was alive. It had been the turning-point in her life. It opened up the way to a bigger scheme of things.

One day she stood in front of a dress-making shop and looked at the models in the windows. It interested her, yet she had never had dresses since she was married that meant either style or finish. Nevertheless she was better dressed than any of the women of her class or in her district, and she had always been neat and had a sense of decoration in her humble home and in her person. She had made picture-frames out of old cigar-boxes with ornamentations of putty, she had made a rag carpet for her floor and had pasted the walls with plain brown paper from the stores, which cost very little. A sense of style and decoration were in her. Leaving the dressmaking window, she passed a book-shop and in the window she saw a fashion-plate magazine. She went in, bought it, and took it home. Then she studied it and saw pages

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of fashion-plates. After studying them for two or three days she got some newspapers and began to cut out patterns. She was pleased to find that it came to her so easily. She saw her way. She would cut out patterns and sell them from house to house, not in this district but in a better district, and Denise was old enough to look after the younger children while she was going from door to door. Denise saw what her mother meant and her eyes brightened. It was curious how the touch of temperament made them feel such a difference in their lives. Denise helped her mother in cutting out the patterns.

With twenty different patterns cut out of brown wrapping-paper in a carpetbag Meg issued forth one morning, and going into a better part of town began her commercial travelling from door to door. At ten houses she had no success, but she set her teeth and went on. At last she began to sell; and she sold a pattern for a dollar; then she sold four more. It took her all day, but in the end she had five dollars, and the cost had only been the brown paper and her labor.

Her heart throbbed fast as she went home. She had found the way to make a living, not very distinguished, yet respectable, and she realized that her gift of talking had helped her with her sales. Next day she cut out more patterns and then she went forth again. All day she tramped and sold only three patterns—yet it was successful, she felt it in her bones.

That night, as she ate supper with her children, there came a knock at the door. It was a messenger with a brief letter from Mrs. Medley. From it she learned that Mrs. Medley had had an accident, that she had not forgotten her, but in her illness had waited until she could write herself. She assumed that Meg had seen the accident in the papers. There Mrs. Medley erred, for Meg's class seldom, if ever, read the papers. Now, would Meg come to her house and see her, and she would have news for her. Meg told the messenger that she would come next day at four o'clock, and when he had gone she drew her children toward her and thanked Providence for all that had come her way. A new and bigger horizon opened out before her.

The next day at four o'clock she entered Mrs. Medley's house. It was a fine residence in a respectable but not fashionable part of the town. She found Mrs. Medley in a rocking-chair, with bright eyes and a serene look. She reached out a friendly hand to Meg.

"You look well," she said. "Is all well with you?"

Meg told her of what she had been doing about the patterns and how well they had sold. For a moment Mrs. Medley sat without speaking, then, with a warm light in her eyes, she said: "I've got it now. My brother was willing to give you a chance, but he could not quite see how he could use you. I see it altogether. You can go into the dress department of his business, and show Fordyce how you can save him much money by planning and cutting dresses for his actresses. Will you do it, if he consents?"

Meg said: "I'd slave myself to death to do it. I think I could—I'm sure I could."

Mrs. Medley grew suddenly grave. "I don't know what the head, Madame Raoul, will say. She's a difficult woman and a snob, though capable. She may not like you, and if she doesn't it won't be quite possible, I fear. But keep up your spirits. You've begun so well you can't fail. My brother depends on Madame Raoul, and he would not go against her. Let us have good hopes. I'll arrange for you to go to his place to-morrow at noon, when all the workers will go to lunch, and you and he and Madame Raoul can meet. I wish I could go with you, but I'm tied here for another fortnight, I fear, and no time should be lost."

Meg nodded. "So—I will go at the time and see Madame Raoul—well, we'll see! I not believe in being frightened—no!"

The next day at noon Meg, in her good-fitting black dress, went to the office of Fordyce Glynn, the manager and proprietor of the *One Star Music-Hall*, and was shown to his office. It was empty. She sat down and waited, but he did not come. Suddenly she heard a cry of "Fire!" and she sprang up. The cry continued and she ran out. A porter told her that a fire had started in the dress department, and she ran toward it. She

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had just reached the dressmaking department when a woman rushed out of a burning room and slipped and fell, spraining her ankle. Meg was at once beside her, and lifted her up.

"Oh, my God, the dresses will all be burnt," she cried, "and it'll be long before the fire-engine comes!"

Meg always kept her head in times of crises. "No, they won't all be burnt." She rushed into the burning room, and Madame Raoul, with her sprained ankle, began to descend the stairs with difficulty.

Inside the burning room Meg saw in the corner a fire-extinguisher which Madame Raoul had forgotten, and she loosed it and gave its contents to the flames. They grew less and less. She persevered, and by the time the fire-brigade had come she had the fire in hand. By this time Fordyce Glynn was on the scene. The fire-brigade chief said to him: "This woman has saved your place. Without her it would have been lost."

"Who are you?" asked Fordyce Glynn of Meg.

"I'm Madame Jean Roone, and I came here to get work, sent by your sister, Mrs. Medley. I got work at once," she added, with a dry laugh. The chief of the fire-brigade had gone on directing his men.

"Your work has been temporary in one sense and permanent in another," said Glynn. "You have a head on your shoulders. First the ball, then your defense of it, and now this! I engage you as fire insurance—if nothing else." He laughed, for this woman had done him great service. He loved character and he saw she had it. He was a man of moods, difficult, and yet stanch and true when his mind was convinced.

"I wouldn't be very useful as fire insurance—no, m's'ieu," she said.

"Well, then, you can go into the dressmaking department under Madame Raoul." His face clouded. He knew that this was a difficult question. He did not know what had happened to Madame Raoul.

"I've met her, m's'ieu." Then she added: "She sprained her ankle and I helped her."

"Well, of all the splendid luck!" he said. "If you helped her and saved this dress-factory, you're right enough here. That's sure. You were born with a lucky spoon in your mouth, by George!"

An hour later they all three met in his office, Madame Raoul with her ankle bound up, and Meg with her hair singed by the fire.

Fordyce Glynn said: "I'm hiring Mrs. Roone to help you in your dress department, Madame Raoul. I hope all will go well."

"If she's as good with dresses as in putting out a fire, she'll do all right. She helped me when I fell. I don't object to her staying."

"That's good. With your approval, neither do I. What experience have you had, Madame Roone?"

Meg told them about the patterns, and Madame Raoul raised her eyebrows. "That's the first time it's ever been done. You've got ideas, and you'll do all right. *Bien sûr!*"

"I hope, Madame. I'm green, but I can learn."

"That's the right spirit—come tomorrow. We can't begin too soon. There'll be new patterns to make."

Fordyce Glynn winked an eye at himself in a mirror. Madame Raoul was a splendid head of his dress department, and things were going well. "I'll give you fifty dollars a month to start with, Madame Roone."

Meg caught her breath. Fifty dollars a month! Madame Raoul shook her head at first in negation. Then she became tranquil. It was all right. She liked this independent-minded little woman, and her own place was secure.

That night at home Meg celebrated the new course of life by having for supper buttermilk pop, fried sausages, baked potatoes, and a dried-fig pudding.

"It was good about the ball, mother," said Denise.

Madame Roone nodded. "I hope you don't ever have to do it," she said.

"I won't," said Denise, with a far-away look.

Did she have a premonition that she was in the end to marry the son of Fordyce Glynn when her mother became head of the dressmaking establishment after Madame Raoul's death?

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# Colleges and Religion

BY AN INSTRUCTOR

IT is a doleful truth that most of our problems become boresome before they are solved. And many a problem has seemed incapable of solution for the simple reason that for years it was never really faced. Both of which observations, I believe, apply to the subject of colleges and religion.

"If the colleges are to retain their importance," says Mr. E. S. Martin in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, "they must be able to impart . . . spiritual leading to minds that are fit to receive it." "If they don't," he continues, "they fail in their most vital office, in the use that most of them were originally founded to serve. If they fail in that they lose their leadership, which will go to men of faith, as it always does." So Mr. Martin reaches the conclusion that what the colleges need is what all the world needs —religion.

As a college instructor, I agree with Mr. Martin that our colleges need religion. The questions remain, How are they to get it and of what sort is it to be?

When I was in college, the Reverend William A. Sunday paid us one of his famous flying visits. We crowded to see and hear him, of course. We gave him a voluminous vocal welcome, and he came back an hundredfold. At the conclusion of his discourse we were invited to hit the trail. And, as was natural, since to most of us that operation denoted stepping up front, grasping Billy firmly by the hand, and getting a close-up of his physiognomy, we freely participated. Press reports of his service at our college were despatched all over the country. Many telegrams were said to have been sent to the folks at home telling of their boys' having got religion. Some really did. The bulk of us, however, considered Mr. Sunday's visit as an unusual diversion in the midst of a bleak February's bareness, and let it go at that.

Then, I remember too, that we were subjected to so-called weekly periods of special meetings. Some noted divine, who particularly understood the student mind and psychology, held forth on the need of religion in our lives. A few of these men made favorable and sometimes lasting impressions on a number of us. But usually we were aroused for the time—it being the thing to attend the meetings, for lo! even members of the football team were discovered on the front benches—and then we sank back into our wonted ways.

The last word in college evangelism is to have two or three speakers, each possessed of a particular forte. Thus a cumulative effect—so termed—is reached at the end of the period of special meetings, and each group in college has heard an appeal specially adapted to it. Again, it has been my observation that after a week or two the great majority lapse back into the old familiar paths.

One is reminded a bit by all of this—though, of course, the analogy is not perfect—of crossing to France in 1918 with some troops of color. When all was peaceful the "galloping dominoes," jumped merrily on deck, and games of chance were general. But whenever the guns barked at submarines, usually supposititious, the brethren gathered below for a season of fervent and audible prayer. When the guns were silent again, the click of the dice and the cries of coaxing were heard once more.

Now don't mistake me. I am not opposed to Mr. Sunday, nor to any other of the very earnest and devoted religious leaders who hold special services in our colleges. They have a real mission—to stir us in religious matters. I am only giving voice to doubts of long standing as to the permanent effects of such methods, taken by themselves. And I wish also to record my present fears that our college authorities are prone to let the religious obligation be so discharged and argue to themselves that their duty lies entirely outside of that field.

Is this true? Or has the college itself a responsibility for the religious life and



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training of its students? And if so, how is that obligation to be met?

Mr. Martin is unquestionably correct when he affirms that most of our American colleges were founded for the purpose of imparting spiritual leadership. To demonstrate this truth, we have only to turn to the classes that graduated a generation or so ago and adduce their testimony. In these latter days, somehow, that emphasis has dropped out. And not only is there a manifest lack of interest in the subject of religion on the part of the individual members of the faculty, but in some of our colleges a single course even, in the history or literature or philosophy of the Bible, in recent years, has been omitted.

It is true that such courses are fertile fields of controversy; that many colleges have become involved in acrimonious disputes over the teachings of some of their professors of Bible. So some authorities have taken the attitude that it is far better to allow this field to lie fallow. Fallow fields, however, usually grow weeds. And, although weeds are excellent fertilizer when ploughed under on the farm, they are not great thought-producers in the realm of the mind. In religious matters, as in every other field of human endeavor, a neutral or negative position can be assumed only with extreme peril. So it would seem that to offer no instruction in religious subjects, especially in the Christian philosophy and ethic, simply because it may lead to controversy, is to premise a logic which, carried to its conclusion, would afford sufficient reason for omitting instruction in every other field.

American colleges were originally started as Christian institutions. The time has come for them to reaffirm their faith. A definite stand for or against Christianity must be elected. No negative or neutral position will suffice. For so surely as any college attempts to occupy middle ground, just as inevitably will positive anti-Christian teaching and ideals creep in. If you doubt this, look around you.

The great void in the world is the lack of standards: standards in business, in politics, in international relations—in fact, in every walk and avocation of life. Nowhere is this truth more manifest than in our colleges. What standards exist in educational theory, in teaching, in research, in scholarship, in advancement of professors, save the most artificial and superficial? Above all else, where are the standards of lofty moral ideals and leadership to which the colleges throughout their departments once pointed their undergraduates?

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are performing valuable services in our institutions. But if the philosophy and ethic of Christianity are not presented on a basis of intellectual parity with the non-Christian systems of thought with which every student of philosophy is brought into contact, all the organized and unorganized, paid and volunteer, work of a religious nature operating on our campuses lacks the solid foundation which the superstructure calls for.

The chapel services, both Sunday and daily, are pressing problems in many places. The complaint is made that the students are unresponsive to the eloquent appeals to which they listen Sunday after Sunday. And why not? If we do not care enough to raise the philosophy of life of the Great Teacher to the intellectual level of other systems of thought, if we fail to consider it worth our while, at least to offer instruction in Christian ethics, how, I ask, can a student's mind be prepared for the truth preached from the college pulpit on Sunday? It would seem palpable that it is futile to appeal to young people to rise above the materialism of the day and follow the teachings of the Master, when no really adequate instruction in Christian fundamentals is afforded.

So we reach our first conclusion that if religion is to become vital in our colleges, the colleges must imprint their official stamp of approval by offering adequate and attractive courses in the Christian philosophy and ethic. We are not advocating—far from it—that religion be forced on the students. We are simply arguing that it is as reasonable as it is vital that in our colleges, which for years have been denominated Christian, real instruction in the Christian philosophy should be offered in the curriculum.

Perhaps some may feel that because of personal religious convictions I am trying

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to inject into the curriculum something which is out of place. They may believe that colleges should be impartial on every subject,—should simply present the facts. Individuals, however, grow from boyhood into manhood while in college. They thus develop whether the college takes cognizance of the process or not. It is inevitable. Life is difficult then. Inspiration, purpose, direction, and incentive—are they not needed? Is it unbefitting the college to give some hints on the subject? If we do differentiate between incentives, then surely history must teach what incentives there have been. And are we unwilling to say, courageously perhaps, that for our students we are satisfied with nothing short of the highest and noblest springs of human thought and action? If we affirm this as our faith, then it would seem that we have justified not only the teaching of the history and philosophy of Christianity, but also the holding up of Christianity as the nearest approach to, in fact as the consummation of, the finest and truest of life's aspirations. Surely, no one honestly disbelieves in the moral virtues of the Christian teaching. Those virtues, reinforced by the vision and power of practice, are the only corner-stones upon which we can build the character of our young men. If this be so, then we should demonstrate as best we can the "Why," and afford the opportunity of self-development along sound moral paths. The world needs equipped scholars and trained men. Yes. But it demands something more. It must have men of character.

But what benefit, one may ask, will accrue, numberless courses of this kind being offered, if the students do not elect them? Here is a most significant fact. You will find the students themselves anxious that such instruction be given. I base this statement on inquiries which have been made among students, and also upon suggestions emanating from the students themselves.

To offer courses in religion is but the initial step in a programme of a revitalization of religious interest and life in our colleges. To impart true spiritual leadership, the whole curriculum should be permeated with religious teaching and ideals.

I know a professor of English, a teacher and scholar. He is not limited, however, by the bounds of English literature; for it is his belief that literature includes life, and that life is encompassed by religion. The students of this professor are one in their admiration and respect. And they all come forth from his course with new ideals and convictions.

I remember talking one night last winter with a student. He told me that when he got his discharge from the army and returned to college, he had made up his mind to loaf. He succeeded all too well and had narrowly escaped becoming a complete failure. In his senior year, he said, he got into the course of the professor I have just mentioned. First, he became interested in the subject. Then he began to feel uncomfortable and dissatisfied with himself. The upshot of it was that before the end of the first term his whole attitude and purpose had undergone a complete revolution. At the time I refer to he was seeking advice as to the most useful investment of his life. And all because of one professor whose subject was English. Conducting a class so as to effect such a change in a student's life must be close to religious teaching.

My friend, the professor, is, however, somewhat of an exception. Those of you who know intimately the daily life of our colleges must have discovered the great dearth of moral and religious influence on the part of the faculties. This is evidenced not only in the conduct of their courses, but also in the lack of faculty attendance at chapel and other religious services. When a speaker for daily chapel is sought, or when the Y. M. C. A. appeals for teachers for Bible-study classes, the paucity of available candidates from the faculty is another unmistakable sign. So true is this that, instead of those who do not participate being remarked, it is those who do take part who are considered quite out of the ordinary. When you ask the students who of the faculty have been of the greatest influence and help, you will discover they are usually the same few teachers who have identified themselves with the religious life of the college. "It is not the exclusive province of religious teachers to teach religion," says Mr. Martin. "It is the province of all teachers, and a teacher who cannot do it is by so much less qualified for his job."

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Religion is more than a matter of instruction—it is a part of life and of everyday life. You remember the Master once said: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Where we seek to impart life, we must have examples. The naturalness, attractiveness and power of Christianity can be seen most clearly in the lives of men. Thus, the religious life of our colleges will become firmly established only when we have numbers of teachers who are, in every sense of the word, men themselves—sympathetic, desirous of helping and guiding their students, understanding and loving youth. When faculties are crowded with such men intent upon inculcating in those under them the highest ideals, then, and not till then, will we begin to approach a solution of our problem.

American colleges must soon decide whether they also are to forsake the fountain of "living waters," and hew them out cisterns, "broken cisterns that can hold no water." It is my conviction that the world—at least the educational world—is waiting to-day for the emergence of some institution possessing the courage and initiative to revert to the strong, simple, productive standards of former days. Such an one assuredly would be the leader in a new day.

But I was saying that teachers should be possessed of moral and religious leadership. A teacher, one says, who is not only a scholar but a man interested in the general well-being of his charges. Is he not rare? Is it reasonable to suppose that we can collect faculties composed chiefly of such men? I counter: Was it not true that in former days teaching was considered a calling, a vocation on a plane with the highest altruistic endeavors? Was not a teacher held an exceptional person, one who, by his personality and character, his broad humanity and deep interest in men, as well as by his learning and attainments, was a veritable leader and maker of men?

The question, then, to-day is this: Are we to return to our old ideas and conceptions of what constitutes a teacher, or are we satisfied to lessen inevitably and immeasurably the enriching influences with which young lives are to be brought into contact? Must we not conclude that the real problem of the religious life of our undergraduates lies in the character of the men who compose our faculties?

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# Palmore

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. H. HENKEL

AT Warrenton's exclamation and eager question, Penrose raised amused, tolerant eyebrows.

"That?" he nodded imperceptibly in the direction of the beautiful girl upon whom the young Englishman's roving glance had lighted. "That is Mrs. Michael Considine, late of Detroit, Michigan, with Count Barbaresco, the Italian minister. The good-looking, red-faced young Irishman in their wake is her husband, 'Mike' Considine, formerly her father's chauffeur."

Warrenton gave another exclamation, this time of dismay.

"'She walks in beauty like the night,'" he murmured, and added mournfully: "I don't understand in the least."

Penrose shrugged his broad shoulders. "That's what her father said—that and some other things not fit for repetition."

From their vantage point in a corner of the roof-garden atop the Salle de Patinage, Penrose and his two guests, Follans-

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bee, of Shawnee University, Ohio, and Seymour Warrentor., the celebrated young English novelist, watched the pageant of "afternoon tea" unfold before their interested gaze.

In his double rôle of host and bona-fide resident, Penrose was complacently satisfied with the little social comedy and its setting. Never had Lake Leman been more deeply blue, the Dent du Midi more chastely white, the holiday crowds more exhilarating. Life was certainly recapturing some of its pre-war leisureliness and savor in the little Swiss resort.

Besides his satisfaction with the *mise-en-scène*, Penrose felt also the glow which waits upon the accomplishment of a kindly deed. Good old Follansbee, on a frugal, Sabbatical year's sojourn abroad, and avid of literary adventures, was unaffectedly delighted at the meeting arranged for him with the young literary celebrity. And Warrenton, planning a lecture invasion of "the States" in the early fall, was glad enough to make the acquaintance of the head of the literature department of even so modest an educational centre as Shawnee, and receive the assurance that a series of talks on "The New Romanticism" would be financially appreciated at that institution of learning.

The three gentlemen watched the approach of the beautiful Mrs. Michael Considine with unconcealed interest. She advanced toward them with incomparable grace, her lace draperies sweeping backward with a Winged Victory *élan* which, if obviously calculated, was none the less triumphantly effective. Her rough, dark hair, stirred enchantingly by the breeze from the lake, framed a charmingly animated countenance whose chief beauty was a pair of eyes that would have made the fortune of a cinema actress. The plume of Henry of Navarre was no more potent a cynosure than the white ostrich that fell across the wide brim of her lace hat. As she swept past the crowded tea-tables all eyes followed her, and she left in her wake a froth of murmured exclamations and admiring glances.

Warrenton drew a long breath and cast a baffled look at the young Irishman just seating himself in an uneasy, provisional way at the table with his wife and the Italian diplomat.

"It's incredible!" he murmured.

"'Incredible' is the mildest word her father used in connection with the affair, I understand," said Penrose. "He was violently opposed to the metamorphosis of a first-rate chauffeur into an indifferent son-in-law. I have it on reliable authority that he had entertained hopes of a princely, or at least ducal, alliance for his daughter. It is easy enough of belief when one knows his income tax. And his disappointment was natural enough—a nobleman of whatever degree might have been counted on to spend his money and misbehave himself like a gentleman. The Mike Considines are more uncertain in their reactions."

"Then why——?"

"Ah, who can explain the sentimental eccentricities of a beautiful American heiress? Perhaps it was the spectacular quality of her personality that demanded a surprise finish, the O. Henry twist to her emotions. To have become an Italian or Austrian countess or a French duchess would have been such a conventional ending—the social audience would have guessed the dénouement from the beginning, and the piece would have had only a mild *succès d'estime*. An accomplished actress demands a more exacting rôle, greater opportunities. Life with some one so far removed from her former sphere of activities will not lack dramatic moments for Mrs. Mike Considine, I take it." Penrose flecked the ash from his cigar. "You ought to make her the leading lady in your next novel, Warrenton," he added after a moment's pause.

The young Englishman threw out an impotent hand.

"Ah, the American woman is a mystery to me—yet! Why doesn't one of your own men undertake the agreeable—and difficult—task?"

"You do well to call it 'difficult.' Perhaps there was but one American who could have lived up to the melodramatic opportunities she afforded!" Penrose glanced meditatively at Follansbee.

"She's the kind of glittering, incredible creature, I take it, that Palmore would have delighted to lay violent literary hands on and revelled in misrepre-



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senting through five hundred pages of slush."

Follansbee turned an enigmatic eye upon Penrose.

"Palmore!" he echoed.

Warrenton leaned eagerly across the little table.

"Palmore? Is he one of your men I ought to know about? I don't think I ever heard of him."

Follansbee looked at him gently, reflectively.

"No," he said, "no—you wouldn't have heard of Palmore. There was a time—" He fell silent and drew at his cigar.

Warrenton turned his puzzled young eyes from the veiled implication in Follansbee's to his host.

"Who *is* Palmore?" he asked.

Penrose smiled a somewhat embarrassed smile.

"He was Follansbee's find—ask him."

Follansbee twisted his little iron chair sideways and gazed out at the blue lake, the birdlike boats, the motor-launches darting about.

"Yes," he confessed at length, "Palmore was my find. At the time I experienced the emotions that Madame Curie must have felt when she discovered radium, or Speke when he came upon the sources of the Nile. If these comparisons sound ridiculous to you, remember that I had been teaching at St. Eusebius School for eleven years and had never encountered a trace of literary genius in any of my pupils until Palmore swam into my ken. He was the one talented and the one poor boy in the school. All the rest were the sons of rich but honest parents, and as dull as only millionaires can afford to be.

"Palmore was a marked man from the first. I say 'man'—he was only a dreamy, poetic-looking boy of fourteen when he came to St. Eusebius, but infernally clever with a cleverness that assimilated knowledge in an astounding fashion. No need to ask him his schedule—one had only to listen to him talk for five minutes to discover what studies he was interested in. When his roommate, Landis, flunked his Tacitus examination, Palmore casually disposed of him by remarking to me, 'Oh, Landis—well, what could you expect of Landis? His formula's easy—$FO_2L$!' and I knew Palmore was taking the freshman course in Arkwright's 'Principles of Chemistry.'

"He got the Doane prize in his sophomore year, and the Reigate medal in junior oratory. But I'm going too fast! I like best to think of him as he was when I first knew him, in my freshman literature class. My lectures consisted of a sort of non-stop air flight across the whole expanse of world literature as a preparation for more specialized work later. As a matter of fact no one ever did specialize later, I believe, but St. Eusebius considered its duty done when it afforded a bird's-eye view of the literary landscape and an opportunity to make a safe landing in some particularly pleasant field of letters.

"As Alan Seeger puts it, 'I asked for nothing and expected less' of my pupils, and I confess to a delighted astonishment at the enthusiasm with which my youngest student, Palmore—Eugene Palmore—threw himself into the work. He absorbed it and was absorbed by it. The classics, of whose meaning and beauties most of the boys were naïvely innocent, were a delight to Palmore. I caught him poring over the Odyssey as though it were an Alger story. He was in love with Nausicaa, I discovered. He blushed when I laughingly taxed him with it—he had a trick of blushing like a girl! . . .

"One day we went on a hike, and at our camp-fire lunch I read him the opening lines of the 'Agamemnon.' I shan't easily forget the effect they had on him.

"'I'd like to write something like that—some day,' he said quietly when I'd finished. I looked at him, ready for a smile, but the tense expression on his white face, the glow in his fine eyes, struck it from my lips. It came to me suddenly that perhaps he might some day write something wonderful—who could tell? . . . I felt a curious rush of emotion.

"Later, when we came to the Middle Ages—the Trouvères and Troubadours—he burned with a martial, chivalric fire. For a while I think he fancied himself in the rôle of Charlemagne, of Roland. . . . And with the beginning of the last century he fell under the spell of Keats. He came to my rooms one night with an ex-

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quisite little fragment—or so it seemed to me. At least it had a touch of pagan fire.

" 'Lover of high Olympus' bright array!
Thou last and dearest worshipper of those
Who cast a golden glory o'er the day
When Hellas was the world! hast chose
To weave anew the spell of all that lorn
And faded hierarchy? Hast thou sought
To crown the lovely Psyche who was born
A goddess when thou sang'st?'

"and so forth. I believe Keats would not have disdained this tribute from a schoolboy.

"And then it was Byron. He was caught up in that poetic maelstrom and beaten and buffeted to an ecstasy. Curiously enough he had something of the beauty of 'the noble poet.' There was the same perfect oval of the face, the same clear, brilliant eyes, the same deeply cut lips. I spoke to him of the resemblance one day when he was on one of his numerous visits to my rooms and I could see that he was naïvely pleased. When he left me I watched him cross the campus and I swear he walked with a limp!

"His audacity knew no limits. He wrote a 5th canto to 'Childe Harold,' bringing the errant knight back to England! He had mastered the Spenserian versification astonishingly well. There were whole stanzas that were good—very good. I remember one or two:

" 'Upon the wide Atlantic's restless blue
No more we rode, sole monarch of the main,
With but some passing ship that frightened flew
Before the wind, to dare dispute our reign.
As in a pageant entered we a train
Of barks swift wing'd and snowy in the glance
Unclouded of the sun; at last did gain
A narrow sea and slowly did advance
Between two fair and smiling lands—England and France!

. . . . . .

And thus while gazing at the waves that day,
I thought of other times, when on that sea
Eight hundred Roman triremes plough'd their way
Toward Britain's isle and bloody victory.
I saw approach in pride from Normandy
The treacherous galley of th' usurping king,
The golden boy upon the prow, the three
Gold lions on the mast, while loud did sing
The armed host of Charlemagne the Conquering.

And still a statelier vision saw I there—
Spain's fleet advancing in half-moon array——'

"Oh, you can smile if you want to! All I can say is that *I* didn't. I thought his English canto a remarkable performance—with something of the 'grand gesture' of the original. I grew enormously proud and fond of the boy—it hurt me like the devil when he had finished at St. Eusebius and was ready to go to Yale. Fortunately I received my call to Shawnee that very summer and I consoled myself by thinking that the break in my surroundings would soften the blow of his loss a little.

"He had been entered at Yale by the banker Henry Snelgrove, the rich friend of the family, who was giving Palmore his education. I had always secretly disapproved of the choice of an eastern university for a poor boy like Eugene, and when a month before the opening of college his benefactor was killed in an automobile accident, I wrote suggesting that he matriculate at Shawnee. I wasn't entirely disinterested, I confess. I had visions of a delightful continuity in our relations.

"His refusal surprised me. It was the first hint I had of a Palmore different from the one I had known. From what he wrote, I gathered that Shawnee wouldn't quite come up to the standard which he had set up for himself in the way of a university. I angrily insisted to myself that he was right—that perhaps it wouldn't. As for the unwisdom of going to an expensive eastern college, it seemed that there were ways and means, somewhat indefinite, it is true; promises from the beneficiaries of the estate, who were cognizant of Mr. Snelgrove's wishes, which, unfortunately, had not been incorporated in the will. I thought Palmore a trifle too optimistic, but, of course, I could say no more. I was so uneasy about the boy, however, and so interested in him that the next year when business connected with a small legacy called me to New York, I swear I was more pleased to find an opportunity to see Palmore than to collect my modest fortune.

"I went to New Haven by an afternoon train and he met me at the station in response to my wire. There was a change in him—even to myself I couldn't deny it. But he was unaffectedly glad to see me.

"'It's too good to be true!' he cried,

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linking his arm in mine and dragging me across the campus, and he added with his old shyness: 'I've got something to show you!'

"He had rooms in one of the expensive dormitories—in some indefinable way Palmore looked unaccustomedly expensive too—and bolting the door we settled down to a comfortable smoke and discussion of the two finished acts of a romantic play built around Sir Walter Raleigh—the treasure he had to show me.

"He paced up and down while he read and outlined the dénouement of the plot, his eyes brilliant and daring, his hands gesturing unconsciously as he talked.

"'What do you think of it?' he demanded at length, stopping in his rapid walking.

"'It's great!' I declared. 'You've caught the true Elizabethan spirit—there's the tang of salt water, the hot breath of adventure in every line. But I'm not sure that it will be marketable,' I admitted dubiously.

"'Oh, *that*—' flung out Palmore derisively. 'Thank God, I don't care for money, and a man can always live on next to nothing!'

"He threw himself into a big chair near the window.

"'And as soon as "Sir Walter" is finished I want to "do" a play about Chatterton. That thing of De Vigny's is so inadequate! I mean to do it from an entirely different angle—the Frenchman's left out any hint of the genius. I want to make a big thing of it!'

"Palmore began his rapid pacing again, and I sat smoking and listening to his visions translated into eager, trembling words. So complete and satisfactory seemed the resumption of our relations that it was with a shock of surprise and chagrin that I was made aware, after an elaborate dinner, that Palmore and I were not to have the evening together.

"'I promised the fellows to go to this musical show with them,' he explained. 'It's a bore of course, but I'm helping with the sophomore play, and although I'm afraid "Fancy Free" will not be very illuminating, still one has to get the hang of these things. I think you know I'd rather spend the evening with you,' he added feelingly.

"I hid my disappointment at my frustrated plans with what art I could summon and, pleading an early engagement at my lawyer's for the following morning, I took a night train back to New York.

"It was three years before I saw Palmore again. I met him on Fifth Avenue as I was passing through town on my way to the north shore for one of my infrequent summer outings. I have found that it is only from Manchester-by-the-Sea or Pride's Crossing that one gets the perspective from which Shawnee seems an entirely admirable institution of learning. After a year's hard work, with uninspiring undergraduates, I confess that I sometimes feel the need of fortifying my complimentary opinion of the college which offers me a living.

"Palmore greeted me with his old-time affection and enthusiasm. He was so obviously glad to see me that I invited him to take luncheon—an invitation which he regretfully declined.

"'I'm more sorry than I can say that I've already got a date for luncheon at the Ritz—oh, don't think that I frequent the Ritz daily,' he added, laughing. 'I'm with some plutocratic friends—my old roommate at Yale and his sister. It's quite an occasion, I assure you. Any old joint is good enough for a cub reporter!'

"I looked my surprise.

"'I didn't know you were a newspaper man,' I said.

"'It's just temporary,' Palmore hastened to explain. 'I'm trying to get my play on, but it takes so deuced long to get a play placed and produced that I found I had to do something while waiting. Even playwrights have to eat!' he concluded on a note of somewhat forced jocularity. I smiled in company. Suddenly I remembered.

"'Ah, it's the Sir Walter Raleigh play!' I cried, and as he shook his head I added hopefully, 'then it's the Chatterton tragedy!'

"'Wrong again!' he said with an embarrassed laugh, 'you yourself suggested that the Raleigh play would hardly be marketable—I simply couldn't afford to keep on with it. I can't tell you what it meant to me to have to give up the idea!' He paused an instant. 'And as for the

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*Drawn by A. H. Henkel.*

"'We'll leave it to your superior judgment—which shall it be?'"—Page 585.



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Chatterton play—of course I realized that the public was not exactly crying for *that* sort of thing!'

"'Then what is it?' I demanded. 'Have you gone back to the classics, as you once dreamed of doing?'

"'"Agamemnon"?' He evoked the remembrance with a sadly derisive smile. 'If I couldn't afford "Raleigh" and "Chatterton," you may be sure "Agamemnon" was beyond my means! "A Man and His Money" is distinctly modern, but,' he spoke with a rather portentous dignity, 'I hope it is done in—what shall I say?—"the grand manner." I mean,' he elucidated, 'that while the theme is modern I believe the treatment will stand the test of time.'

"I tried to look intelligent at this cryptic statement.

"'"A Man and His Money"—I thought you knew little about money and cared less, dear boy?' I hazarded at last.

"Palmore blushed—he still preserved the trick of blushing like a girl.

"'Ah, that was a thousand years or so ago!' he murmured. 'Since then, believe me, I've learned the value of money!'

"'Of course!' I assented eagerly. I felt an absurd desire to help him put himself in an unassailable position. 'One doesn't lunch with friends at the Ritz without returning the gastronomic courtesy, for example,' I added gaily and then wished I hadn't reminded him of the obligation.

"Palmore looked at his watch hastily.

"'By Jove, you're right!' he exclaimed. He held out a cordial hand. 'I'll have to run for it!' he said and vanished in the crowd.

"Six months later I received Palmore's wedding-cards and in the same mail a note from him. I read it with a sinking heart.

"'. . . She's the girl I took luncheon with that day at the Ritz. She's a wonder and a beauty and confoundedly rich. She tells me to say that she joins me in hoping that you will surely come on to the wedding.'

"I couldn't, of course, compass that, but I sent a wedding-present and my best wishes. I had an odd conviction that if the silver flower-basket was a superfluity, my best wishes, at least, would be useful—that Palmore, in some obscure way, had need of them.

"The next year was my first Sabbatical year at Shawnee. I wasn't sorry to leave its academic groves for a while and establish myself in a New York apartment for a season of literary feasts. I had long arrears to make up. One of our faculty, who had spent the previous year in New York, turned his rooms in University Place over to me, and when I landed in the Pennsylvania Station on an afternoon in early September I had the agreeable assurance that a well-appointed *pied-à-terre* was waiting for me. I took a taxi and as we turned into the street I saw, to my astonishment, the announcement, on the boardings, of a theatrical offering by Eugene Palmore—'The Husbands of Suzanne.'

"I gathered from the press notices printed in large type on each side of the title that it had made a tremendous success at the Kemble Theatre, but some way the name struck on me unpleasantly. I consoled myself by thinking that Palmore might be able to explain away the title and lost no time in looking him up in the telephone book. Fortunately he was not far from me, and as soon as I had unpacked my slender wardrobe and eaten a solitary dinner at the Brevoort, I started to hunt up the Palmores. I discovered them occupying an apartment on Twelfth Street just off the Avenue, in one of those massive brownstone houses of an extinct type of architecture where the spaciousness of the high-ceiled rooms is counted on by a careful landlord to make up for the exiguity of the furnishings and service.

"Palmore welcomed me effusively, and when Mrs. Palmore came, in answer to his call, her welcome rivalled his in warmth. She was as beautiful as Palmore had prepared me to expect, with an elusive, high-bred charm and finish that led me secretly to wonder how he had been able to afford such an obviously expensive specimen of her sex. She had tact, too, and insisted on my taking her place in the small party the Palmores had invited that evening to see 'The Husbands of Suzanne.'

"'We could only get four seats—imagine!' she exclaimed brightly. 'The the-

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atre is sold out every night even this early in the season! It's a tremendous success!'

"Palmore looked at me uneasily.

"'Yes, a *succès de scandale!*' he said with a little laugh. He put his hand on his wife's arm: 'You'd better get Copley or that young Englishman to take my place, and leave me here with the Prof for a talk and smoke—I've an idea the Prof won't be interested in "The Husbands of Suzanne."'

"'On the contrary, I'm most deeply interested,' I objected warmly. 'I'm interested in everything he does,' I explained to Mrs. Palmore.

"'Of course you are,' she agreed, and the taxi being announced at that moment, Palmore and I got in and started for the theatre.

"Three hours later I found myself back at the Palmores. Mrs. Palmore—still tactful—had waited up for us, but after a few words had said good night and gone to her room, leaving Palmore and myself alone in his little den.

"I would have liked well enough to get away without the talk that I saw I was in for, but Palmore showed a nervous eagerness to have me stay. As the door closed on his wife he turned to me quickly.

"'Of course I know what you're thinking!' he burst out, and as I hesitated he went on rapidly, 'you're thinking that "The Husbands of Suzanne" is a far cry from "Raleigh" or "Chatterton" or "Agamemnon"—though Clytemnestra was hardly what you would call a respectable married lady, either,' he added with a grin. 'Well, I think so, too, of course.' He went over to the smoking-table and lit a cigar with a hand that trembled a little.

"'And equally, of course, it isn't at all the sort of thing I like to do—or intend to do,' he flung out. 'It's only an entering wedge. I can't tell you what I suffered—adapting that dirty French farce to our stage! But I couldn't afford to let the opportunity slip, and at least it's a hundred per cent cleaner than it was. Lord! you ought to have read the original!'

"'I'll take your word for it,' I said dryly.

"He gave me a look that craved sympathy.

"'Of course, I understand your contempt for the thing, but the fact is that I needed the money like the deuce! You've seen my wife—' he broke off and threw himself into a chair near the table.

"'My dear boy, by far your most brilliant performance!' I murmured enthusiastically.

"'The most brilliant—and the most expensive!' He smiled a little. 'The truth is, I oughtn't to have married her until I could afford her and her kind. You'll agree that this is hardly the setting for her!' He threw out a contemptuous hand at the shabby room. 'Well—I want to take her out of all this! I want to prove to her damned plutocratic family that she hasn't done such a rotten thing, after all, in marrying me! And believe me, "The Husbands of Suzanne" is going to do the trick, Nestor!' his old name for me. 'Gedney says the play'll net me around forty thousand this season. If it keeps going strong until spring they'll send out two road companies next year. And then there'll be the stock and movie rights—' His words trailed off into silence as he threw back his handsome head and gazed upward at the smoke-rings curling away into space with his hopes and his dreams. But if his thoughts were nebulous and fanciful, the expression in his eye was calculating and earthly to the last degree.

"'You'll see!' he said, turning his businesslike look upon me. 'And when I get hold of this money I'm going to buy a little country place somewhere and settle down to some big literary work.' He leaned forward and laid a hand on my knee.

"'I don't mind telling *you*, Nestor, that I've been hatching the plot of a novel—"Soul-Wings." I'm fairly aching to get at it! It won't be for the big public—it will be for the good of my own soul primarily. I've got things I want to say out loud and strong; thoughts that I can't find every-day use for, and which I want to enshrine in a book that's worth while. And if it turns out as well as I hope, I mean to dedicate it to you, if I may!'

"He looked at me, glowing boyishly in his old way, and I felt the rush of emotion he so often evoked in me.

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"'You know how delighted I'll be to see the best that's in you, Palmore, and I'll be confoundedly pleased to have a share in it!' I said, getting up to go.

"He went with me to the outer door. 'Oh, to get settled in my cottage!' he said. 'You must come and see it and I'll read you my *magnum opus*.'

"I did see the 'cottage' the next summer. It turned out to be a specimen of that sublimated type of architecture so prevalent in the resorts of the superrich on Long Island. I had accepted Palmore's invitation to stop over for a day and a night on my return from my modest retreat on the north shore, and was looking forward eagerly to the pleasure of seeing him once more.

"He met me at the little station with a car which gave me the first inkling of what I might expect in the way of a 'cottage,' and which carried us with the speed and ease of a Pullman sleeper through the big gates, up to the porte-cochère of an ample, half-timbered house whose windows looked out upon several acres of expensive landscape-gardening.

"At sight of the place I could not repress an exclamation. Palmore looked at me.

"'You're surprised?' he asked after a short pause.

"'My dear boy, what a pôt of money "The Husbands of Suzanne" must have brought you!' I made the détour of his embarrassing question as gracefully as I could.

"'Ah, that contemptible crew didn't bring it *all* to me—I've written a musical comedy since I saw you—"Bright and Early"!' He stood on the steps of the porte-cochère and looked about him. 'They gave me a generous contract,' he murmured.

"I gazed at him in stupefaction.

"'A musical comedy!' I echoed.

"He turned upon me impatiently.

"'My dear fellow, some of the best writers are doing it—the profits are enormous. You've simply no idea!' He looked at his watch. 'We'll just have time for a smoke before tea—Margaret's at the Casino watching the tennis match.'

"He led the way into the house and I noticed that the promise made by the handsome exterior of beauty and comfort within was amply fulfilled. Palmore's study was a delightful, big, square room, book-panelled, luxurious. A noiseless footman brought in a tray with whiskey, a siphon, and a bowl of frosted cubes of ice. I watched Palmore mix our drinks in fascinated silence.

"'Yes—you've no idea what a successful musical comedy means,' he went on ruminantly, looking up from the clinking glasses. 'Of course, I had no idea of doing one, but "The Husbands of Suzanne" made such a stir that Ellwanger wouldn't let me rest until I had promised to write the book for Koravinsky—the new musical genius he's discovered on the East Side. Koravinsky's a little Russian Jew, chock-full of temperament. I will say it's been tremendously stimulating and informing to work with him!' He looked at me somewhat belligerently. 'Those people are interesting, you know, and the piece was bound to be a "go." We got hold of a Tahitian dancer and a comedian that are the best ever. And the leading lady, Ruby La Verne, is a great little actress, take it from me!'

"'Splendid!' I murmured and stirred the ice in my glass.

"Palmore regarded me for an instant. 'You don't understand—you're surprised—disappointed!' he said in a hurt tone.

"'No, no!—that is—if I am surprised or disappointed, it is only that I thought you were working on "Soul-Wings."'

"'Ah, "Soul-Wings"! It will be all the better for this experience, believe me. I've learned a lot about human nature lately,' he said eagerly. 'And, to be perfectly frank with you, I found that, after all, I couldn't keep up "Melrose" on the money from "Suzanne." Margaret was so plucky that first beastly, dull year—I wanted to give her a home *she* would like. Any old house would have done for me, but you know what a woman's first home means to her. Well, that sort of thing—the sort of home that would satisfy a girl brought up as Margaret had been—costs money to get and to keep. Ellwanger's proposition sounded like a message direct from heaven to me! More than ever I needed to make money. Her family was just waiting to see me fail!

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I'd pulled Margaret and myself out of a hole, and I had no intention of slipping back into it. I'll get enough out of "Bright and Early" to make me easy for a long while to come.'

"'And in the meantime you'll be working on "Soul-Wings,"' I suggested hopefully.

"'Indeed I will!' he rejoined enthusiastically. 'I've promised to write an article for *Stageland*—"How I Broke into Musical Comedy"—they're going to give me two thousand for it!—and a one-act farce comedy for Miss Severn's graduating class—I'm going to direct the production, too, because they proposed such ridiculously munificent terms that I couldn't see myself refusing. And I shall run out to the coast for three weeks to help put the finishing touches to the picture they're making of "Good-bye, Broadway!"—a screen comedy of mine—but after that I intend to settle down to "Soul-Wings"!' He sighed a little. 'Of course, I'd like to be on the heights, you know—on the heights all the time, but life seems to be always calling to us from below! We're not going into town this winter. I'm going into "winter quarters" out here and work like the devil!'

"As he finished speaking there was the swift rush of an approaching motor, a babel of laughing voices in the hall, and in an instant Margaret flashed on our view at the open door of the study. I had just time to note that she looked more costly, more radiant than ever when she advanced toward me with outstretched hand and smile of welcome.

"'How *beautiful* of you to come to see us in our new home!' she cried. 'Stop talking, Eugene, and let me show Professor Follansbee over "Melrose"!' and she dragged me off on a tour of inspection.

"The house was a model of convenience and luxury, and I was as appreciative as even Margaret could have wished.

"'I don't wonder you two look forward to spending the winter out here instead of in town,' I said enthusiastically. We were in the steam-heated sun parlor. 'This will be a bully place for Eugene to write.'

"She stared at me.

"'Did Eugene tell you that?' She broke into a little laugh, and laid the tips of her slender fingers on my arm. 'Don't pay any attention to the old dear—*I* never do!' she said.

"My hard work at Shawnee was rewarded the following winter by an invitation to address the Institute of Arts and Sciences, and accordingly I found myself, late in February, once more in New York. I had intended staying over a day or two in order to run out to 'Melrose' for a glimpse of the Palmores, but, to my surprise, I met them on the afternoon of my arrival at Tiffany's. I had stopped there to leave my watch to be cleaned and regulated, and encountered them as I was going out. Mrs. Palmore was looking at diamond bracelets, and Eugene was standing uninterestedly by. His roving eye caught mine as I was trying to slip by unnoticed.

"'Why, if it isn't the Prof!' he cried, and laid a detaining hand on my shoulder. His wife greeted me very prettily.

"'But this is delightful!' she exclaimed and held up two bracelets for my inspection. 'We'll leave it to your superior judgment—which shall it be?'

"'They each cost a fortune, so it's fifty fifty!' said Palmore in a stage aside, with mock melancholy. I thought I caught a hint of real distress though, in the face he turned upon me.

"Fortunately my choice pleased Mrs. Palmore, and as a reward of merit I was invited, indeed coerced, into taking tea with them. As we drove rapidly up the Avenue to their expensive hotel, the impression, I had somehow received, of fatigue, of nervous irritability in Palmore was intensified.

"We had tea in their private sitting-room—'our little two by four—we can't afford a big suite,' explained Mrs. Palmore brightly. 'This hotel is ridiculously expensive—and there's "Melrose" to be kept up.'

"'Ah, yes, "Melrose"—I thought you were to spend the winter there,' I murmured.

"'Impossible!' broke in Palmore. 'I found it simply impossible under the circumstances. You see I've been doing a musical comedy for Koravinsky. I'm horribly fed up on them, but Koravinsky made it a personal thing—it was immense-

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ly difficult to refuse. "Bright and Early" had been a record-breaker, and he's got a big family—thought one more success would put him on Easy Street. By Jove, it seemed the only decent thing to do, you know. What are we here for if not to help one another?'

"I looked at Palmore in surprise. His glibness reduced me to silence but set me to wondering. Was he deceiving himself knowingly? I asked myself.

"If Mrs. Palmore was more beautiful than ever, she was assuredly less tactful. She stayed with us until the softly chiming clock warned me that my dinner engagement with the president of the Institute of Arts and Sciences made it impossible for me to remain longer. I had hoped that she would leave Palmore and myself to a *solitude à deux*, as formerly. In some indefinable way I got the impression that it was Palmore's wish not to be so left. At the door I summoned my courage.

"'And how about "Soul-Wings"?' I inquired with as much detachment as I could muster. Palmore shot me a derisive smile.

"'My dear fellow, I found I had to chuck that sort of highbrow stuff. It's as expensive a hobby as a yacht or a racehorse. I can afford neither at present. I talked over "Soul-Wings" with Montross and he didn't see his way to publishing anything of that sort—wants me to do a novel that comes to grips with the life of to-day. I'm thinking of doing a story around that little actress in "Bright and Early"—remember her? Ruby La Verne? What that girl has seen and gone through! There's life, there's tragedy for you! . . . And the movie rights will be enormous!'

"I bowed to Mrs. Palmore. I really couldn't stand any more.

"'Good afternoon,' I said."

Follansbee fell silent, drawing strongly at his cigar and looking out over the lake.

"Well—and did he do his little actress?" demanded Warrenton after a pause.

"Eh?—oh, yes—yes, the little actress—it sold around four hundred thousand copies, I believe. And then there was the story of the beautiful artist's model, who married a Russian prince, but ultimately preferred her East Side tough; another story of a still more wondrously beautiful American who married an Indian rajah, and was rescued from death at the hands of her agreeable husband by a handsome young English officer and—and others I've forgotten, all equally important and true to life."

"What a pity Mrs. Mike Considine had not appeared above his literary horizon!" said Penrose.

"Yes," assented Follansbee, "it was what I was thinking. . . . He was very industrious—wrote five or six so-called novels in the next three years. They made him a fortune, but there wasn't a line of literature in any of them. Fortunately, I didn't have to lie to Palmore about them, because I didn't see him—in fact I never saw him but once again—four years after that meeting at Tiffany's.

"It was in the summer of 1916—the war had been going on two years, I remember—when, one day, I received a letter from him. It was very short and to the point, totally unlike Palmore's usual charming prolixity. He informed me that he was going overseas and wanted to see me before going. It was out of the question for him to go West, he was so rushed—would it be possible for me to come to him? He had a fancy for seeing me before he left, and he was always my faithful and obliged friend, Eugene Palmore.

"Something in the note struck a chill to my heart. A wave of old affection swept over me and bore me—via the Empire Limited and a taxi—straight to Palmore's white-stone mansion on upper Fifth Avenue—the architectural embodiment of 'The Heart of a Dancer,' 'Tiger Lily,' 'The Off-Chance,' and his other masterpieces.

"I found him amid a welter of khaki garments, thermos-bottles, improved writing-tablets, and high boots which a harried valet, under his directions, was trying to pack into an officer's trunk. He dismissed the man, and offering me the only available chair, seated himself on the corner of a table from which he swept a mackintosh, a pair of rubber boots, and a first-aid case.

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*Drawn by A. H. Henkel.*

"There's life, there's tragedy for you!"—Page 586.



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"'I knew you would come!'

"'Of course I came!' I replied, trying to speak lightly, but the sense of foreboding which his note had produced was intensified as I gazed at him. He looked ten years older than when I had last seen him. The bright brown hair at the temples had turned gray, and there was a heavy look of restlessness, of defeat about him that tore at my heart.

"'So you're going overseas,' I said, looking around me, glad to turn my eyes from Palmore's intent gaze.

"'Yes—I think you'll agree with me that it's the only thing to be done,' he replied. There was an acid edge to his words that made me look at him hastily.

"'What do you mean?'

"He blushed a little—not the quick, evanescent blush that I had surprised in him so often, but the slow, dull red that burned darkly under the skin and looked as if it hurt.

"'Ah, don't pretend,' he said earnestly. 'I'm through with pretense! I know—and you know—that unless I can get away from all this'—he flung out a contemptuous hand at the richness about him, as he had once done toward the shabby walls in Twelfth Street—'unless I can get away from all this and make a new start, I am lost. Do you think I have any illusions about the rot I've been writing? I've sunk pretty low, but not *that* low!'

"He made the admission with an air of disenchantment that hurt me with a physical hurt.

"'If it weren't for Margaret I'd chuck it all—give it away to some charity, and start fresh with clean hands!' I wondered idly if there was such a phrase in the alienists' jargon as 'the delusion of good intentions.' 'But I can't leave her unprovided for, so it's all made over to her and I'm off on the great adventure. Wish me luck!'

"He leaned forward, speaking eagerly. For an instant I caught a glimpse of the old buoyancy, the old fire.

"'I may yet tread "the paths of glory,"' he urged wistfully.

"I bit savagely at the end of my cigar. 'What are you going to do?' I asked.

"'Drive an ambulance. I can drive a car better than I can drive a quill,' he smiled forlornly, 'and it'll take me into the thick of danger. I'll get my lost literary soul purified by fire. You *do* believe that we poor devils of mortals get a second chance, don't you?' he pleaded.

"I made consoling noises in my throat.

"'*I*'m sure of it,' went on poor Palmore insistingly. 'I'll redeem myself. I'll see splendid, unforgetable things—I'll meet Life—and Death—at last. You'll see! I'll make something fine out of this! I'll come back with an epic. . . . !'"

Follansbee lapsed once more into silence.

"And did he?" queried Warrenton patiently, after a long pause.

There was a little stir and Mrs. Mike Considine rose from the tea-table and made a triumphant exit through the admiring throng, escorted by Count Barbaresco and her husband. Follansbee's absent glance followed the little party.

"What's that?—oh, no—no, he never came back at all. He was killed two months after he went over—in the attack on Courcelette."

"Poor devil! What a pity!" said young Warrenton softly.

"A pity?" Follansbee turned meditative eyes upon the Englishman. "I think not. . . . The surgeon who was in the ambulance with him sent me the letter he found in Palmore's breast pocket. It was almost undecipherable—the bullet, which killed him, had gone clean through it. But I managed to make out a few of the powder-burned, blood-stained sentences. . . .

"'I have met Life and Death and am not fit to touch the hem of their garments. . . . I see myself now for what I am . . . this has given me the measure of my inadequacy. . . . I shall write no more. . . . At last I, too, realize "the flavor of emptiness that comes to the writer who has tasted life and knows it is not to be put into printed pages. . . ."'"

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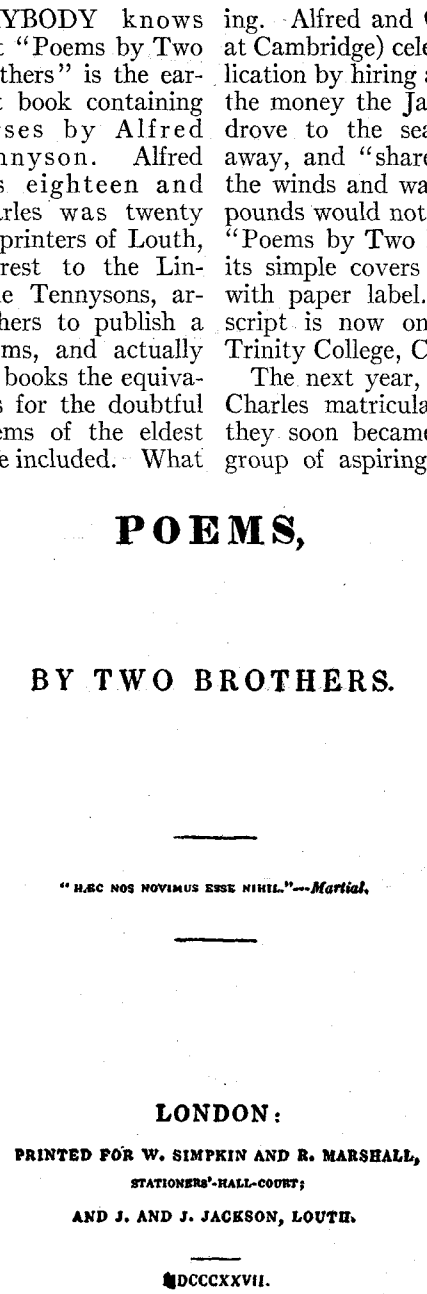
# My Tennysons

BY WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD
Author of "My Stevensons"

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES FROM MR. ARNOLD'S COLLECTION

EVERYBODY knows that "Poems by Two Brothers" is the earliest book containing verses by Alfred Tennyson. Alfred was eighteen and Charles was twenty when J. & J. Jackson, printers of Louth, the market-town nearest to the Lincolnshire home of the Tennysons, arranged with the brothers to publish a selection of their poems, and actually paid them in cash and books the equivalent of twenty pounds for the doubtful privilege. A few poems of the eldest brother, Frederick, were included. What induced the Jacksons to enter into this unbusinesslike engagement does not appear. Moreover, with amazing assurance these country printers produced the book in two sizes, an ordinary edition priced at five shillings and a large paper edition at seven shillings. There was no high degree of merit in any of the poems and none of them have been included in the authorized editions of the writings of the poets. In later years Tennyson spoke of his large share in the book as "early rot." Of course there was no sale to speak of, but for the boys it was a time of rejoicing. Alfred and Charles (Frederick was at Cambridge) celebrated the day of publication by hiring a carriage with some of the money the Jacksons had paid; they drove to the seashore, fourteen miles away, and "shared their triumph with the winds and waves." To-day twenty pounds would not buy one single copy of "Poems by Two Brothers" as issued in its simple covers of drab-paper boards, with paper label. The original manuscript is now one of the treasures of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The next year, 1828, both Alfred and Charles matriculated at Trinity, where they soon became leaders of a literary group of aspiring students. A relic of this period, now in my possession, is a classical atlas which belonged to Alfred, and has his name written on the white lining of the front cover. Also in his delicate hand on the inside of the back cover is a list of classmates, doubtless the sympathetic intimates of the young poet. Here among a score of names we find Merivale, who became dean of Ely and the distinguished historian of Rome; Milnes, later Lord Houghton, the first biographer of Keats; Selwin, afterwards Anglican bishop of New Zealand; Buller, who gained fame as a Liberal statesman;



POEMS,

BY TWO BROTHERS.

"HÆC NOS NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL."—*Martial.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,
STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT;
AND J. AND J. JACKSON, LOUTH.

MDCCCXXVII.



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and Hallam, brother poet, the best beloved.

The subject for the English prize poem at the University of Cambridge for the year 1829 was "Timbuctoo." Tennyson was the successful competitor. In accordance with custom, the author would have read the poem in the Senate House, but then, as in later life, he had an aversion to all publicities and, by request, his friend Merivale relieved him of the distasteful honor.

"Timbuctoo" and Greek and Latin poems by C. R. Kennedy and Charles Merivale were officially printed at the University Press under the title "Prolusiones Academicæ." The pamphlet, though scarce, is not a rarity. When catalogued by booksellers and auctioneers, the Latin title is often ignored and only the contribution of Tennyson mentioned. Of course this distinction is due to the great interest in Tennyson; otherwise the pamphlet is of no importance.

TIMBUCTOO.

A Poem,

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE

CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,

M.DCCC.XXIX.

BY

A. TENNYSON,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE

Printed by J. Smith, Printer to the University

1829

Facsimile of the title-page of the very rare separate issue of "Timbuctoo."

The existence of a separate print of "Timbuctoo," bearing the same date as the "Prolusiones," was unknown to collectors until about twenty years ago, when a single copy came into the market. It was bought by Albert J. Morgan, of New York City. At the subsequent dispersal of Mr. Morgan's collection I secured this treasurable brochure. My Tennyson collection already contained several extreme rarities—the despair of many collectors; now was added the earliest separate print that bears the name of Alfred Tennyson; *presumably a unique copy.*

But, in such a matter, you never can tell. Years later, Winston Henry Hagen, of New York City, put in a bid of twenty-five dollars at Anderson's for what he supposed was the "Prolusiones," although the auction catalogue made mention only of "Timbuctoo." It happened that several weeks passed before Mr. Hagen examined his purchase. He was surprised to find it comprised only the Tennyson poem. Mr. Hagen, never having heard of the little-known separate print, naturally inferred that the thin octavo was probably a defective copy of the "Prolusiones." To resolve his doubts he took the pamphlet to Beverly Chew, one of the best informed of book collectors. Mr. Chew immediately identified it as a twin to my copy. Since this find was made another copy has turned up in England, and is now in the possession of Thomas J. Wise. The Hagen copy (now in the extensive Tenny-

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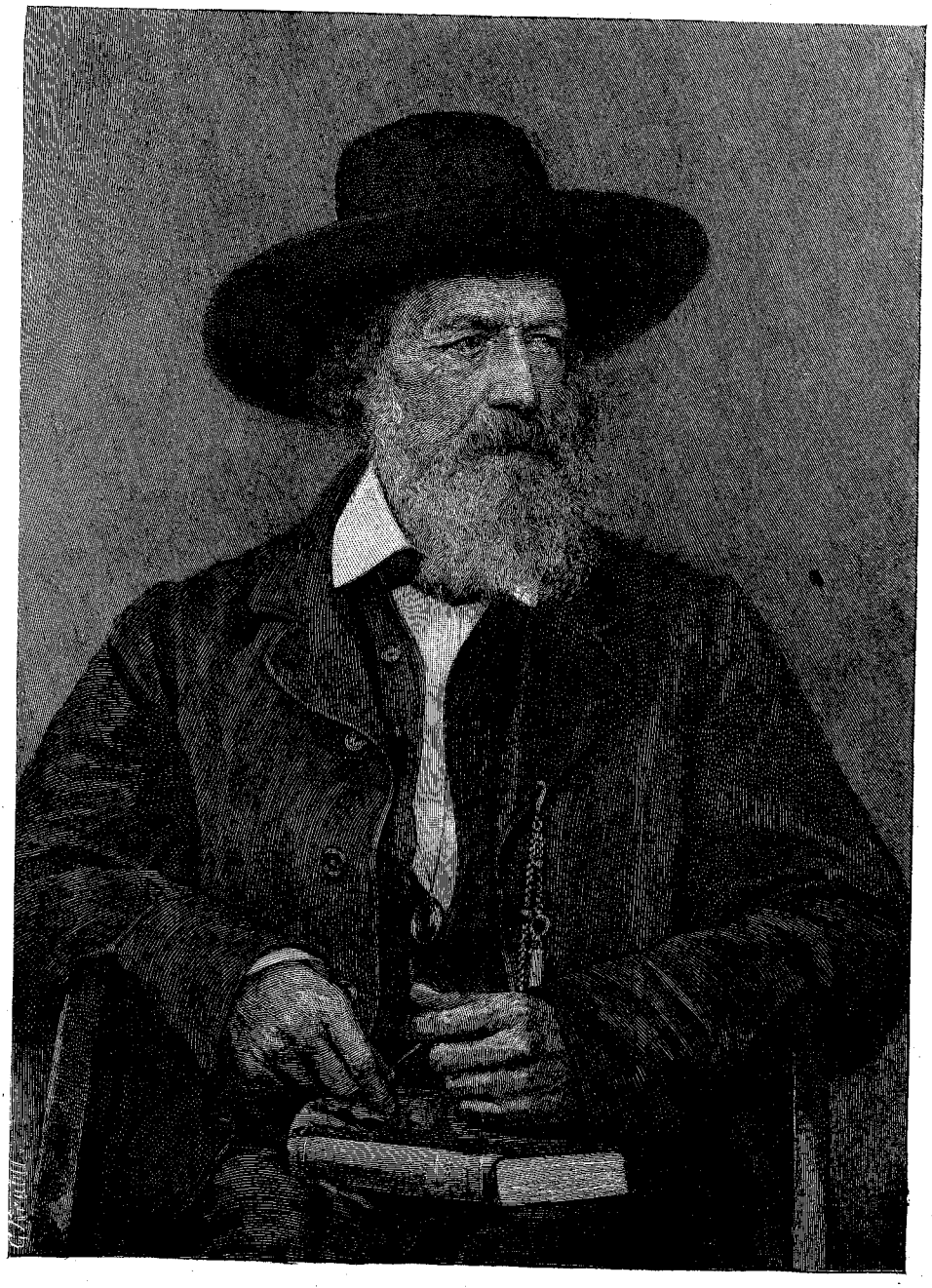

Tennyson.

From a wood-engraving by G. Kruell made from photograph taken in 1888 by Barraud, London.



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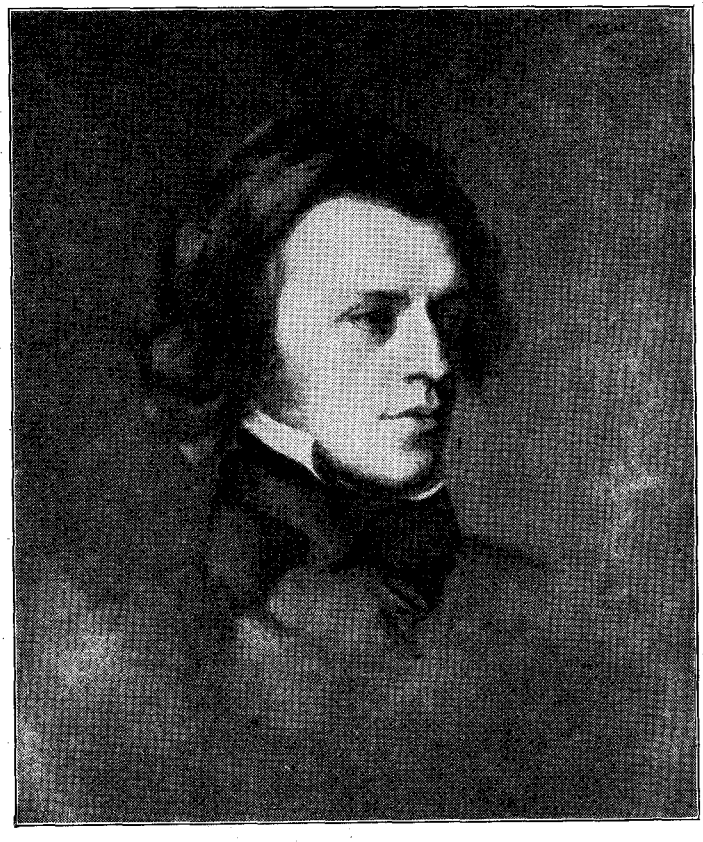
son collection of John A. Spoor, of Chicago) and mine are without covers and the edges are plain; Mr. Wise's copy is in original dark-crimson stiffened paper covers, with gilt edges.

The separate "Timbuctoo" was known to collectors and dealers and there has been no lack of effort in the search for other copies, but, so far, only the three here mentioned have been discovered.*

Tennyson was but twenty-one when he had the manuscript of his first volume of



The Samuel Lawrence portrait of Tennyson used as frontispiece in Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir."

"'Blubber-lipt,' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is, but still the only one of old days, and 'still the best of all to my thinking.'"—Page 594.

printed from the standing types of the "Prolusiones"; probably only a few copies were struck off by request of the young author, for distribution among his friends. The existence of this separate issue of "Timbuctoo" is now well

poems ready for the printer. Returning home one night from a neighboring town he lost the precious sheets from his overcoat pocket; they were never recovered. Though it seems an almost incredible feat, the young man actually rewrote all the

* Unfortunately, the "Prolusiones" is open to juggling manipulation. The "Timbuctoo" portion, which has an individual title-page, may be easily detached. More than once, to my knowledge, the Tennyson poem thus removed from the official pamphlet has been offered for sale as the rare separate issue. However, such examples may be easily identified. The title-page of the poem as printed in the "Prolusiones" reads:

Timbuctoo | A Poem | which obtained | The Chancellor's Medal | at the | Cambridge Commencement, | M. DCCC. XXIX | By | A. Tennyson | of Trinity College.

There is no imprint.

The title-page of the separate issue is the same as the foregoing but has in addition the arms of the university and this imprint: Printed by J. Smith, Printer to the University | 1829. Also, the title-page is preceded by a half-title which has on it only the single word, Timbuctoo. There are also minor differences in the spacings of the text, but enough has been said to enable any one to identify a pseudo separate issue.

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lost poems from memory. Six hundred copies were printed by Effingham Wilson under the title "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." The price was five shillings. The poet received eleven pounds as his share of the proceeds. My copy, in the original drab-paper boards, has this pleasing inscription: "Mary Green from her affectionate friend A. T." Two years later another volume was printed, this time by Edward Moxon, who was destined to publish for Tennyson for many years. The edition was only four hundred and fifty copies, nearly all bound in drab-paper boards; mine happens to be one of a few in cloth of the same shade. Though issued in December, 1832, the date on the title-page is that of the following year, so the usual designation of the volume is "The Poems of 1833."

A letter to Moxon of considerable bibliographical importance in relation to this very book is printed, apparently without abridgment, in "Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir by his Son." Actually only half the letter is given. Here it is in full, copied from the original in my collection:

"Dear Sir,

"After mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume entitled Lover's Tale—it is too full of faults & tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet to my eye it spoils the completness (*sic*) of the book & is better away—of course whatever expenses may have been incurred in printing the above, must devolve on me solely.

"The Vol. can end with the piece titled to 'J. S.' Half of this last I have received in *revise:* there are 9 stanzas more which it will not be necessary to send me—if I remember right they only contained one material blunder viz 'Bleeding' for 'Bleedeth.' Should this last revise be already on its way it will be better for me to retain it, & if there be any other mistake, which is scarcely probable I will give you notice by letter. We who live in this corner of the world only get our letters twice or thrice a week: this has caused considerable delay: but on the receipt of this you may begin to dress the Volume for its introduction into the world as soon as you choose

Believe me, dear Sir
Yours very truly
Alfred Tennsyson."

"P. S. The title-page may be simply

Poems
by Alfred Tennyson

"(don't let the printers squire me)
"Be so good as to send me five copies."

In this volume first appeared many of the poems which have secured enduring popularity: "The Lady of Shalott," "Mariana in the South," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "The Lotos Eaters," "The Dream of Fair Women," and "The May Queen."

Although Tennyson decided not to publish "The Lover's Tale," he had six copies of the poem separately printed. Five of these were given to friends of the young poet. The single copy retained was cut to pieces by Tennyson thirty-six years later, in preparing copy for another trial edition, much revised and enlarged. The poet was not content with this second effort, for the first published edition, again revised, was not issued until 1879.

When, in 1907, Thomas J. Wise, after years of meticulous research, printed his exhaustive "Bibliography of Tennyson," he was able to record the existence of only two of the original six copies of "The Lover's Tale"; one of these in his own possession, the other in the collection of John A. Spoor. So much effort had been made by collectors and dealers in the search for this important rarity, it seemed unlikely that any more would be discovered. But a few years later a copy turned up in Southampton and was secured by a firm of London booksellers, who offered it to Ernest Dressel North, the veteran dealer in rare books, then on one of his frequent book-hunting visits to England. Mr. North had a long-standing request from Charles Templeton Crocker, of San Francisco, to report at once should he ever come upon this particular rarity. Thus Mr. Crocker had the exceptional satisfaction of adding the much-sought-for little book to his notable Tennyson collection.

On a certain bleak night early in the year 1920, my wife and I were ensconced



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in our after-dinner chairs, one on each side of the open fire—a veritable Darby and Joan. Several book catalogues had come in the mail of the day. I began with an unpretentious one issued by Edward Howell, of Liverpool. The first page did not hold my attention, but the turn of the leaf made my eyes pop, for there, in big type, was described—unmistakably described—one of the missing copies of the original trial edition of "The Lover's Tale." The price absurdly low—twenty pounds!

THE

LOVER'S TALE.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON 64, NEW BOND STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

Facsimile of the title-page of the very rare first issue of "The Lover's Tale."

I immediately telephoned the Western Union and gave a cable order. As I afterward learned, sixteen American collectors cabled to Mr. Howell. We were all too late; the little volume had already been bought by the most alert booksellers in all England, who quickly sold it to an eager collector.

Nevertheless, this identical copy of the book now fills the long-empty gap in my collection. How it came into my possession, more than a year later, is a secret—I can only say that I am a very lucky book-collector.

In 1842 Tennyson had many more poems ready for publication. These, with selections from the earlier books, many of them revised, were issued in two volumes. The edition of eight hundred copies was sold in a year, so Moxon brought out a second edition of a thousand copies. In the succeeding ten years six more editions were required to meet the steadily growing demand.

Tennyson's business relations with his publisher were always highly satisfactory. The two men soon became friends, as this invitation for a week-end visit attests.

"Mount Pleasant
Eastbourn
Sussex

"My dear Moxon

"Could you find time to come & see me next Saturday? There is a coach every other day all the way to Eastbourn* & on those days when this coach does not run if you come to Brighton by a forenoon train you will find a coach hitherward at half past one. Answer me if you can by return of post for maybe if you don't come I shall flit. Beachy Head is worth mounting. I shall write to Laurence by this post to come down with you that you may have a companion. You will arrange it together.

ever yours
A Tennyson

* from the Golden Cross."

The Laurence who was to accompany Moxon was doubtless Samuel Laurence, the artist who painted a portrait of the poet in these early days. A reproduction of it is the frontispiece of the first volume of Hallam Tennyson's "Memoir" of his father. Edward Fitzgerald thus speaks of the painting:

"Very imperfect as Laurence's portrait is, it is nevertheless the *best* painted portrait I have seen; and certainly the *only* one of old days. 'Blubber-lipt' I remember once Alfred called it; so it is; but still the only one of old days, and still the best of all to my thinking."

In my collection is another letter to Moxon which speaks of the next poetical flight. The greater portion of the new

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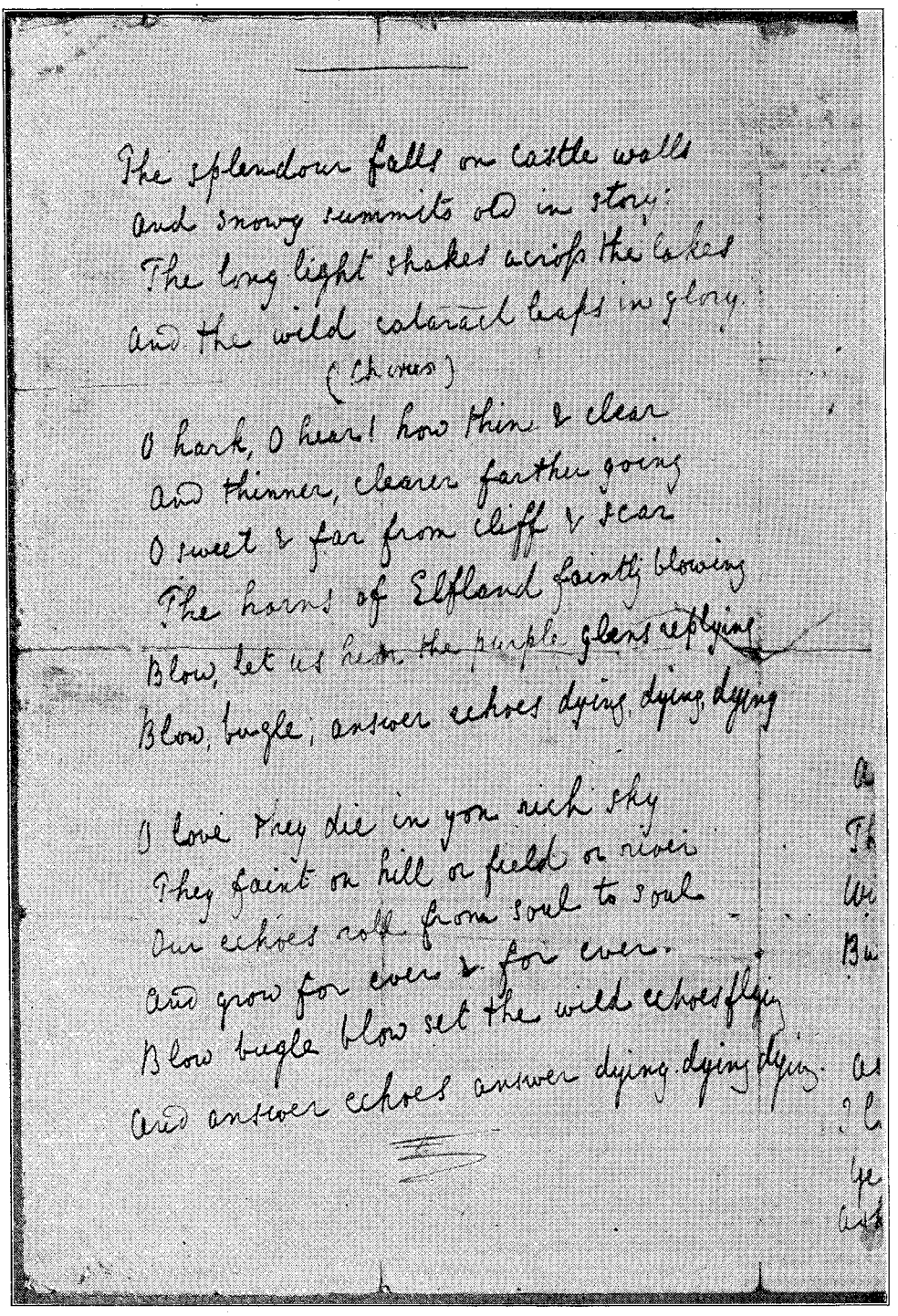

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
(Chorus)
O hark, O hear! how thin & clear
And thinner, clearer farther going
O sweet & far from cliff & scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying
Blow, bugle; answer echoes dying, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever & for ever.
Blow bugle blow set the wild echoes flying
And answer echoes answer dying, dying, dying.

Facsimile of the "Bugle Song" from the manuscript of the songs from "The Princess."

poem had been written at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Mablethorpe
Alford
Lincolnshire

"My dear Moxon

"I find that I shall not be able to get away for a fortnight. I am putting the last touches to the Princess. I trust there will still be time when I come up to get the book out by Xmas. I shall be at this place for about ten days—if any letters arrive send them on here

ever yours
A Tennyson"

Tennyson's desire was gratified—"The Princess; a Medley," came out in November, 1847. The first edition was two thousand copies; another issue was required in 1848. Two years later much of the poem was revised for the third edition, in which first appeared the six intercalary songs that so greatly added to the fame of Tennyson. I have an original manuscript of five of these lyrics written by the poet before publication on a single folded sheet of note-paper. Each song differs more or less from the published text. At the bottom of the last page is this remark, signed "A T." "These are not written regularly but just as they turned up."

The five lyrics of the manuscript are "The splendour falls on castle walls," "As thro' the land at eve we went," "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Ask me no more," and "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums."

There is a marked difference between the manuscript and the published text in the first two lines of the last-mentioned lyric. Instead of the printed form:

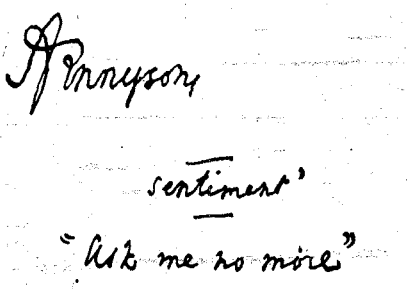
"Thy voice is heard through rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands."

We have in the manuscript:

"When all among the thundering drums
Thy soldier in the battle stands."

At the end of the manuscript verse is a trumpet blare—"Tara ta tantara." This was omitted on publication. The lacking song is "Sweet and Low"—probably it had not yet been written.

Whenever I show this precious sheet I tell a little story, relating to one of these familiar lyrics, which expresses the poet's dry humor. An aspiring citizen of our great country wrote to Tennyson requesting an autograph signature and sentiment. He received no reply. The man again wrote, repeating his request. Still there was no reply. The persistent one made a third effort. This time came a response, here reproduced from the original:




Tennyson first met Emily Sellwood when he was twenty-one; she was seventeen, a lovely girl of much charm. Emily was walking at the time with Arthur Hallam in the "Fairy Wood" of Somersby. To Alfred she appeared "like a light across those woodland ways." He said to her: "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" After this first meeting they saw little of one another for six years. Then the young poet escorted the fair one, a bridesmaid, at the wedding of her sister Louisa to Alfred's brother Charles. From that day friendship quickly ripened to deep affection, but, after three years, as there seemed to be no prospect of marriage—Alfred's income being too small for the greatest of all ventures—communication between the lovers was forbidden. There were ten long years of separation before the engagement was revived. This was in the spring of 1850; in June the patient pair were happily made one.

This mid-century year was a great year for Tennyson. During the very month of nuptial festivities, "In Memoriam" was published and greeted with general acclaim. Edward Moxon, his publisher, agreed to pay a small annual royalty. The office of poet laureate, made vacant by the death of Wordsworth, had been tendered to Samuel Rogers, who declined

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it on account of his advanced years. The post was then offered to Tennyson. Following time-honored custom, the new poet laureate planned to attend one of the queen's levees. Learning that Tennyson was searching among his friends to find the required form of dress for the occasion, Rogers came to the rescue. I have a letter in my collection written shortly after the function in which Tennyson says:

"You will have seen that I kissed the Queen's hand on the sixth. Rogers lent me his court dress, the very same that poor Wordsworth had worn. I hate all publicities & so was a little bit nervous but got thro' very creditably."

Tennyson and his bride began housekeeping in the little village of Warninglid, Sussex. But one night a storm blew down part of the wall of their bedroom and through the gap "the wind raved and the water rushed." Moreover, they now learned that the dining-room and their bedroom had been a Roman Catholic chapel and that a baby was buried somewhere on the premises and, later, that a notorious thief and murderer had once made the house his home. The nearest doctor and butcher were seven miles away. Altogether these traditions and conditions were too much for the newly wed, so they soon moved to Twickenham, where they found comfort and convenience.

After two years the Tennysons again decided to seek a new domicile. In a letter I have that was written to his friend Flowers it appears the task was not an easy one, for the poet says:

"I am so engaged in flying about the country in this wretched househunting business now in Sussex, now in Gloucestershire or Yorkshire that I never can be sure of my whereabouts a day before hand."

At last a permanent home was found in Farringford, situated near the village of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight. A few miles away lived Sir John Simeon, highly esteemed by the poet as friend and critic.

About this time "Maud" was begun. The poem was first printed in what Mr. Wise calls a "pre-natal" edition, of which no copy can now be traced. Fortunately, one, which had been sent by Tennyson to Coventry Patmore in order that the latter might have an opportunity to prepare an early and well-considered review, was seen by Mr. Wise before Patmore destroyed it in accordance with Tennyson's injunction to "Burn or Return." A subsequent proof of the poem was seen by Richard Herne Shepherd, who compared it with the text of the first published edition. Shepherd removed the cloth covers from copies of the published book and inserted blank leaves between the printed pages. On these blank leaves he transcribed the many lines of the proof that differed from the published text. The books thus treated found ready sale to collectors and students, as they afforded the only available text of the early "Maud."

In the summer of 1904 a few books from the library of Sir John Simeon, then deceased, were sold at auction at Sothaby's. Two of the items were thus described:

"Maud and other Poems, Original proof-sheets of pages 1 to 128, first edition, unbound, 1855.

"Maud, Etc. another collection of odd-proof-sheets. 1855."

On the possibility that these sheets might have an extraordinary interest, I made venturesome bids which happily secured them. When they arrived my attention was so taken by a certain item of recognized importance which came to me from the same source, and to which I shall refer later in this article, that I gave little consideration to these fragments of "Maud" and, owing to other distractions, more than a year elapsed before I examined them carefully. I was, indeed, delighted when I found that while these proof-sheets do not form a consecutive copy, they do comprise overlapping proofs which embrace a complete text of "Maud" in which are not only all the lines that the errant Shepherd surreptitiously copied but also several lines and many verbal variants hitherto unknown. Thus my risky bids brought to me a series of sheets (the only examples known) which include the earliest existing text of "Maud."

In a letter in my collection written by Tennyson to his brother-in-law, Charles

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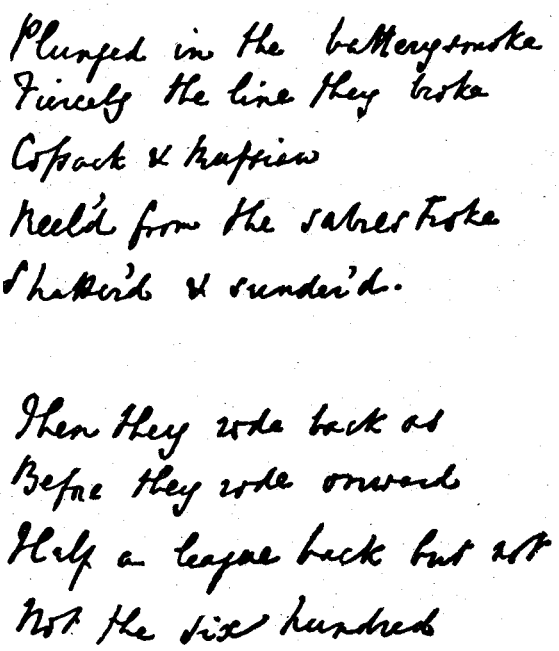
Weld, there is this allusion to the new poem:

"I received the other day a most flattering letter from Ruskin, touching poor little Maud. I am glad that you too find something in her. It is a poem written in an *entirely* new form, as far as I know. I think that properly to appreciate it you ought to hear the author read it—and this I say not in vanity but that to give effect to the long sweeps of metre, you must have a reader who not only reads somewhat dramatically, but likewise has a full voice and ample lungs."

The published volume bears the title "Maud, and Other Poems." Of these other poems the most important are "The Brook," "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."



Facsimile of a portion of the manuscript of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The famous battle-ballad was written in a few minutes. Tennyson's emotions at this time are revealed to us not only in the poem itself but also in a letter I now have which was written shortly after the fatal "Charge."

". . . my heart almost bursts with indignation at the accursed mismanagement of our noble little army, that flower of men."

No other poem of Tennyson has been subjected to as many revisions. It was first published in *The Examiner*. The original galley-proof, now in my possession, bears noteworthy alterations in the poet's hand. As a matter of interest to all admirers of the poetry of Tennyson, I wish it were feasible to give these changes in detail, but to do so, and to show other changes written by the poet on a subsequent page-proof, also in my possession, could only be satisfactorily done by reproducing these early proofs entire. The limits of magazine space forbid this indulgence, so we must be content with a few manuscript lines on a separate sheet which differ materially from the galley-proof, agree word for word with the page-proof, and again differ from the poem as it appeared on publication in *The Examiner*. This bit of manuscript is now in my collection.

"Plunged in the battery smoke
Fiercely the line they broke
Cossack & Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd & sunder'd.

Then they rode back as
Before they rode onward
Half a league back but not
Not the six hundred."

After publication the poem underwent more changes; altogether the revisions and reversions of themselves would afford ample material for a separate article restricted to the story of this immortal ballad.

Another letter from my collection, though written many years later, must have place here; it already has been printed, but, unfortunately, with errors of transcription.

"Oct 20/75

"Dear Sir,

"I cannot attend your banquet—but I enclose five pounds to defray some of it's expenses, or to be distributed, as you may

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think fit, among the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the bravest & most obedient under the sun.

"I will drink a cup on the 25th to the health & long life of all your fine fellows, & thanking yourself & your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me I pray you all to believe me, now & ever,

Your admiring fellow countryman
A. Tennyson"

The project for a poetical rendition of the Arthurian legends was entertained by the poet for many years. It found its first expression in "The Lady of Shalott," which appeared in the poems of 1833, and was followed in 1837 by "St. Agnes," and in 1842 by three more lyrics: "Sir Galahad," "Sir Launcelot," and "Queen Guinevere." The 1842 volumes also contain "Morte d'Arthur," which later became part of "The Passing of Arthur." The Arthurian scheme was broadened in scope when fifteen years later Tennyson had his printers produce trial copies in folded sheets of two epics under the title "Enid and Nimuë, or The True and the False." These were sent to critical friends with injunction to return to the author. Only three of these trial copies are now known to have survived. One was presented to the British Museum by Francis Turner Palgrave; one was bequeathed with other books to South Kensington Museum by John Forster; and one, discovered among the books of Sir John Simeon many years after his decease, was sent by Lady Simeon in 1904, with a few other volumes from Sir John's library, to be sold at auction. This was the certain item of recognized importance which came to me from Sotheby's in the same package with the fragments of "Maud" already described. This trial copy of "Enid and Nimuë" is still in the state in which it came from the printer; that is, unbound and the folded sheets of each poem "stabbed" and separately tied by cord. The title-page is lacking; doubtless, it had not yet been printed when the proofs were sent to Sir John. There are a few minor alterations of the text in Tennyson's hand.

Two years later, 1859, two more Arthurian poems, "Elaine" and "Guinevere," were ready for the printer. A few trial copies which also included "Enid and Nimuë" were struck off under the title "The True and the False. Four Idylls of the King." Of these trial books only two copies remain. One of them is in South Kensington Museum. How I obtained the other, the earlier of the two, has been elsewhere told; it will now suffice to say that this Tennyson *rarissima*, obscurely catalogued by an English dealer in second-hand books, became mine for a few shillings.

The title of the second idyll, "Nimuë," was changed before publication to the more euphonious "Vivien." The published volume, containing the four poems, bears the ever-familiar title "Idylls of the King." Ten thousand copies were sold in the first week.

In the spring of 1920, a few manuscripts and books, which had been withheld when many years ago the "Rowfant Library" was sold, were sent to Sotheby's to be auctioned. The most important of these was a manuscript in Tennyson's hand of "Nimuë." The closely written sheets of note size are bound in paper boards; on the first leaf is this inscription: "F. Locker from Tennyson." I was the successful bidder for this and three of Tennyson's books which bear similar presentation inscriptions. Each of these three volumes has important manuscript additions in the poet's hand.

Locker, for his own purposes, had printed a sumptuous catalogue of his "Rowfant Library." My sensations of early collecting days while reading his descriptions of these very same presentation volumes are still vivid. Even the possibility that they might one day become mine did not then enter my head. But undreamed-of treasures are the reward of the patient collector. The little row of first editions has grown and grown until it is now the most important Tennyson collection on this side of the Atlantic.

The continued popularity of the "Idylls of the King" had an effect in the first choice of title for the next issued volume of Tennyson's poems. This was "Idylls of the Hearth." Why the charming designation was discarded does not ap-

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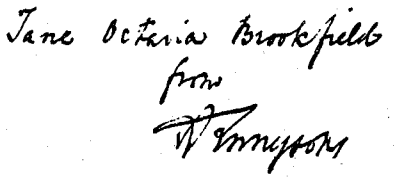
pear. It was a "stop-press" change. Not only had proof after proof been passed back and forth between author and printer to the extent of apparently nine revises in folded sheets, but also a few completed cloth-bound copies had been distributed, all bearing the felicitous title.

Of the nine revises, the one in my collection is the fourth, as is indicated by the Roman numeral IV written at the top of the title-page. There are many corrections in Tennyson's hand, especially to the "Northern Farmer—old style"; the Yorkshire dialect would be a stumbling-block to any printer.

The new name, so hurriedly adopted, was the colorless "Enoch Arden, Etc." My copy of the first published edition was presented to the wife of the Reverend William Henry Brookfield, fondly called "Old Brook" by his intimates. As is well known, Mrs. Brookfield was a brilliant woman of rare charm who drew into their circle of friends nearly all of the London literary group of the mid-Victorian period. The volume bears this inscription:



We hear little in these days of the notion of the climacteric which maintains there are critical periods or turning-points in human life which occur when certain multiples of seven years are attained. Thus, the ages of 21, 35, and 49 are endowed with unusual importance, and at 63 years one reaches the grand climacteric. Be that as it may, Tennyson might be cited in testimony of the validity of the supposition. Though he had never before written a drama, other than some boyish attempts, in the decade following his grand climacteric he wrote no less than seven—six poetical: "Queen Mary," "Harold," "Becket," "The Falcon," "The Foresters," "The Cup"; and one in part prose: "The Promise of May," last of the series. Of five of these dramas, the exceptions being "Queen Mary" and "Harold," small special editions were printed in advance of publication for the use of the author. I have fine copies of four of these early issues. Of "The Foresters" only one trial copy has survived; this lone example is owned by Mr. Wise, whose Tennyson collection excels all others in interest and extent.

It is no part of my purpose to refer in these notes to each and every first edition of Tennyson, and I leave unmentioned several of the very scarce privately printed issues. There is, however, one more rarity as yet lacking in my collection that I wish to speak of.

The poem "Early Spring" was published in *The Youth's Companion* of December 13, 1883. As Mr. Wise tells us in his bibliography, the poem was also printed in London in pamphlet form simply in order to assure the English copyright, and six copies only were produced. Although not published until 1883, "Early Spring" had been composed at least as far back as 1834, for a manuscript written in that year is still in existence. The poem in its original form consisted of nine stanzas, of which four only are identical, and these not verbally so, with the eight stanzas printed in 1883.

Some years ago I spent a very merry Christmas in Boston. In one of the few intervals of relaxation from hilarity I found myself at the little stone steps that almost drop one into the alluring basement bookshop of Goodspeed in Park Street. I had had happy business relations with Mr. Goodspeed for many years. Often he had written to tell me of a recently acquired book or letter of the sort I was interested in. This time I said to him: "When you have something important, especially if it be a Tennyson item, do not write to me about it but send the book or autograph itself. If I don't want it I'll send it back without delay."

About a fortnight after this visit I received a rather large thin parcel with the Goodspeed label. It contained the manuscript of "Early Spring" written on a folio sheet as sent to *The Youth's Companion* in 1883. Following the poem, which is signed by the poet, is this message:

"March 12/83

"Gentlemen,

"My father begs to send you this new poem of his for your Youth's Companion.

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He has copied it out for you: & hopes that you will like it.

I am
Yours faithfully
Hallam Tennyson"

Of course Hallam Tennyson was not aware of the fact that the poem was not wholly "new" but was a radical revision of the unpublished verses of half a century earlier.

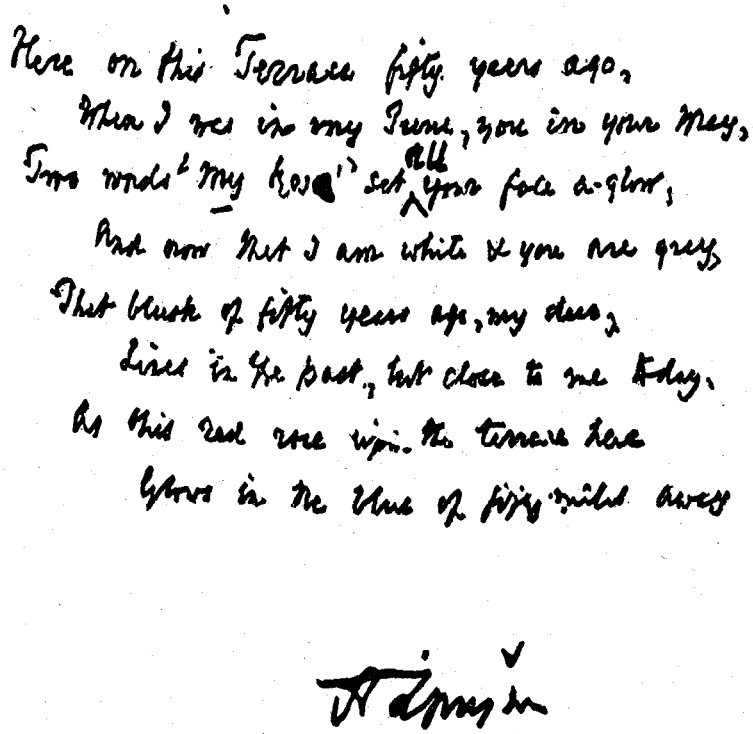
While I am still on the lookout for the little pamphlet, I can most truly say that I am not the least bit envious of those fortunate collectors who have acquired the very rare separate print of this charming poem.

One more manuscript is to be mentioned.

In 1868 Tennyson built a summer home, on Blackdown, Surrey, and named it Aldworth. Here in his eightieth year he wrote the little poem "The Roses on the Terrace." An early draft of these lovely lines is pasted in a scrap-book of autographs which evidently was once a possession of a member of the Tennyson family. The manuscript has slight variations from the printed form. Apparently Tennyson transcribed the poem, making two or three verbal changes, and then tore the original sheet into the three pieces for whose preservation we are indebted to the owner of the scrap-book. Below the poem has been attached a signature, probably cut from a letter.

"Here on this Terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
Two words '*My* Rose' set all your face a-glow,
And now that I am white & you are grey,
That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
Lives in the past, but close to me today,
As this red rose upon the terrace here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles away

A Tennyson"



Facsimile of manuscript of "The Roses on the Terrace," with a signature of Tennyson.

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# What Is the Matter with Your Golf Game?

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

Neurologist; Author of "The Way with the Nerves," etc.

"IF only they would let their unconscious minds work!" said the golf "Pro" to whom I had commented on the rarity of even a fair drive from the first tee of a seaside golf course, where I awaited my turn while the early risers got under way. His words entered my stream of thought that evening, previous to sleep, when the amateur golfer is wont to recall the disasters and successes of the day's engrossing sport. I knew him as a successful teacher, but an indifferent player. I now felt convinced that he was a practical psychologist as well.

Why is the game that is favored as no other participating game was ever favored in the history of man played so badly in this country by the rank and file of its votaries, even by those who devote much time to acquiring the stroke; and why does our experience daily give the lie to the time-honored adage that practice makes perfect? Possibly it may be denied that it is played indifferently, but I fancy that any one who has had opportunity to contrast golf in this country and Great Britain, or who has watched the game on international links, such as those of Cannes or Monte Carlo, will agree.

There is a reason, and it is a psychologic one. We are temperamentally not adapted to the game. As a people we are self-conscious, and self-consciousness is fundamentally opposed to golf perfection. This infirmity, be it in an individual or in a nation, tends naturally to diminish with age. In another generation we may look forward with confidence to being cured of our infirmity, or at least sufficiently relieved to attain such success in golf as we have in other sports. Aside from our youth, our temperament, and our self-consciousness there are other reasons why we do not play the game more satisfactorily, why those who are addicted to golf, as men in the past were addicted to drink or cards, do not give a better account of themselves on the links. We are obsessed with the belief that we are born golfers, and that we do not need to go through wearisome and laborious training. Before we joined up with the Allies the same conviction was expressed by a pacifist orator, then of Nebraska, who, decrying preparation, maintained that we went to bed peaceful burghers and arose the next morning valiant soldiers. Individually and collectively we soon learned we needed training, discipline, and practice.

Golf is largely a game of co-ordination of muscular movements, particularly of those of vision and those that produce the stroke. When any simple or complex movement of co-ordination is acquired very early in life, walking and running, for example, it becomes what is popularly called natural: that is, it becomes automatic, involuntary, and its direction is assumed by the unconscious. The conscious mind often takes charge, but when it persists in doing so for any length of time the results are affectation, pedantry, or even grotesqueness. The problem of the golf novice is to acquire a stroke that is as natural to him as his gait. An individual with slouchy, shuffling locomotion can be taught to walk gracefully if he has no gross structural defect, particularly if instruction is begun before he has become set or fixed in his ways. It is the same with the golfer. He must acquire a stroke of some kind, then entrust it to the unconscious self to operate it. Every time the conscious



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takes a hand in its direction it makes a mess of it, in the golfer's phraseology. Hence the player who is not expert, and who concentrates on pivoting, dipping the left shoulder, keeping the right elbow on a line parallel with the revolving torso, going back slowly, gripping with the right hand at the top of the swing, and the score of other things that he has been told he must do to improve his game, usually finds that the more he attempts to do any or all of them the worse his game becomes. He soon finds that he must learn to swing his club rhythmically, and after that add force to it. To accomplish this, after he has been shown how to stand, to hold the club and to swing it, he must take a club, a bag of balls, and, if affluent, a boy to chase them, and withdraw to some secluded part of the links and hit the balls, one after the other, countless times with force adapted to the drive, the approach, or the putt until the stroke becomes automatic, until everything that makes for efficiency becomes unconscious. This is what the real student of golf calls practice, and what the man who says "Oh, yes, I play golf," calls drudgery, and, it should be added, can scarcely be persuaded to do. However, should he do so he will soon become familiar with a sensation which is as pleasurable as listening to soul-moving music, or to landing a wary salmon, the sensation that comes with making a perfect golf shot, and which the Caruso of the golfing world, Harry Vardon, has had so often, and for so many years, that he is probably no longer cognizant of it.

The majority of beginners and golf duffers cannot be persuaded that such practice is essential. They want to go to the links and play the game, and the good shot that they make now and then leads them on to their golf destruction. The greatest concession that they are willing to make to "form" is to take a few lessons which they fatuously believe will make golfers of them after they have been slicing or pulling to such an extent as to bring on an attack of acute discouragement, or after the Greens Committee has called their attention to the fact that they are a menace to the up-keep of the course and to the safety of the players. This type of golfer has, perhaps, been told by his physician that he should have more exercise, and as bowling and quoits are the only outdoor games that a man beyond middle age may play safely and beneficially, games which scarcely exist in this country, the golf links throughout the country are thronged. Moreover, it is good form in this country now to play golf, just as it was a generation ago to ride a bicycle. It is health-giving or restoring, it is diverting, and it is as care-destroying as it is the enemy of ennui. Comparatively few of those who essay to play the game have had any fundamental training in other games which call for speed, accuracy, and co-ordination. Therefore, when they are called upon to display the physiological and psychological factors upon which considerable degree of success in golf is dependent, they make a poor showing.

Not that training in other games is essential for the golfer. Good baseball players do not, usually, make good golfers. I recall but one of anything approaching national fame who has advanced to class A, and he has accomplished it by display of industry that would make Hercules envious. For twenty years I have observed him practising the same shot over and over, day after day, until he has become as familiar to me as the bunker for which I have a weakness. We so readily forget, or choose not to let it enter our minds, that the only way to be sure of doing a thing well is to do it repeatedly in trial.

Exceptional co-ordination capacity is an endowment, a gift from the gods. It has no relationship to intelligence, that is, to considerable degrees of intelligence. In reality, some high-grade imbeciles possess it to a very remarkable degree, as is shown by world-renowned pianists and dancers. Any one can be taught to dance, but comparatively few become expert even though they devote much time to practice. It is very much the same way with the acquisition of a language. Facile linguists may have conspicuous intelligence and distinguishing mental gifts, but many examples could be cited of minds of the first order who found great difficulty in acquiring a foreign language, Emerson, for example. Such capacity as one has for co-ordination by endowment may be enormously added to by suitable

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practice at a time of life when the tissues are plastic, and the unconscious is not yet a jungle of repressions and a chaos of conflicts. Even after such time much may be accomplished by intelligent and persistent effort, but the price that one must pay is considered by many exorbitant.

Hence it is that the potential and ambitious golfer must yield to the lure of the game in his early years. The commonest rejoinder that I receive from those to whom life is becoming a fear or a burden, and I counsel to make overtures to Hygeia on the links, is: "I am not old enough to play golf yet. I am reserving that for my old age." They may quite as confidently make their reservation for the hundred-yard dash, and with the same expectancy of making a creditable showing. Moreover, they are denying themselves a pleasure, and a credit balance in the bank of health, which is a great injustice to themselves and a detriment to the community. Some day we may have a constitutional amendment which shall compel every individual to learn the game of golf before he is twelve, and to practise it twice a week after he is twenty. It is likely to be more easily enforced than the one that has wide publicity these days, and which furnishes so much material for European humorous weeklies.

It is quite extraordinary that the American man of affairs, industrial or professional, the astute politician, the ambitious statesman lets himself believe that he can devote his life to attempting to satiate the minotaur success and then "take up" golf and have a career in it which will compare not unfavorably with his success in other fields. He pretends not to understand why his game does not improve, and he attributes his bad or indifferent play to lack of practice, coddling himself with the belief that if he could play "regularly" two or three times a week, it would be an easy matter to go upward in class B. Not one in twenty would. Their conscious minds have too long been habituated to directing purposeful action; their lives have been devoted to enhancing awareness, and the conscious mind hinders the golf stroke, particularly it interferes with that most important quality: timing. I am not contending that they cannot improve their game. Such contention would not only be absurd, but it could be contradicted by countless golfers who have accomplished it. The point that I wish to make is that golf is a mistress who must be approached with plan and assiduity; to win her she must be wooed; to keep her she must be dominated. She is peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of youth, and easily repelled by the awkwardnesses and brusqueries of age.

One of the most frequent comments that the golf aspirant makes to his instructor is that when he concentrates on keeping his body out of the swing, on not looking up, or on the five or ten other things that he has been told to do, or not to do, he forgets them all save one. He is a victim of the delusion that golf is a game of concentration. Concentration is a hindrance, not an aid. Indeed success with the game bears a close relationship to the vacant mind, or if not entirely vacant, nearly so. Apprehension, solicitousness, anxiety, concern, preoccupation are the emotional and mental possessions that are inimical to good golf. If they can be repressed into the unconscious, or better still, if their genesis can be thwarted, the amateur's chances of improvement will be enormously enhanced. Before the drastic enforcement of the Volstead act which one witnesses now in golf club-houses particularly, the enterprising amateur could borrow from alcohol to confront and combat these prejudicial mental states. But he had to borrow with great prudence and circumspection, for what he gained in abandon he lost in co-ordination —and more. Most successful golfers are recruited from the ranks of those who are not readily seized by such mental states, or who, if seized, can by effort or ruse easily rid themselves of them.

"I cannot understand why I go all to pieces (or, as Mr. Harding is reputed to put it, blow up) after I have been playing so well for nearly a week," is a remark that many of our friends make, and that so many of us make to our friends. It is attributed to some gross fault of technic, and, in reality, that is the immediate

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cause; but the remote one, the one without which the sad exhibition would not take place, is psychic. In a very large measure these causes are beyond the control of the will. By effort they may be dislodged temporarily, but as soon as the will ceases to be on the alert they are in possession again, throwing sand in the gear-box of muscular co-ordination. Nature and time are the great healers here as they are in every other field of disorder.

Self-consciousness is the stumbling-block of the golf tyro, and sometimes of the seasoned golfer. Although one cannot prove it, it is probable that the psychic structure of self-consciousness is largely constituted of unsolicited, unwelcome darts from the limbo of repression into the stream of consciousness. No better illustration of its capacity for demoralization in a sport contest was ever seen than in some widely advertised tennis games of the past summer, in which a world-renowned and really great player was seized with spasmodic coughing as a defense or protective manifestation whenever it became fairly evident that defeat was looming up ominously. In the "good old days" the Britisher was wont to attribute such display to lack of ——, a short word which has temporarily disappeared from the usage of polite society in these United States. Nowadays we pretend to know that it was her conflict that interfered with the contest. Temperament explains it quite as well. Every one who has played games very much knows that he is often vanquished by an adversary whose game is inferior, and who has the reputation of being a good "match-player," usually an individual who displays no outward signs of overconfidence, who plays every stroke for all it is worth, and who does not know he is beaten until it is announced to him by the umpire. In other words, he is a rather phlegmatic, self-reliant and not self-conscious person who has acquired a stroke, be it in tennis, racquets, baseball, or golf, which combines strength, speed, and accuracy, none of which is interfered with or inhibited by self- or sex-consciousness.

The golfer who realizes that over-solicitousness, undue concern, and self-consciousness often interfere with his game, will ask how he may combat them, and he is likely to inquire if by taking thought or counsel he can liberate himself from their occasional or frequent dominancy. He has the same prospects as the actor or speaker has who suffers from what is called stage fright, as the doctor has in making graceful and impressive entrance to the sick chamber before he has acquired the bedside manner, and the tight-rope walker before he has learned to use the balancing pole. Few of them have to be psychoanalyzed before they acquire a fair success in their respective fields, and those who have to be thus investigated are not worth while.

Naturally, one who finds it difficult to acquire the co-ordination necessary to ride a bicycle is not likely to make an expert tight-rope walker, and there are defects of temperament and emotion which seriously handicap the golfer, or would-be golfer. There are no short cuts to golfing proficiency. Those who are adapted to the game learn it easier and quicker than others, and play it better, but no one plays it well who does not work at it assiduously and intelligently.

Successful golfers who write books and articles that enumerate and discuss our golf infirmities often differ as to our besetting sin. I hold no brief for the supremacy of "looking up," or for "getting the body into the shot," not even for my own predilection, "getting the hands through before the club head," or any of the other cardinal infractions as obstacles to improvement of one's game. From a long and intimate experience with them I know that they are subject to diurnal, sabbatical, and monthly variation, and that they are prone to bunch themselves. Singly or collectively, they are inimical to equanimity, as they are the allies of self-concern and undue solicitude.

Without entering the field of prophecy, I should say that golf in this country has come to stay. The investment in it is enormous; every year it is becoming larger, and the number who play almost incalculably greater. This country began to look up to such supremacy as has been vouchsafed it fifty years ago. Interest in outdoor sports began at about

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the same time, and has kept pace with political progress, dominancy of science and invention, supremacy of corporations, and transformation of religious thought. It is not unlikely that they and our position as a nation, such as it is, have been, and are, interdependent. At least it is true that as we have progressed materially, intellectually, morally, (although some do not admit the last), we have become more addicted to, and dependent upon, outdoor games. Many of them we play very well, baseball, tennis, and polo. Golf we play badly, that is, the generation that is now in its plenitude.

The rising generations will give a better account of themselves on the links than their fathers and mothers gave, for they learn the game and make it an integral part of their personality in the years when such acquisition is possible. The chief obstacle to our prospects of supremacy in the golfing world is that, owing to the expense of the game, we are not able to recruit largely from the field that has supplied us with our invincible baseball material. There has been a commendable movement upon the part of some municipalities to develop public links, but so far they have not entered the souls of communities as they have in Scotland. Something more than links must be provided by commonwealths if we are desirous of making golf a part of our national consciousness and of our national prowess. We need public links to which men and women can repair, pay an appropriate green's fee, and get off on their round the same day. There are few more painful spectacles than the throng endeavoring to play on the public courses in Van Cortlandt Park. Beholden as so many of us are to admonitions of virtuous conduct presented in tabloid form, many believe still that the early bird gets the worm, but the early golfer at Van Cortlandt is usually compelled to remain for an hour or two at the first tee, and when he gets off to go at a snail's pace over the links. It is no uncommon sight, I have been told, to find a long queue of golfers at the first tee at daybreak, having curtailed their sleep, handicapped their digestion, and jeopardized their health in the pursuit of pleasure and health. Indeed, a friend relates that recently returning in the subway at 3 A. M. from a dance, he encountered two of his friends making their way to the public links, that they might have a chance of getting off before the rush. In the same way as the solution of the medical-dispensary problem in this country is the establishment of pay clinics, where patients shall pay a reasonable and just sum for medical or surgical attention, so is the solution of the golf problem. At the present time only the well-to-do or the spendthrift can play golf, as it costs from five to ten dollars to play a game even if one is economical. This prevents enlisting and training recruits from the wage-earning class, to whom we can most confidently look for great successes on the links. Every now and then a Ouimet or a Guilford will come through without the way being facilitated, but we shall never get the pre-eminence in golf that we have in some other sports until we make access to our links easy for those who have natural facility for the game, and an insatiate desire to play it.

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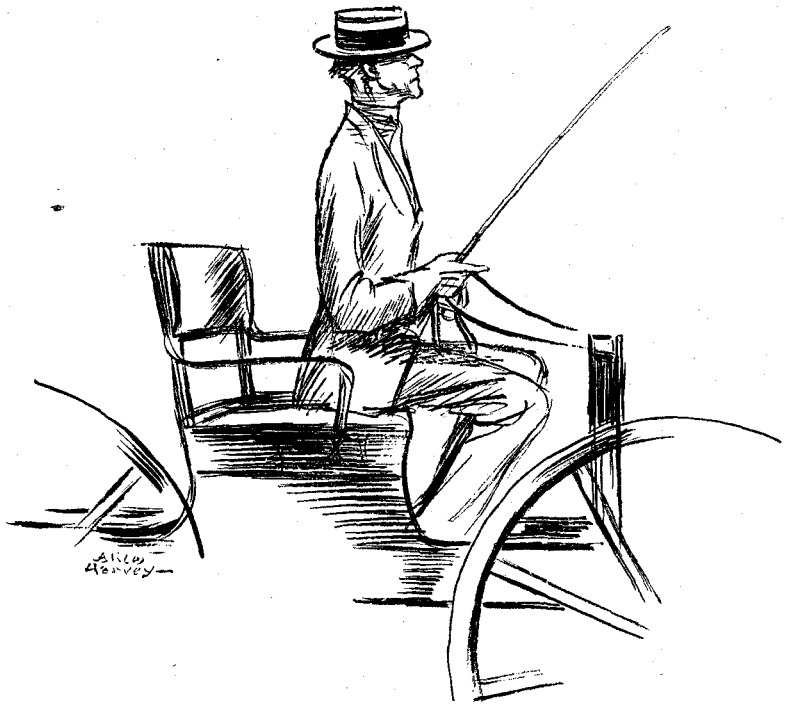

An old sport who doesn't know that he is old, has no capacity for age in him,—the eternal type of young blood.—Page 608.

# Horse Pride

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Illustrations by Alice Harvey

THE first time I saw Mr. Dietz (I never heard him called anything else, and I don't even know his first name, although I could find it by looking at the top of the first editorial column in the Orchard City *Recorder*) he was standing with his back to me, his hands behind him, in the office of the town's little chamber of commerce, the black ribbon of his eye-glasses dangling straight, looking up with leisurely scrutiny at a wall map of Maryland. Here, I thought, was a James Whitcomb Riley or a Eugene Field (but are they good examples?), a man of the old-school type of dilettante-gentleman-journalist with wide experience, a quaint and quiet humor, and some philosophy of his own as to why it is better to spend, or at least to end, your life editing a tiny north Maryland daily than getting down to the office at eleven o'clock three times a week somewhere on Park Row, or having a special leather chair in some dim Gramercy Park or Forty-fourth Street club reserved for you in the late afternoons.

For that was the kind I thought he was. As a matter of fact, I was all wrong. Journalist could stand, but the other parts of the designation had to be changed —gentleman was to be included in a larger term, and there certainly was never



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anything in Mr. Dietz of the humorous dilettante! I have wondered how any one so little whimsical got on so well with horses; but perhaps horses, like women, love really best the fierce, uncompromising pride and devotion of a man.

But just then I was so sure of his type that I didn't even see my error when he turned around like a shot—a long, lean figure in crash trousers, white shoes, and collarless shirt against which the dangling ribbon made a most effective thin black line—at the remark of the chamber's secretary, who had now stopped telephoning, that we ought to know each other, since we both knew newspapers. I didn't even notice that he himself looked something like a horse. I only noticed that he was a little older than I had thought—so much the mellower his wisdom, the richer his reminiscences, the more impersonal his humor! And it was with infinite relaxation and relief that I heard him say, eagerly, "What brings you to Orchard City?" for I knew that this was not curiosity, like all the other eagerness I had met so far, but was because he hotly wanted to know what story I was on. And I looked forward, as to the one personal treat of my Orchard City half-week, to three-thirty that afternoon, when he said he would come to take me for a drive.

"I've got a horse," he said with the studied casualness, the ill-concealed pleasure, which never wears off, with which some men refer to their this year's six-cylinder. Old-school again! What better sport for a gentleman-journalist? What better development of the dangling-ribbon motif than a pair of leather reins?

"He knows a lot about horses," the secretary had said of him the day before, shaking his head sagely, and quite without the amused tolerance with which he had also said he was "a character," "an awfully odd stick."

But when I issued forth from my "hotel," through the restaurant and the proprietor's family assembled on the concrete porch, differentiated from the sidewalk only by thin pillars, and saw Mr. Dietz sitting in his runabout holding the horse and awaiting me, I suddenly saw what he was like, or what he looked like—an old sport who doesn't know that he is old, has no capacity for age in him,—the eternal type of young blood, in a crash suit, old white shoes, driving-gloves, and high piqué riding-stock around his neck, and with an old and yellowish straw hat tilted on his gray hair above a long face with hard dark eyes and big, yellowish horse-teeth. The dangling black ribbon, along with Riley and Field, had vanished.

Directly across the road from the hotel was the railroad station where, at that hot and lazy hour, all the taxis in town were ranged up in the dust, waiting for the afternoon train, their boy drivers, chiefly colored, lounging in their seats with nothing more seductively delightful to do than to yell at old Dietz and laugh about the horse. Seldom did capricious fate bring their butt, their chief comedian, so neatly onto their stage for them as they were set, like an audience, waiting for the 3.45! They gave him close attention and a most appreciative hand!

In the thick of the fanfare of gibes, the salvo of thinly veiled hostility, sat Mr. Dietz, and in the thick of it he jumped out to help me scale the high step; and, as firmly as he held Bronze Belle with one hand the while, did he hold his grip on this game of ridicule and rivalry. He called back jest for jest, gibe for gibe, holding his own, not getting angry, not showing that he was hurt or that there was a chance of his being made to look ridiculous, until Belle had rushed us through the gauntlet and careened around the corner onto Main Street. But it was pitifully plain that he *was* hurt, that there was a tenseness about him of always being ready for them, an alertness which knew it might be called upon at any minute to wage war for the ancient dignity and honor and value of horsemanship, the war which has already begun to seem primitive and fundamental—between man-made and God-made means of transportation. That which was a long, idle joke on which to thread the lazy days for the nigger boys was life-and-death to Mr. Dietz. And yet there may have been some truth in what he said—that they hated his horses, that they were glad, and laughed, when his other horse died. Yes, there was cruelty, the wish to do away with something true to a type they did not know, in that long, raking fire of taunts.

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For two blocks of Main Street he unpenned his scorn of automobiles, and talked of horses and how horsemanship ought to be revived. He sat above me, and well forward, and with his back just

He had never gotten over the assurance that every woman who saw him would admire the sang-froid, . . . the callous dash-and-swing of a cool-headed, cool-hearted, cool-handed blade like him.—Page 610.

a trifle toward me, holding the reins hard and a little high, and the whip poised, sitting as he might have sat, and probably did, in 1895—a devotee to form, an upholder, left solitary, of a good thing out of style. He talked so rapidly, so jerkily, barely casting me a glance, and so much through his nose, that I could hardly follow what he said. And he constantly threw out a quick, loud "Hi, boy!" to passers-by, fearful lest some one should take advantage of him, laugh at him before he had a chance to speak.

He told me, jerkily, among the "*Hi's*," of always having run little papers, of never wanting to live in cities away from good dirt roads (I remembered how he had been devouring with his eyes that familiar Maryland wall map), of the horses and the horsemen he had known, and of Luke O'Shaughnessy. He was as proud of Luke—that nation-known newspaper writer, whose name was more familiar to me than my own—as if he were his own son instead of the boy he grew up with. He admired him more than any one else in the world, I think, as only a person who has fully developed one's own possibilities *can* be admired. It was delightful to find unexpectedly the old haunts of a person as well known as Luke O'Shaughnessy; it was delightful to find the link between these two widely diverse men, so different and so much alike.

And, in the meantime, consciousness



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had been coming on me that it was not only the courtesy of the profession which accounted for this drive. The profession had something to do with it; but Mr. Dietz was a self-appointed official beau. He was not the fond and doting old beau —rather the indifferent young blood who takes a woman driving to complete the picture, who entertains every woman visitor not for his sake but for hers. He had never gotten over the assurance that every woman who saw him would admire the sang-froid, the intrepid horsemanship, the callous dash-and-swing of a cool-headed, cool-hearted, cool-handed blade like him. He paid little attention to me personally; he took only one good look at me all through the drive, and it impressed him very little, although here was a kind of appraisement in his eyes which seemed to say I might be useful to him in a matter he was thinking of. He would have liked me better if I had not seemed to him too old—I was just about the same age as that which he had never realized that he had passed, and he preferred them younger than himself. But he found me a good listener.

Gradually he got around to the horse which had died, and I knew we were coming to regions which were Holy Land. "You like *this* horse?" he asked scornfully. "You should have seen the Maid —Maid of the Mist. She was a big gray pacer—the best horse in the State. This horse is all right, the best I could get, when the Maid died—but a man who's got horse pride wants the best horse in the State. I got a nasty case of flu this spring, and she didn't get the right care or exercise. When they told me she was dead I wanted to die too."

We were very still for a block or two, tearing along a wide, shady side street, and just at the corner of Main Street we saw a newsboy, hawking.

"The paper's out!" exclaimed Mr. Dietz, and he let Bronze Belle out to her capacity, headed for *The Recorder* office. I had wondered why we stuck so to the town, going up one shady street and down another, and getting in the way of trolley-cars, instead of making for the outlands where the orchards are. Now I knew. We had to be on hand when the paper was out. He brought me out a copy to read, sitting up in the runabout with a terrible fear that Bronze Belle would slip her tether and make away with me, while he retired into the little two-story office to read his in peace. I could see him there in the little room, through the screen-door, leaning back luxuriously, hidden by the eight pages which were to him as wonderful and ever new a daily occurrence as is dawn to worshippers of the sun. There was one other person in the shop—a young girl, to whom he threw comments as he read; evidently the "one member of my staff," whom he had mentioned.

"Read these two stories," he had said to me before he left me hitched, pointing to the two two-column spread heads on the front page. "That's an interesting thing. One of the stories is really not so good as the other, but it makes better reading—it's all in the way it's handled."

I read them, and also "Hetty; Her Half-a-Page"—a very well-done half. And then he came out again, bringing Hetty with him.

"This is Hetty," he said with a pride which was almost tender. "She's the finest thing Orchard City has produced in a long time. I'm trying to get her to go away and get on a big paper—she writes as well as I do now." Then I saw how I could be of use, or how he thought I could. But I also saw that Hetty would have no need of me. If I knew city editors at all, and I believed I did, that lovely child would have no trouble getting a job. She was the kind who could just walk in, and every one would be glad.

If I were making Hetty up, instead of telling exactly how she was, I would not have her so adorable, so bewitchingly pretty, so really unusual—it would sound forced and too conventional. But those are the ways she was—and with it all so eager and naïve, so unconscious of the fact that, with her charm and talent and fresh, eager lovableness, her way to what she wanted could not be anything but open. She was the kind of daughter, or reporter, that any one would crave to have.

And it was partly as a daughter that Mr. Dietz thought of her, and partly as a beautiful woman companion, to supplement and appreciate his own appearance

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Hidden by the eight pages which were to him as wonderful and ever new a daily occurrence as is dawn to worshippers of the sun.—Page 610.

and ability and horsemanship—the last such companion, in all probability, that he would ever have; but it was chiefly as "the finest thing Orchard City has produced in a long time" that he thought of her—as the best thing of her kind, which must, according to the uncompromising and simple code of a man "who's got horse pride," be recognized and shown, and given its award. Mr. Dietz loved Hetty, I think, more than he had ever loved any one in his intense, cool-hearted life—perhaps not more than he had loved the great, gray, pacing Maid—I cannot tell. But surely she was all his human loves rolled into one, as a younger person is so apt to be to an older one who has neglected love when he was young. How was he going to reconcile this with the fact that she was Orchard City's best, and that she must go right away and get herself a worth-while job? But for Mr. Dietz there was never, not even now, a conscious conflict. Hetty was the best and she must have her chance.

Hetty herself wasn't at all sure how to go about it. She jumped in with Mr. Dietz and me and took the reins to drive



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me, and then herself, home, the day's work being done. "How do you like our horse?" she asked. "Oh, but you should have seen our other one! I was too busy with the paper to keep her exercised." We talked as we went about Hetty's chances in New York, and I told her what I thought, and she didn't know whether she'd have the nerve, and I said it was easy. And now that she was with us, he wasn't uneasy any more—he didn't anticipate with "Hi, boy!" all the time. But once he gave us a startled glance, looking at me and then at Hetty. Perhaps he was thinking that if she did get started in New York she might grow to be like me—too old for him, never the same little lovely Hetty any more, and thinking of him more in my way than in hers. Sportsmen take big chances. Just for one second I caught that haunted and pitiable look in his eyes. Then we careened around that corner again into my hotel street, and our ride was done.

Well, as a matter of fact, it wasn't I at all, but Luke O'Shaughnessy, who got Hetty her first job. I took it out in writing her a couple of letters, giving her the names of editors to see, and urging her to come. But she was shy, and a little afraid, and said perhaps she would come in the fall. But when I went back in September to Orchard City to gather up the loose ends of the story I had been getting there in June, she had been gone two weeks. Luke O'Shaughnessy, who, it seems, always goes back in that time of year to the country where he was a boy, for a vacation, had taken her back with him. He was going to give her a place in his syndicate until she got onto a paper, which he very sensibly thought was the best way for her to start.

*The Recorder* office looked a little empty when I went in to see Mr. Dietz. The black oilcloth cover over Hetty's quiet typewriter had something the air of a pall.

"Well, Hetty's gone, you see," he said, jerkily and through his nose. "I spoke to Luke about her when he came down . . . he'd been following her work in the paper, anyway . . . he's never given up the paper. She never would have gone unless somebody came and had a job all ready for her. Luke can get her most anything, you know." He paused a minute before going on: "*I* couldn't do anything for her—but Luke knows 'em all, all the big editors. He'll get her placed, get her started. . . ."

"You'll be lonesome," I volunteered, weakly forcing the issue. He gave me a quick look out of his horse eyes and closed his big mouth tightly over his big horse-teeth. He thought I was just making talk. All he said was:

"She'll make good all right. She's the best there is, you know," as if he dared me to deny it.

The secretary of the chamber of commerce—that very patient and resourceful man who had threaded me a way through civic tangles for the story I was after—came to see me off that afternoon on the 4.20, down at the "other station" of Orchard City, almost on the outskirts. And in the sketchy résumé of conditions and characters and community in general which we made while we waited for the train, we came to Mr. Dietz, who, in a way so amazing for the editor of a little country daily, made fiction and history of the doings of the town. We saw him so plainly for a moment as we talked—that extraordinary but not unusual type of newspaper man with so little conscious, so much unconscious, humor, seeing himself not at all but other things so clearly! I knew so well the grim and rapid and preoccupied way in which he threw his situations into print, the hard eagerness with which he seized and wrote his funniness, never realizing for a moment what he was at! If only Mr. Dietz were not the perfect sportsman, I thought, with sharp regret, getting myself into that same grimly eager mood of those who must always avariciously record, how perfect a specimen of the journalist he would be—no, not journalist—just plain newspaper man! But, at any rate, it was through the newspaper man in him that the sportsman came so beautifully to flower!

And then the secretary was saying: "A queer stick," ruminatingly. "An awfully queer stick . . . but sometimes, I think, a rather unusual man! Sometimes I think he has wasted himself here in this town . . . with a little newspaper and a good horse! Why, he and Luke O'Shaughnessy were brought up here to-

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"This is Hetty. . . . She's the finest thing Orchard City has produced in a long time."—Page 610.

gether, you know, as boys. Look at Luke now . . . and look at Dietz . . . well, some people get everything, anyway. . . ." The secretary didn't know, and I didn't tell him, that Luke had even gotten that one ultimate, precious thing—the chance to help Hetty make her way, the chance to be the one she'd turn to first.

And thinking of O'Shaughnessy, that successful man, whose solid, accurate, able, never-ceasing work I knew, as did every other reporter in the country, and then of Dietz, and of his pride, his rigor, his consistency, his uniqueness, his splendid, utter, single-minded sportsmanship, I remembered what he himself had said, that day I took a drive with him.

"This story isn't really as good as the other, but it makes better reading. It's all in the way it's handled."

And that was just exactly it.

Just then, by a chance, though really not by chance at all, but because this outskirt station was just about as far away as Mr. Dietz allowed himself to get in his circling afternoon drives, so as to be back to Main Street by the time the paper was off the press, he came driving by.

When he caught sight of us, he veered up close, slowed his horse a little, and called out, nasally and abruptly and as if it didn't matter very much: "If you see Hetty in New York, tell her the Belle is getting into form."

And he was off again, an old sport in crash and straw and piqué stock, sitting a little forward, the reins held hard, the whip just poised. And, as he dashed away, I heard a colored taxi-boy hoot.



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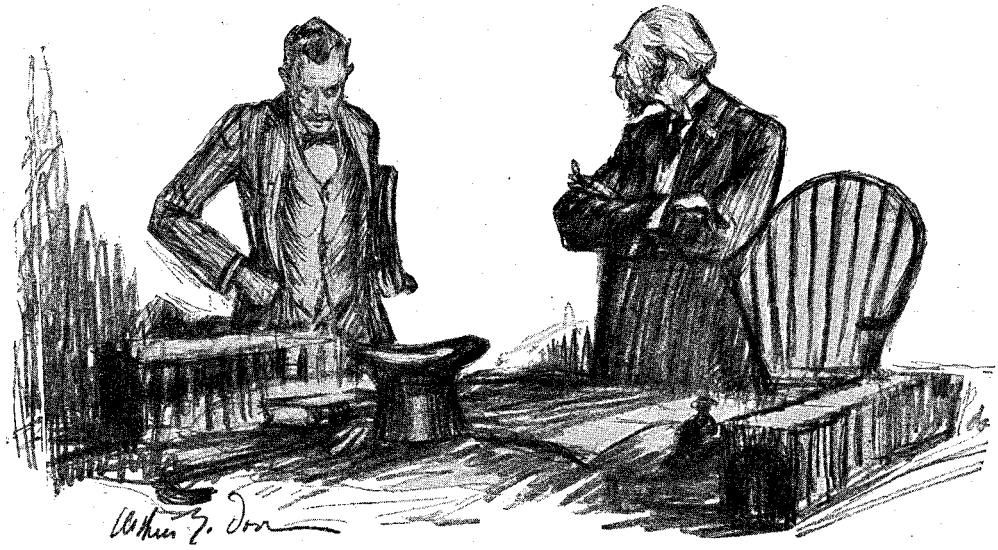

"Very considerate, my boy, but I feel that I cannot leave you in the lurch!"—Page 615.

# The Drudge

BY THANE MILLER JONES

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

SAMMY PUTNAM, junior member of the law firm of Putnam & Putnam, had been at work three hours when his distinguished father, Winthrop G. Putnam, came down to business.

Sammy wearily glanced up from the long briefing-table. It was twenty-five minutes past nine. Court would resume at ten.

"Ah, good morning, Sammy!" greeted his father crisply.

"Good morning, sir."

Winthrop G. Putnam disposed methodically of his silk hat, his cane and gloves, and, gazing blandly down into the busy street, daintily nipped off the end of a mild perfecto.

Sammy hastily gathered his papers together, thrust them into a large envelope, and hurried toward his consulting-room.

Winthrop G. Putnam turned from the window and stood at his great desk—the Putnam desk—tranquilly enjoying his morning smoke. There was an air of elegant leisureliness, a polished poise of deportment about him, in odd and incongruous contrast to his son's hurried, unrestful expression. The son appeared harassed; the father superbly serene.

"Ah, Sammy, preparing for court?"

The junior member paused on the threshold.

"Yes, father. I'm trying to get into shape my address to the jury."

Winthrop G. Putnam's intellectual features expressed sudden interest. His eyes lit up with forensic fire.

"I have decided to come to your relief, my boy. I will personally address the jury!"

Sam Putnam stood leaning against the door-jamb. His earnest gray eyes were full of a troubled perplexity.

"Why, yes, father. Certainly! That will be splendid!"

He walked slowly into his own room



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and sat down heavily at his desk. His father called after him:

"By the way, I saw at the hotel last evening Chairman Reid, of the State Patronage Committee. They say he is interested in some case going on here. Was about the court-house yesterday afternoon."

Sammy sighed. His father had always exhibited a fruitless deference to those in power.

He seized a pencil and pad, and determinedly sought to fix his mind upon the coming fight. It was, of course, very fitting that his distinguished and brilliant father should take personal charge of the supreme appeal in the biggest case that Sam Putnam had ever tried. And yet something perplexed and troubled him.

Through the open door he saw his father stroll slowly to his desk and sit down. All his actions were without hurry; graceful, dignified. Dignity of deportment was the inevitable flowering of that scholarly and distinguished life. He always had appeared to Sammy to be so sure of himself.

Yet in a moment of rare confidence he had once admitted to his son that, in those first months after his father, Governor William H. Putnam, had died, some seventeen years before, he had actually felt some slight misgivings. These misgivings, however, were soon dispelled. It gradually became almost a byword that Winthrop G. Putnam was a great lawyer. People somehow got to know that he was. And he himself knew that he was.

Sammy remembered how as a growing boy he had watched the actual law cases drift past the doors of Putnam & Putnam. It was inexplicable to the youth. That pettifogger Smeed, and that unbearable little shyster Fred Burnham, down on the side street, somehow had managed to chase up and capture all the big cases.

As the years went by, Sammy became automatically associated with the firm, to the extent, at least, of being permitted to sweep the offices, mop the floors thereof, and to turn over to his father—to meet a laughably absurd temporary shortage of actual cash—such sums of money as he could earn in small-court cases. The dire need of Sammy's stop-gap activities grew with the years. The present case, the Madison Realty Company *vs.* Lane, was the most important tried in the county in a decade.

Sam Putnam passed a big hand impatiently across his face as though to rid his brain of a perplexing problem. He told himself fiercely, as though to crush with finality the strange insistence of some intruding misgiving, that his father was indeed head and shoulders above every other lawyer in the State.

Sammy abruptly seized his hat and reached for his law-bag. As he approached his father's desk his face was disturbed by curious lines of anxiety and indecision. The sheer burden of the big case, now in its final stages, weighed down his optimism. He paused at his father's side. He stood for a moment watching the white, graceful hand moving methodically over the legal cap. Suddenly he burst out:

"Father, there is really no need for you to take time from your own work to address the jury."

Winthrop G. Putnam glanced quickly up, in mild surprise.

There was in his questioning eyes a dawning expression of wonderment that somehow drove his son to precipitate explanation.

"For, dad, your article on 'The Simplification of Criminal Procedure' is very important, and I know how it distresses you to take your mind from your own work."

Winthrop G. Putnam had risen from the great chair which his father, William H. Putnam, had bequeathed to him. He gazed with a very curious expression at his son. Then, as Sam hurriedly finished, that expression changed somewhat.

"Very considerate, my boy, but I feel that I cannot leave you in the lurch!"

Sammy sighed in relief. He somehow felt that he had just avoided an affront to his father which he could in no wise have intended. He warningly put it down to the long, wearying days over the case.

"Thank you, father. Court-time now. I must hurry along."

"The case will not reach the jury till after lunch, will it, Sammy? Don't, above all things, worry!"

All through the morning session Sam fought stubbornly, aggressively, ably. In

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the middle of the afternoon, when the last witness had stepped down, he was dead tired. He listlessly gathered his papers together in some sort of order as Attorney Smeed for the defense was concluding, and glanced anxiously about the big court-room. He beckoned his father.

Winthrop G. Putnam strolled tranquilly over to the railing. Sammy looked up into his serene and distinguished face.

"Please take the jury now, father."

Winthrop G. Putnam came within the bar, and sat down a moment at the attorneys' table. He took from his pocket some memoranda, glanced at the judge, then rose in his place.

Sammy Putnam sat in his. He was positive that he was completely concealing the anxious look that had no business to be in his sober gray eyes.

Men sat up in their chairs now. "Sam Putnam's got his father to address the jury. Gosh!"

The father spoke at some length. At the end of two hours and fifty-five minutes the last grand superperoration had flowed from those fine, mobile lips, ushered through portals of strong, white teeth. That voice, mellow, flexible, somehow condescending, should, one felt with all one's heart, resound in stately halls of judicial and legislative grandeur.

Sammy rose quietly and unostentatiously as his father sat down. He addressed the judge in a non-musical, matter-of-fact voice.

"May it please your Honor, just one moment. I wish to read certain legal propositions which I submit should form part of your Honor's charge to the jury." He read them, then passed up a typed copy. "And in connection with paragraph four I submit that the address of my learned colleague was in all respects apt, unassailable, and exemplary. For instance, when it was pointed out that—" And so on and so on. The upshot of it all was that Sammy, under cover of this method, had in a hurried effort that extended into five minutes managed to drive home certain salient points which his father's grandiloquence had hardly touched upon.

"But—" had interrupted Attorney Smeed.

"Now, I did not interrupt you!" demurred Sam illogically.

He rushed his stop-gap manœuvre to a conclusion, then sat down, comforted by a slight batting of an eye vouchsafed to him by one of the jurymen. He had got his points over.

When the jury came in twenty minutes after the judge had charged them and sent them out, and brought a verdict in favor of Sam Putnam's clients, Winthrop G. Putnam became the modest recipient of many hearty and loud congratulations. He was indeed the master-lawyer. No wonder that his name was—nearly—a household word. No wonder that he was so good a lawyer that people determined —nearly—to employ him.

As Sammy walked out into the corridor he was in a glow. How brilliantly his father had spoken! There was such a finish, such a scholarly polish about Winthrop G. Putnam's public utterances that, in his mouth, mere speech became rich oratory. Sam knew that his own work was sordid prose. All work and no theory had been of necessity Sam Putnam's slogan. The law to him was a mere trade. He had always deplored his inability to sympathize with his father's efforts to revive the English custom of wearing the academic gown in court. He went at a lawsuit as a business man went at a business deal.

In the vestibule he met K. K. Reid. He recalled that his father had told him that the chairman of the State Patronage Committee was in town. He now hoped ardently that he had heard his father's great speech.

"By the way, Putnam," said the big politician, "I wish that you would keep Friday afternoon clear, if you can. I may 'phone you to run over to the capital. I am not sure, but I may want to see you on an important matter. Think you can?"

"Oh, I think so, Mr. Reid," said Sammy.

Winthrop G. Putnam came sauntering through the vestibule. The three chatted pleasantly as they walked down the broad driveway.

"I presume that the vacancy in the supreme court caused by the regrettable death of Judge Lindsay will soon be filled?" Putnam senior mildly inquired.

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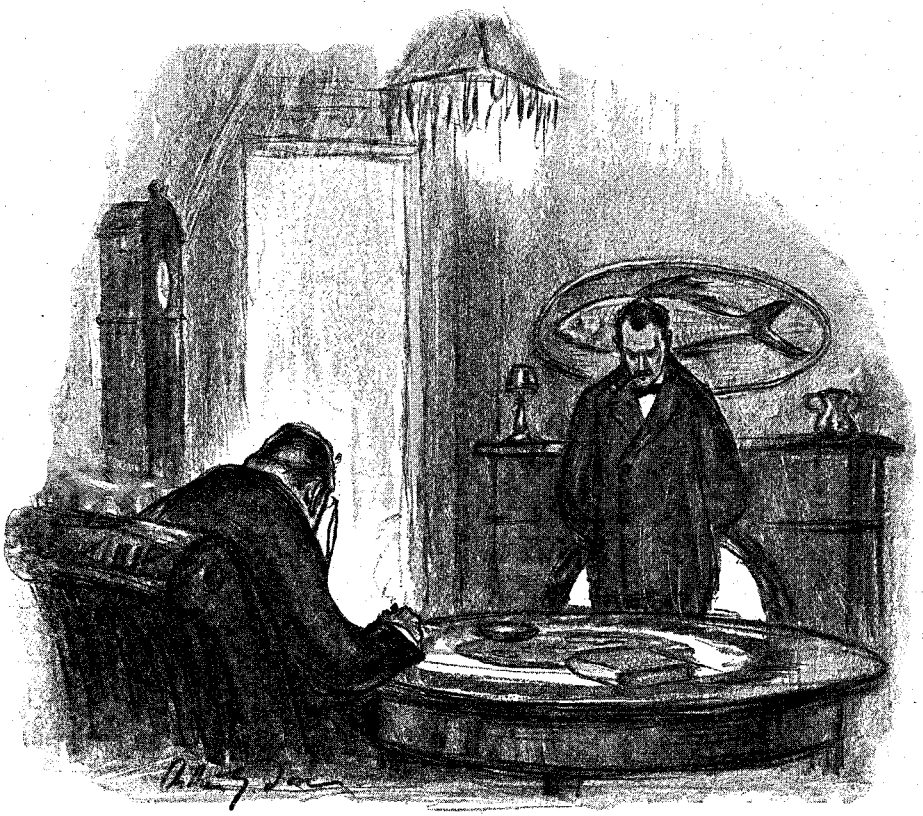
Reid glanced at the old lawyer quickly.

"Yes, I suppose the matter will be given consideration soon," he slowly replied. "Been a beautiful day, hasn't it?"

Sam came back to the offices a little later than usual on Friday afternoon.

"I'll just light my pipe if you don't mind."

"I'll try not to mind—much," laughed the big man. "Now, here's the point: there is, as you know, this supreme-court judgeship. And for two reasons, because you have earned it and because



The phrase "Only, just at this particular time—" how often he had heard it!—Page 620.

"I'm running over to the capital, dad. Will be back to-night, late."

"Oh, ah—something—?" There had been a question in his father's voice, but, instead of finishing his sentence, he became absorbed in his manuscript.

"Yes-s."

Sammy took the 3.20 train. He reached the inner offices where things politically big in the State are born, at 5.30. A clerk was deferential. "Yes, Mr. Putnam. You are expected. Please go right in."

"Have a cigar," said K. K. Reid.

we want to strengthen the court I—we—propose to offer it to you."

Sam's pulses thrilled to a sudden great elation. The tears tugged at his eyelids. He set his lips against them in frowning disdain.

Here was suddenly thrust upon him an honor which is the far dream of every young attorney with any vision left in his soul. A term in the supreme court meant success, placed him in the master class of lawyers. It was an unexpected, divine reward for what he could not bring himself to admit had been, after all, a

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brilliant career at the bar, of over twelve years. Strange new joys in life! His keen mind felt a sudden zest, eager to fasten itself upon the great judicial work which awaited him. There was an infinite relish in his soul. He half rose and put out an impulsive hand.

"Now, that's all right, Sam Putnam. I'm doing this for the public. Once in a while a politician can do the right thing. You earned it and the public have a right to it. I don't mind admitting that I coldbloodedly canvassed the whole situation both among the lawyers and the judges. That was my business over your way Wednesday. You're the man, that's all."

Sam managed somehow to get out of the office without executing any fancy steps. And then he had to walk, walk, walk! More than once his jubilant steps took him shamefacedly past that august edifice where he had with anxious heart and brain a-tingle stood up before that bench of judges to argue cases—that tribunal of which he was himself now to be a member! Ah, life was very kind and sweet!

Then, as he walked through the clanging, high-vaulted depot he felt an arrogant touch of sheer pride. These people hurrying along did not know who he was, or that he was, to all intents and purposes, one of their highest judges.

He found his train made up, waiting on one of the tracks. He sat in the semi-darkness of the car and lit his pipe. Dreams, dreams! He was obsessed with visions. That something sinister and dream-shattering lurked far back in his throbbing brain he may even then have dimly felt. He reached out awkward, yearning arms to this fuller life. It was intricately alluring.

And his father, he would be so . . .

From somewhere came a sudden new and painful vision of his father, standing airily by his great desk—the Putnam desk—conferring favors, condescending; reassuring the clients who came to see Sammy of his own personal oversight of their obscure affairs. The white hair was spare about the high-peaked, narrow forehead. Some sinister spirit of caricature presented Winthrop G. Putnam to his son's astonished mind a brilliantly ineffective figure of mere dilettanteism. With a passion indeed in those proud eyes to attain to the high things of life, he yet lacked that vital spunk for the mastery of life's drudgeries beyond which lies actual achievement. A man worthy enough among men had he been unharassed all his days by this wrenching, fierce ambition, placed in his breast by an all-ambitious nature, who, if she planted desire without ability to achieve, did not greatly concern herself, so that it be repeated in the boy—with the gumption.

Sam Putnam was appalled. He clinched his fists fiercely. It was grotesquely untrue. And yet . . . And now he came to know that his father was a failure. He had fought against the recognition of it for fifteen years. More and more stubbornly had sinister hints darted out at him, grinning ironically. He had driven them resentfully back. How they had assailed him the past week! He bitterly bowed his head to them now.

But it would kill his father, this appointment. It would leave him—passed over for his own son—unequivocally exposed, beyond all hope of cavil or camouflage, to a sneering world.

Oh, if only something could, miraculously—even undeservedly—turn up even yet! What a buffoon was nature that she had tortured him so!

Sammy, understanding all now, wanted to strike a blow at this buffoon nature. He wanted to put his hand in his father's, as when a little child, and feel again that his own daddy was the biggest man in all the world.

The train commenced to move. With a sudden audible cry Sam Putnam rushed from the car. He flung to the astonished porter a "Not going—mistake," and trudged moodily back through the station.

With bowed head, lost in the intricacies of wrenching thought, he walked the streets again. He saw places with brilliant lights—people eating and dancing.

Lights, too, gleamed from a great building before which he stood. He could hear the throb of machinery. In the basement great presses worked. Somehow this seemed to be a place that concerned him. He wondered fiercely what it could be. The printing-presses were flinging out leaves of news. Well? And then he

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"Thinkin' of motoring down to the old place . . . to see my father soon."—Page 621.

knew! Hungry reporters had interviewed the big politician, and already in print there was the brief intelligence that was to kill his father. He realized that appointments are speedily made and as speedily announced, so that a hungry mob of office-seekers should not become unbearably importunate.

He wheeled swiftly and stared up the long street. There was a taxi two blocks away. He raced for it.

"Yes, sir. I can run you out in twelve minutes."

It seemed to him that the swift journey was to be unending. Past the great stores, then the old mansions of a former generation, and now the smart mansion-cottages, cold and unfriendly in the wan moonlight. Then over country roads, with now and then a nerve-centre of a few stores and clustering cottages, then the wide, clear stretch of country. His mind leaped ahead of the car in frantic hope and a more deadly fear.

The car slid suddenly around a corner and swayed to the ditch. Sam sprang



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out and ran up the long driveway. A dim light burned in the vestibule. He pressed a bell-button, then glanced at his watch. It was twelve-thirty. They were all abed.

Determinedly he jabbed at the button again. He fancied he could hear a far, tiny bell.

There was a light. Then a nearer one. The door partly opened. The face of his big friend peered out!

"Why, it's Sam Putnam! Hello, Sam! What's up?"

Sam brushed aside the semi-apologies that rose involuntarily to his lips. The occasion was raw, vital. There was no room for amenities.

"I want to see you. It's very important."

"Come on in. Come in, man!"

Sam turned and flung a word to the chauffeur, then silently followed Reid into a small library at the end of a long hall.

"Have you given out the news yet—about the appointment?"

The big man looked up from his easy chair. He was puzzled at the vehemence of the young lawyer.

"Why, no-o. I didn't happen to. To tell the truth, I was dog-tired and dodged them. Came straight out."

In his relief Sam sank back limply.

"A big mistake has nearly been made," he jerked out. "I suddenly realized it this evening. A terrible mistake!"

"Yes?"

Sam leaned forward and looked with all the earnestness of his soul into the politician's puzzled face. "I'll tell you, sir. My father is the one man for the judgeship. He would be at once an ornament to the bench and—and——"

"Why, yes, yes! A splendid idea!" heartily agreed the man. "Great!" He sat flicking the ash from his cigar. He glanced appraisingly at the big, earnest-faced lawyer. "Fine idea! Only, just at this particular time—" He paused.

A dull, heavy feeling of resentment tortured Sam. It was as though some new, monstrous, crushing blow were aimed at his father. The phrase "Only, just at this particular time—" how often he had heard it! Quivering in dull anger, he continued his plea stubbornly.

"So that I trust it is not asking too much on his behalf. You said I had earned something. Throw that in with the other considerations. The public would be delighted——"

Reid held up a protesting hand.

"I'm a little afraid," he checked, "under the peculiar circumstances of this particular appointment just at this time that— A little later, perhaps, there will be—yes!—the chief justiceship! Ah! Eh? That's it!"

"It always has been a little later!" said Sam Putnam bitterly. He looked rebellious. The big man studied him attentively, then spoke decisively.

"I might as well say it, Sam. It can't be done. We could not afford to do it. You take it yourself or it will have to go to the Elkins crowd."

Sam paced restlessly back and forth. He lit his pipe, puffed a moment, then absently knocked the burning tobacco out against one of the andirons at the fireplace, and refilled his pipe. He turned upon Reid accusingly.

"Well, then," he snapped, "you have been promising for some years to appoint a committee of three eminent lawyers to examine the antiquated system of criminal procedure in this State, with a view to its simplification. Now I have understood that slated for this committee were Burleigh and that chap from the river counties, Henderson. Why wouldn't father do as chairman of that committee? And let the damned judgeship go to the Elkins crowd!"

"But, Sam, that's throwing away thousands for the sake of what altogether would not amount to more than——"

"Yes, sir, but my father is eminently fitted— The people demand it! It would be a crowning activity of a life of great purposes and high——"

The big man studied the young lawyer curiously.

"And you would do this for your father? Think it over a day or two and come back to me then——"

"I don't need one minute to think it over. That I can do it—that I have the power to get this position for dad is the important thing."

He drew a chair up to the table and reached for a pad of writing-paper. Slowly he drafted a letter. Reid watched

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him intently, a forgotten cigar in his hand. At last Sam glanced up. There was a look of deep satisfaction on his pulsing face that stirred the shrewd-eyed politician strangely.

"Listen to this, please," urged Sam.

"'WINTHROP G. PUTNAM, ESQ., LL.B.

"'*My dear Mr. Putnam:* A committee of three eminent and distinguished attorneys is to be appointed to report to the legislature on the present condition of criminal procedure, with their recommendations for its simplification. This is, as you know, an exceedingly important work, and I sincerely trust that you will accept the chairmanship of this committee. Should you feel that you could manage to perform this great public service, at some sacrifice, I admit, of your own private practice, the public would reap the benefit. The committee should begin work as soon as possible.'"

Sam paused and looked steadily at Reid. "There," he said. "Now, you send that letter, all officialed up, to my father in the morning."

Reid frowned thoughtfully. He meditatively tapped his cigar-stub against the edge of the tray.

"I can just about do this much, Putnam, and I will. The folks will stand for this. Wish you luck. You deserve it. Good-by."

In the porch he reached again for Sam's hand. "By the way, I may stop over and see you in a day or two. Thinkin' of motoring down to the old place, on the coast, to see my father soon. Sort of half forgotten the old chap lately. Of course he's all right, but—I'd sort of like to see him." He suddenly averted his face as he pressed Sam's big hand. "I'll not forget this business, Sam Putnam. And I understand! Good luck!"

The following afternoon Sammy Putnam trudged wearily back from a stuffy session of the county court to the law offices of Putnam & Putnam. With a cheery word to his father, sitting at the great desk, he was about to pass into his own room when his father stopped him.

"You might read that, my boy!"

Sam took the letter and carefully read it.

"Why, dad, this is splendid! Three hearty cheers!" Then he added swiftly, his eyes upon his father's benign face:

"And it seems somehow natural that this honor should come to you! You'll make the sacrifice, won't you, dad? For the public weal, as the letter puts it."

Winthrop G. Putnam's graceful white hands trembled slightly as he adjusted his cravat. He sought wholly to retain his poise of tranquillity, but Sam noted a vague, troubled questioning in the sudden tenseness of his regard. Was there some pitiful misgiving behind those narrow temples? Winthrop G. Putnam did not know—could not know—but did he not dimly surmise that there might be something that he did not know? Sam noted with sharp apprehension the question shaping itself upon those twitching lips. The proud face quivered—the eyes debating, impelling, restraining. Then slowly a returning serenity coaxed back the old man's poise. Again he knew himself to be a great lawyer.

"I feel that I am practically compelled to, my boy. And I trust that my example will teach you that self-sacrifice is, after all, the true test of a man's greatness."

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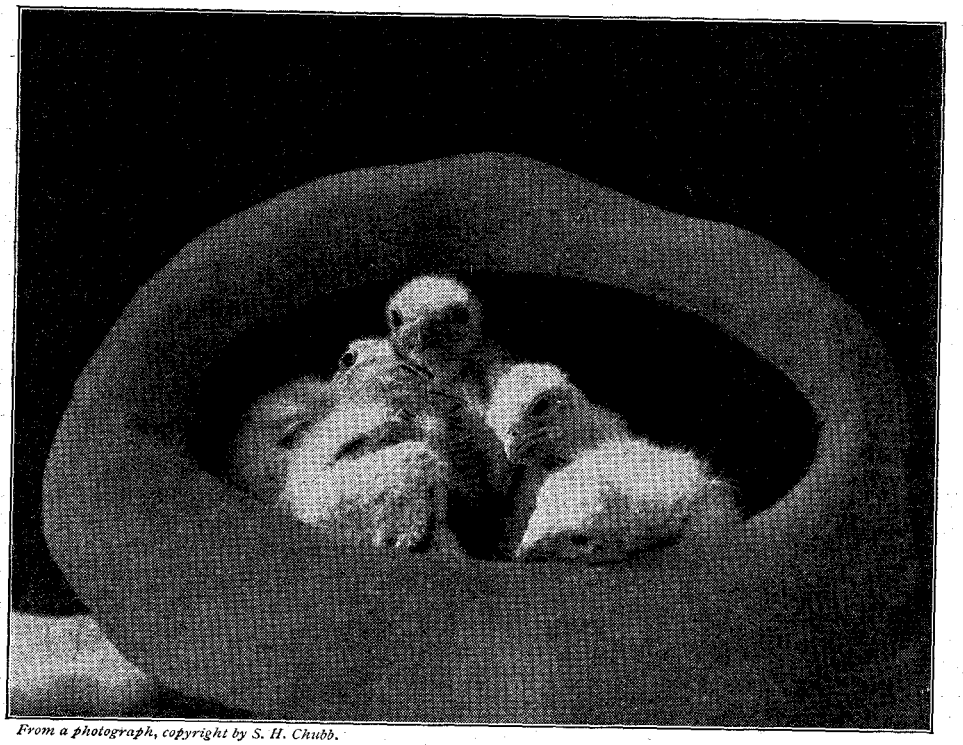

*From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.*

Going to sleep after lunch.

# A Family of City-Bred Hawks

BY S. HARMSTED CHUBB
American Museum of Natural History

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WINTER had begun to show the first signs of decline, and lacked something of that vigorous defiance of earlier youth. The very ample garment of white which nature had worn was here and there beginning to look a little soiled and threadbare when a belated snow-storm was suddenly ushered in. Once more the earth was deeply robed in perfect white, and still the snow was driving hard from the northeast. March certainly came in lion's mood and did considerable roaring and storming during the days that followed, displaying no lamblike amblings of departure until almost overtaken by April showers.

Nature's table all set and ready under the shrubbery, where the white-throated sparrows and juncos had only to scratch the dead leaves aside to find abundance, was now buried, and the diners had gone to find shelter. Our own special guests had graciously accepted our urgent invitation to the feast and were faring quite well on suet, bird-seed, and peanuts at the window; but for most small creatures it was a hungry time in the snow-covered world, and one marvels at the economy of nature which enables them to survive and even to enjoy life.

The storm was driving harder than ever, hourly adding to the problems of livelihood, and developing the surprising resourcefulness of many humble creatures. Looking out of the window, the



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only sign of life to be seen was a sparrow-hawk perched on a high branch of an old locust-tree.

We soon found that there were two sparrow-hawks about, and by the 7th of March it seemed evident that they were mated and were considering the locality as a summer residence.

We now saw them almost daily, and the perfect domestic harmony, indeed I should say affection, shown between them, and the tender care and gallantry on the part of the male, would seem to suggest a high plane of evolution, and reminds one again that all the world is kin. Indeed, what have we of altruism which may not have its beginning in the humblest creature?

In accord with history and tradition the male was chief hunter, but very often shared the game with his mate after the "killing." Rushing to the back window, attracted by a loud call of killeé, killeé, killeé, killeé, we would frequently see him returning from the hunt with a rat, a mouse, or an English sparrow, and it must be confessed that even small song-birds were not strictly prohibited under his liberal interpretation of the law. In a moment the female would light on a perch near by, whereupon the male would immediately remove the mouse from his talons, with which the prey is almost always carried, and politely deliver it to his mate from his beak.

One bright, sunny afternoon there was an unusually excited call heard. It seemed that a garter-snake had glided forth from its hiding-place to enjoy the early spring warmth, a circumstance which proved more fortunate for the "early bird" than for the early snake. It was most picturesque and exciting even to a spectator to see this fierce little bird, slightly smaller than a flicker, flying about from tree to tree as if in search of a more favorable stand, struggling with his writhing prey. When the snake had been decapitated and several inches of its length devoured, it seemed sufficiently subdued to be offered to the mate, although it was still wriggling when she accepted the offering. She ate it with evident relish, holding it firmly on the branch under her foot while she pulled off small pieces. When the tail was reached it became very difficult to hold this slender, tapering morsel. With every pull it would slip from her grasp. She finally decided to swallow the last three or four inches whole, though even this was not a rapid method, for at intervals she would stand erect and motionless to rest while the tail wriggled slowly. Finally the last inch of the meal waved a fond farewell and disappeared. Whether or not this tail was faithful to tradition and "lived until sundown," only the hawk can tell.

From this time on garter-snakes formed a large part of the diet, although great numbers of the larger insects were also devoured.

Spring was now advancing apace. The spice-bush was in bloom and the hepatica, suffering some delay from the late snows, was hastening to gain time, although not trusting unduly in winter's defeat, but clad in its silvery furs prepared for the belated blasts of Boreas.

The hawks were with us daily, and yet the nest (for surely there must be one by this time) could not be found. How convenient it is that most birds advertise in advance, by the collecting and carrying of building material, that at a certain place and time in nature's illustrious periodical a charming story is to appear. But as the sparrow-hawks use no building material, simply appropriating a hollow branch or similar cavity, we were sadly in need of a clew.

We explored every inch of the neighborhood, investigating every tree which seemed to give hope in a dead branch. Like tramps we rapped at the basement of every old flicker hole, but got no response. While it was not to be expected that the domestic centre would be found very far from our immediate neighborhood where the birds spent so much of their time, it seemed as if the circle of exploration must be enlarged if we were to be successful.

Fortunately, down-town duties did not necessitate neglect of the hawks, for Mrs. Chubb, realizing the urgency of the case, armed with good glasses, selected a strategic position on a hilltop, determined to follow those hawks somewhere. It was not until a little after sunset that the female gave her a clew. After flying some distance she disappeared not far from the

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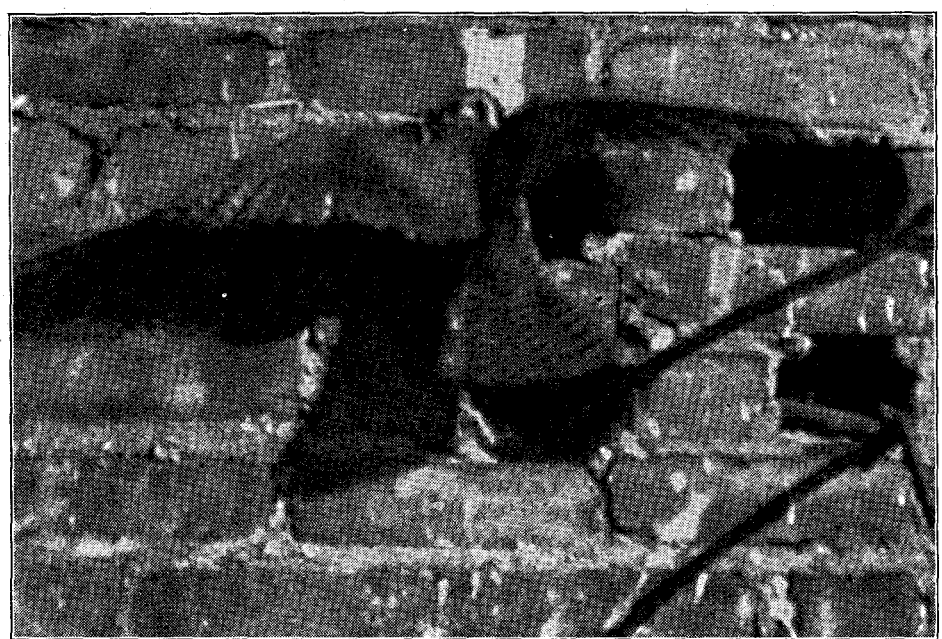
back of our own house and was not seen again that day.

The point of disappearance, however, was so near our neighbor's roof that it suggested a new field of exploration which could be easily reached by means of our own hatchway and then a short run over the housetops. At the sound of footsteps on the tin roof above, the female hawk emerged from a hole in the rear wall between three and four feet down from the top which had been provided for ventilating the air-chamber under the roof. But it was quite out of reach. Several days later a short ladder, a roof-hook, and ropes were arranged. The ladder was suspended from the top of the wall so that it could be easily drawn up and left on the roof when not in use. When these contrivances were perfected on the 17th of April, we were delighted to find four beautiful, buff-colored eggs, thickly sprinkled with dark-brown spots. The next visit, two days later, revealed a complete set of five eggs, although six or even seven are sometimes reported.



*From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.*

Female hawk entering nest.

The incubation period which followed was intensely interesting. The male became even more attentive than ever, but assumed no responsibility for the eggs except as a most faithful assistant. He would bring home a mouse or a snake, the latter, judging from the excited tones, being particularly relished, call the mate from her eggs, stand near a few minutes as if enjoying her pleasure, and then take his place in the nest. After an hour's exercise, following the meal, she would return calling and the male would relinquish his charge once more to the proper authority. These duties were carried out each day with systematic regularity. The sitting bird was always provided with at least one hearty meal and sometimes, after ten or twelve inches of garter-snake, served with a second meal later in the day.

The birds became surprisingly tame, showing no concern when the ladder was thrown over the wall for the examination of the eggs, and did not hesitate to fly in and out of the nest even when children were noisily playing about in the yard below.

All went well until the end of the second week of incubation, when a tragedy oc-

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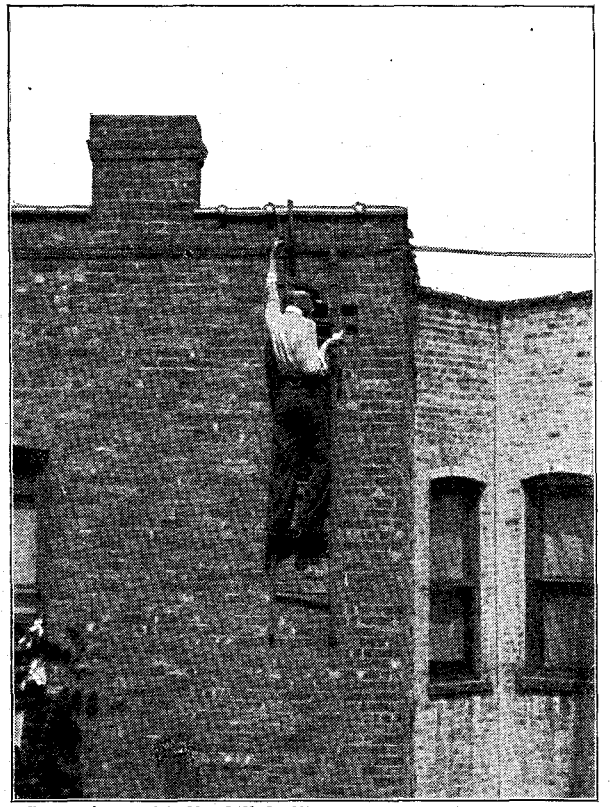
curred. The female suddenly disappeared. While absolute proof of her death is lacking, it is the only reasonable conclusion. In the first place, after the last egg was laid she had not been absent from the nest except for meals and brief recreation, and had never left the eggs uncovered during the night. The first intimation of trouble was early in the morning when the male was seen restlessly flying about from place to place and calling anxiously, manifesting unmistakable signs of anxiety and alarm. Bringing food later in the morning, he flew about with his prey, calling frantically, but all in vain. Thinking something might have happened in the nest I investigated and found the sitting bird was absent and the eggs cold. Finally, the male seemed to abandon all hope and gave way to a state of inert despondency, spending most of the afternoon perched quietly and dejectedly on a fence within sight of the nest. Toward dark he flew away, presumably to his usual roosting-place, but no faithful guardian returned to the nest, and an early descent from the roof on the following morning showed that the eggs were still without cover, being decidedly cold to the touch.



*From a photograph by Mrs. S. H. Chubb.*

Finding the young hawks just hatched.

A few minutes later, although still before sunrise, the male went to the nest and hopelessly glanced in at the entrance, then flew away and disappeared in the distance. With the flight of a sparrow-hawk he could have travelled many miles during his absence, but how far and where he really went is interesting to imagine. We only know that later in the morning he reached home in great excitement.

Had he been to a matrimonial agency? Hardly, but he was evidently introducing a new mate to the premises. It might be asked, may not this have been a case of a "returned prodigal"? This seems hardly possible, for the new female was entirely unfamiliar with her surroundings and conditions, not quite knowing what was expected of her even at feeding-time, and in every movement and action showing characteristics strikingly different from those of her predecessor.

Other evidence was found in her extreme wildness. She would approach the nest with much hesitation, flying toward the wall, then, her courage failing at the last moment, would suddenly turn and disappear over the roof or to one side or the other. This performance would sometimes be repeated six or eight times before she could gain sufficient courage to enter the nest so closely associated with human habitation, while her predecessor had shown no such fear. She gradually became more accustomed to her new surroundings, but did not gain the confidence shown by both the former mate and the



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male. Yet she never allowed her fears to cause serious neglect of the eggs and really became a devoted stepmother.

It would seem almost incredible, without convincing evidence, that a strange bird should assume the duties of incubating a set of eggs which were not her own, but similar instances have been cited by careful observers; for instance, Mr. James N. Baskett in his "Story of the Birds," as well as accounts by other reliable authors.

We felt much apprehension, however, fearing that the self-sacrifice of this devoted second mate might be all in vain, for on two successive mornings after the tragedy the eggs seemed thoroughly chilled. But it is perfectly possible that our neighbor is to be thanked for saving the lives of the family, for the nest was directly over her apartment and not more than eight or nine feet above her kitchen range. However this may be, about two weeks after the stepmother had taken charge five helpless little chicks, covered with white down, were found in the nest, the period of incubation being thirty-one days.

Development was so rapid that when they were two days old their eyes were wide open and they looked about with an air of considerable intelligence. For the first five or six days, so far as we could see, the food of the young birds consisted entirely of insects, dragon-flies, grasshoppers, beetles, etc., but later fragments of larger game were carried into the nest.

Every day or two the young were carefully taken from the nest for examination, and were always rewarded with a few bits of raw meat. And how different their table manners from those of young songbirds, who expect the food to be thrust well down their throats, while at first sight the hawks reach out and seize the food voraciously.

When they were four days old they sat, or awkwardly tumbled about, for their first pictures. Even at this early age they were beginning to manifest individual characteristics, and were therefore entitled to distinctive names. Two of them were particularly individual in physique as well as psychology; the one, being perceptibly the largest of the family, with a rather more than correspondingly

*From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.*

"Big Bob," as usual, gets the first piece of meat. "Little Runty" in the middle foreground—twenty-first day.

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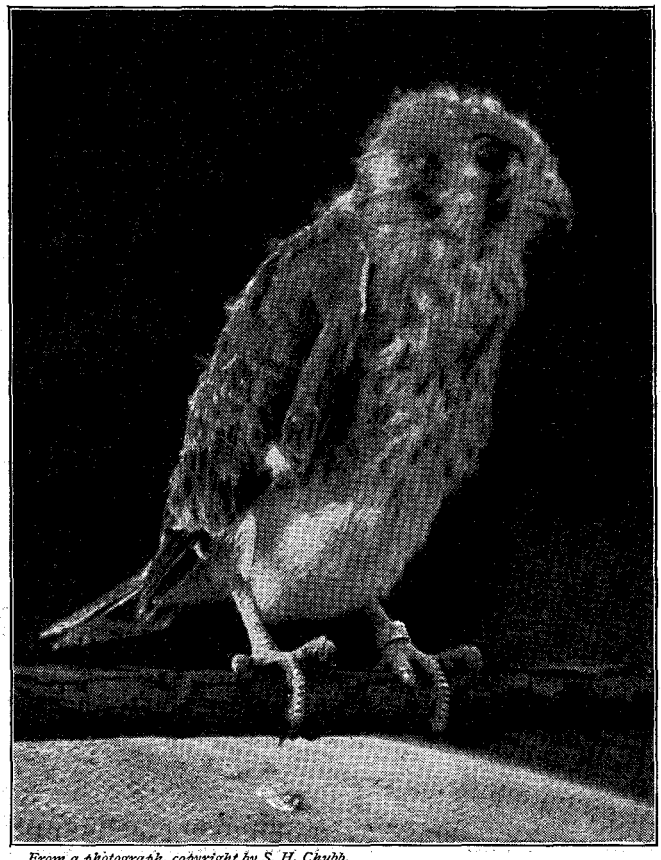
large appetite, who generally managed to get the first piece of meat and jostled his companions about with small consideration; the other, a little under size, with no undue amount of self-assertion. It seemed, therefore, that no better names might be chosen than "Big Bob," "Rob," "Roy," "Remus," and "Runty."

taken. Then, after being rewarded with a few bits of raw meat, they were quickly returned to the nest. Like most young things they were very good sleepers and often, after being fed, would suddenly drop off into dreamland before reaching their comfortable hole in the wall.

During these operations the old birds



*From a photograph, copyright by S. H. Chubb.*

"Big Bob" wears a badge of honor on the left leg—twenty-third day.

On days when the light seemed favorable for photography an old hat, in which the young birds might nestle, was taken to the roof of the house. When they were a little older a piano-stool, with a piece of burlap thrown over it to give a more picturesque and comfortable surface for young bird-feet, was provided. The camera was then set up and focussed on the piano-stool. The ladder, previously made secure with ropes, was launched over the coping and the young birds, carefully deposited in a small basket, were drawn up to the roof where their pictures were

did not manifest the slightest anxiety, although the fierceness with which this species will often defend its young is well-known. Even the stepmother would often be perched in a tree within sight unconcernedly preening her feathers while these liberties were being taken. She was, no doubt, reassured by the confidence of her mate, who had enjoyed, I hope, a much longer acquaintance with us.

When the young birds were sufficiently grown to remain out for fifteen or twenty minutes without showing symptoms of being homesick, a treat was promised to

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the Bird Club, which was composed of a company of possible ornithologists. The basket, instead of stopping at the hole in the wall as usual, was lowered with a long rope to the yard below, where the birds were enthusiastically welcomed by an excited and admiring delegation. It was later reported by one of the youngest members of the Bird Club that the hawks had given a lawn-party.

After being so intimately acquainted with this confiding and interesting little family, to think of its finally launching out upon the wing and never being seen or heard of again, so far at least as the identity of individuals might be concerned, did not seem perfectly pleasing. If only we could recognize the face of a bird as we do that of a human friend, so that we might know our birds even when found far from home! It is true that something is known in a general way of the movements of certain species of birds, and yet during the season of travel, either by day or by night, we hear a voice or the whir of a passing wing, but who can tell "from whence it cometh or whither it goeth"? A friend of song is with us for a season and is gone. Just when, and how far and where, in his boundless realm of blue, does he go? And will he come another season after biding his time on tropical shores? The winter guest at your window who became so trustful and fed from your hand—did he nest in an Arctic summer? And will he return with the snow and renew old friendships?

Many such questions will in time be answered by the Bird Banding Association, the management of which has recently been assumed by the Biological Survey at Washington. Indeed, even now interesting reports which add much to our knowledge in these matters are constantly coming in. These bands, in sizes to fit all species, are made of aluminum and are very light and smooth. They can be placed on the young bird's leg before the nestling is old enough to be frightened and will cause the wearer no subsequent inconvenience. Each band is numbered and properly recorded with all the data pertaining to the case.

Of course, the great majority of these bands are never heard of after the birds carry them away, but it is extremely interesting when it does happen that a bird is found in Florida or South America wearing a decoration with which he was honored in your own home town of New York or Connecticut. We felt that five of these little bands would give us a certain legitimate claim on our young friends, but they have not as yet reported safe passage to any given point.

The young hawks were now three weeks old, and "Big Bob's" manners were even more boisterous than ever. This fact was disconcerting, for it was evident that a mistake had been made in early infancy. The rufus-brown wing-feathers which were appearing made it quite evident that "Big Bob" was developing into a female, while modest little "Runty" was growing the slaty-blue wing patches of the male. In most species of hawks the average size of the female is perceptibly greater than that of the male. Unfortunately this rule does not hold in the case of the sparrow-hawk; hence the blunder. But a name with which one passes from earliest infancy into youth is not to be discarded.

As they grew older it was discovered that matters might be facilitated by sitting in their doorway impatiently squealing for the return of their parents from the hunting-field. At least, so they seemed to think, for one or two of them might be seen thus engaged at almost any time.

On the 14th of June, when they were twenty-five days old, there was much excitement when "Big Bob," the first to desert her birthplace, launched forth to test her untried wings. Taking short flights from roof to roof she could see, if interested, the trolley-cars rumbling by in the street below. But an inherited taste drew her toward the greener landscape in the rear of the buildings. Flying to the near-by trees, assuming no responsibility for the direction of her excursions, she trusted entirely to her devoted parents to come and feed her where she might be found. Later in the day a second adventurer sallied forth.

All of the following day the parents were hard pressed for game with which to supply the unusual demands of the two young birds who were indulging in new and violent exercises, so that the three remaining nestlings were of necessity just a little short in their allowance and did much squealing in the doorway. And it should be noted, much to the credit of

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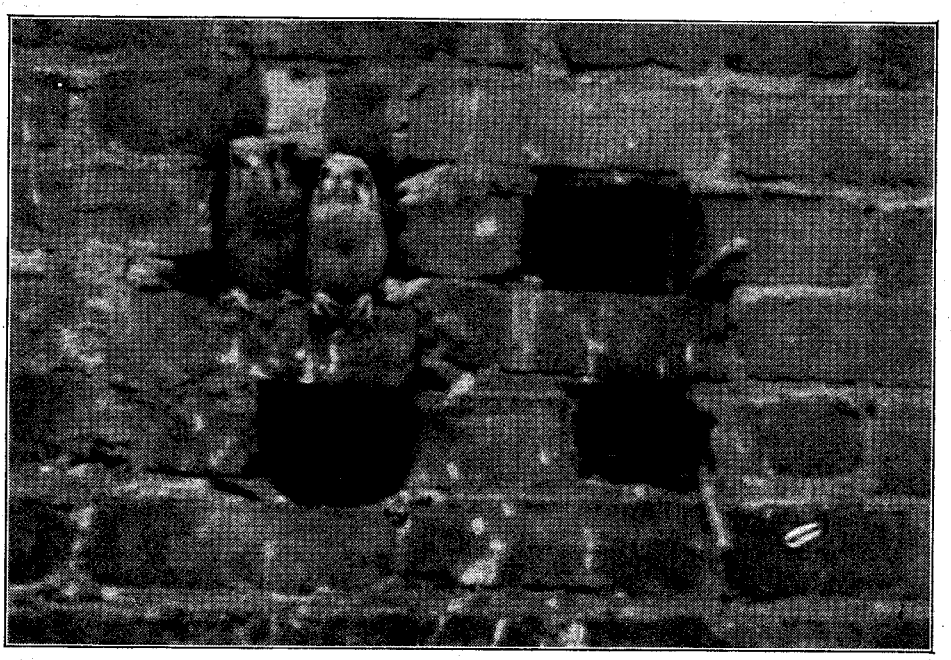
the second mate, that during these strenuous times she seemed quite as devoted as the male.

It was not until four days after "Big Bob" had set the example that the last nestling took flight. By this time the task of providing was somewhat simplified by the fact that the young birds were stronger in flight and lost no time in being drawn together by a common interest when fresh game was brought home. On one occasion there was much scrambling and flapping of wings while three hungry youngsters were awkwardly balancing themselves on a branch, all endeavoring to devour one small mouse, while at a little distance a fourth member of the family was greatly enjoying his ration alone. Suddenly losing balance, he fell into a tangle of vines and disappeared, which caused some alarm on the part of the old birds. He soon emerged from retirement but lost his precious morsel in the tangle.

For a number of days we saw members of the hawk family frequently, but as the month of June waned the circle of their range was rapidly enlarged and we recognized our friends only occasionally, and it seems likely that after the first week in July they wandered away from our immediate neighborhood.

They were indulging in many new experiences since emerging from the very limited horizon of earlier youth, and were undoubtedly beginning to enjoy a degree of independence. Just when a young hawk becomes entirely self-supporting is a matter of some conjecture, and how much of this ability is acquired by experience and how much is inherited instinct is an interesting problem. Song-birds are certainly much more rapid in their development. The young robin, for instance, is hatched in about eleven days, and in another eleven or thirteen days is off on the wing. Between two and three weeks later a second brood generally demands the undivided attention of the parents; and the members of the first brood, which seem quite mature only a few days after leaving the nest, must be ready to shift for themselves. In the following spring these young robins will assume domestic responsibilities of their own. While, as a rule, the hawks do not breed until the second year, and as they raise only one brood in a season, the young birds undoubtedly enjoy a much longer term of parental assistance and oversight.



"Big Bob" and "Little Runty" squealing in the doorway—twenty-fifth day.

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# The Grandfather

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THERE's a kind of morning prayer
In the air
That recalls the song and praise
Of other days,
And the lilacs all in bloom,
And the sunny breakfast-room—
Open windows to the ground
All around;
Lawns a-glitter with the dew,
Scents from many a field and flower
In that early, quiet hour
Greeted you.
For, in coming down the stairs
You could smell delicious airs,—
The whole country-place seemed theirs;
Were they creeping in to prayers,
Or passing through,
Or visiting the vases freshly set
On the mantel, in the corner cabinet?
Was it lilies, was it pinks or mignonette?
What they were I'll hardly say—
Roses, roses anyway!
I smell them yet.
Just a morn like this, and then
Came the maids (there were no men)
One or two
Decent maids; then jolly children not a few.
And with shuffling of the chairs
They prepared the place for prayers,
Romping through;
And scarcely grew more tame
When the silent moment came.
For they knew
When Grandpapa appeared
He was little to be feared
By the crew.
And their mothers were in bed.
(For surely for such notions
As family devotions
There's little to be said.)

So the ancient prayers were read
By that brilliant-eyed old man,
Full of reverence, full of grace,
To the children of his clan
In the quaint old country-place
That had nursed the elder race
With its bloom.
And he kneeled where they had kneeled,
And the odors of the field
Filled the room.



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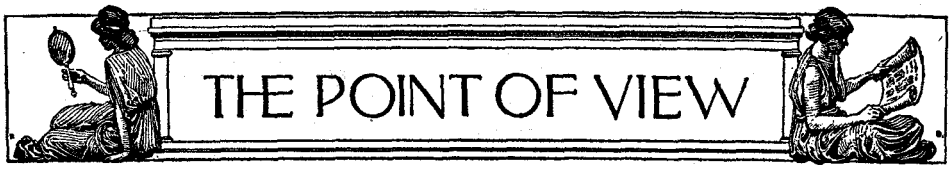


AS I have no voice for singing, Christopher always politely assents when I announce my intention of going warbling and going alone!

It is generally the second week in May that the thing happens, when the shadbush is coming into bloom and the delicate young green is beginning to clothe the woods. Rapturous season! The soberest human spirit grows young as the newest-born lamb and gambols ecstatically. Oh, unfolding flowers! Oh, pushing grass! Oh, shouting, darting birds! Bless ye the Lord!

I Go A-Warbling

Now, ideally, one should need no excuse for wandering indefinitely through spring fields and woods. But human nature is not yet quite ideal, and, disconcertingly, our careful virtues are sometimes found to be as mistaken as our faults. We consider it virtuous to be purposeful, to refrain from spending our time in pursuits that "get us nowhere." But, since a certain amount of irresponsibility is necessary to us, especially in the spring, we have had recourse to subterfuge and, by inventing the thing called "nature study," have silenced our scruples and got what we wanted. As if the sum of the world's welfare could be increased by any one's identification of a scrap of green and yellow feathers as a magnolia rather than a myrtle warbler! Particularly when, in order to make the distinction, one has to leave one's husband's bread unbaked.

There are various spots among which I may choose the scene of my warbler activities; but that which, on the whole, promises most is a patch of tangled bushes and young trees on the outskirts of a wood. Birds of all sorts love this place. It gives them both freedom and privacy, it supplies them with food, and it enables them to tease nature students to the top of their bent. That last is a very important point in warbler psychology.

Time was when I took a bird book with me; but I always felt uncommonly foolish, sitting down under the trees, turning the pages feverishly, murmuring, "Two white wing-bars—no, that's wrong—a yellow throat—well, maybe it is yellow, though it looks white to me. A black line through the eye. Oh! the creature's laughing at me." Moreover, the book was in my way when I charged in among the bushes in yet another effort to trace that black line, and I dropped it and lost it and had the mischief of a time finding it again. So now I take only a small, shabby pair of opera-glasses which I can slip into my pocket. Details as to wing-bars and eye lines I defer till I get home, with the comforting result that I forget or confuse them a little and so am enabled to conclude, "Yes, that must have been a Philadelphia warbler," when probably it wasn't at all.

It will be perceived that warbling, as conducted by me, is an entirely shameless proceeding.

It is not wholly unmoral, however. On the contrary, I often perceive it to suggest and illustrate a complete philosophy of life. Patience, perseverance, good temper: those required attributes are obvious enough. And self-control. Only he who can rule body and spirit will ever get maddening tufts of feathers focussed long enough to see them at all. But the philosophy goes deeper than that. It finds its base in the great mysterious principle that the way to secure the best things in life is not to rush after them furiously but to wait on them with an open mind, and that he who seeks earnestly for some particular, explicit thing is quite as likely as not to find something else.

In my case, I find that I can generally manage to start out on my quest with an open mind. I enter the patch of bushes and give myself over to destiny. The sweet spring influences surround me, the hills stand grandly beneath the radiant sky, the sun broods warmly—how good life is, how infinitely peaceful! I feel my whole being relax and expand in the oneness which is the soul of creation. Then, presto! a flash through the young leaves of a neighboring tree, a mocking-bird call, a glimpse of feathers in rapid motion, and my struggle is on.

Not that there ought to be any struggle about it. The only rational thing to be done is to sit quite still. But this is not easy. Having advertised his presence, the warbler



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betakes himself to a half-fledged tree in the middle distance, not near enough to be observed in detail. There he perches on an exposed limb which, if he were nearer, would make him an easy mark for the opera-glasses; and there, in spite of all his racial tradition and personal habit, he imitates my philosophy of sitting still. This is amazingly clever in him. He seems to know perfectly that if he stays there long enough—and not so very long, either—I will be tempted to rise and make my way cautiously to him, persuaded that, for once, my policy of quiescence is a mistake. Whereupon, if I do this, of course, with a dart and a flash, he is gone, either farther into the thicket or, more likely, back to the spot I have just left.

But quiescence has its delusions too. If, exerting my self-control, I resolutely stay where I am, my attention is besieged by conflicting influences. My gaze remains focussed on my chosen bird, but out of the tail of my eye I see—what? Something stirs in the bush close beside me, a nameless presence emerges and goes softly exploring the leaf buds not three yards away. Shall I look at him? The chance is so good. And perhaps he may turn out to be as interesting as the creature perched over yonder. After all, it is part of my philosophy to take the blessings which the woods provide. So I unrivet my gaze from the tree and glance quickly at the bush. A summer yellow bird—as familiar to me as a robin or a song-sparrow! Back goes my disappointed glance to the tree, only to find that the unknown warbler has as completely disappeared as last winter's snow.

It does not do, however, to yield to exasperation at this point. Rather, it is more than ever imperative to sit still. For most birds are curious; and, for all we know, they may have their own observations to make: "Forehead somewhat lined, shoulders stooping a little, ink-mark on the third finger—that must be a scholar." Or: "Streaks of paint irregularly disposed, absent-minded expression, negligent attire—probably an artist." Or: "Glossy black with a narrow white wing-bar near the tip and a white band around the neck—a clergyman." I flatter myself that it would take a pretty experienced warbler to classify me, my country life has involved me in so many avocations; and when I am in my best warbling humor, I sit and await the return of my bird with zest. He always comes in the end and frequently brings his mate with him. Then, for as long a session as I have the heart to keep Christopher dinnerless, the two of them appear and vanish before me, beside me, above me, around me, resuming full warbler activity, so that I can seldom scrutinize them, but giving me innumerable glimpses from which to build up an impression. Meantime, they discuss me in a fashion which I dare say I might find embarrassing if I understood it.

So much for my days of wisdom and self-control. The other days are not so pleasant to remember. There was, for instance, one morning when I spent three solid hours in pursuit of a nondescript mite. What a chase he led me! Through tangled bushes and briers, over rotten logs, over the tussocks of a swamp, in and out among the trees. Never once did I see him clearly enough to get anything but the vaguest impression of his markings, and when I reached home exhausted, I could only sigh to the hungry but uncomplaining Christopher: "Well, it must have been some rare specimen migrating through." But the next morning when, still tired and vexed, I was puttering in the garden, the tricksy fugitive of the day before came and sat on the gate-post and, seeing him plainly and hearing him sing, I knew him to be a "summer resident," supposedly long familiar to me. The humiliation of this experience was extreme.

On the whole, I am glad that the warbling urgency comes only once a year. May it never fail then, however. May no shad-bush season ever find me out of humor for going a-warbling.

## Wood-Thrus in a Factory

I BELIEVE that there is a civic law which prevents situating an abattoir in a residential or business district. But the law, narrow as usual, takes into consideration killing-places of one kind only. Those who will inquire of their own minds will discover that there are abattoirs of many kinds, and that in each sort there is some very deadly work going on. Once, in a college classroom, where lectures on literature were dispensed, amid all the dulness therein, the sly and wicked thought came to me that something was going through an operation: we who listened thought that we were the victims; he who lectured imagined that he was the

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patient; but I really think that literature was the sufferer. "The operation was successful, but the patient died." Now, that place was a very sinister kind of abattoir, and situated on a campus near the houses of intellectuals; moreover, it was a place managed by a Ph.D. And the menace of such a fatal rendezvous lies in the fact that it may have a specious and inviting charm which all the more surely betrays.

A consideration of the foregoing experience will lead one to believe that the place to kill literature is a classroom. I am persuaded that it can there be done to death very genteelly. Of course, all lectures on literature are not chlorine-like in their effects. I do know of teachers of English and of literature who are genuinely inspirational. But there are others; and these others may really be indicted for murder. I say "murder" advisedly. It is not a criminal charge which can be brought against a butcher; but it is a true indictment of many teachers. I say this with an understanding heart, for I am a teacher myself. However, like all malefactors, I hope some day to reform.

If those who in their private abattoirs kill literature are criminals, then first-degree murder is the charge to be brought against those who kill incipient writers. I hasten to explain myself. In every school there appear, at intervals, strange solitary specimens. Even in their early 'teens they are subtly marked by the divine afflatus. After an experience of twenty years in a preparatory school, I believe I can say that perhaps one student in seventy-five has that indefinable quality which makes me say: "Here is a future author. Here is a timid wood-thrush, strayed from mountain-dells of the soul into this roaring factory where the crowd is manufactured into automatons for passing college examinations. Here is a shy spirit, delicate with that divinity which comes from an early and an accurate understanding of much of the meaning of life, and who even now yearns for utterance. I must be careful. In this abattoir, God keep me from killing this young poet—this lad who has it in him to be a writer!"

I really speak conservatively when I say that this matter of a teacher's recognizing and ministering to these waif wood-thrushes is possibly the most urgent and delicate matter that demands his attention. On the stupid, the slothful, the banal, the futile, the first-one-in-his-family-who-has-ever-read-a-book he must spend endless hours of tedious patience. Ixion had a May-day festival compared to the teacher of English tied to his wheel which grinds in the factory. But now and then the compensation comes. Some day, in reading a composition, amid much dreary plodding through such labor, the arresting moment arrives. I give this example of what I may term a clear proof of the elusive presence of genius. The assigned subject for themes had been prosy enough—"A Sunset." I had read perhaps fifty descriptions of "the sinking in the west of the great red ball of fire." (Please note that the youthful mind, desperately earnest, always gravely supplies the amazing detail that the sun sets *in the west*). But now I come to something different: "The peace of the silent hills gives me a sense of things eternal. The hermit-thrush, like a calm elegist of light, melodiously grieves over departing day. With wondering eyes I gaze into

> "'The golden vertex of the west
> Over the foundered sun.'

And as I watch the beauty of earth fade, and the first stars glimmer like raindrops on the petals of the red rose of the west, I feel that beauty never dies. Its forms fade; but they are renewed, or else they are replaced by other forms as lovely. And this thought is the real reason why twilight brings me peace."

Of course, perhaps the description is overdone. But the age of the writer is only sixteen; and the work was done offhand. I am hardly exaggerating when I say that young writers of this type fill me with awe. They may never develop into authors; but they have that true feeling, that mental alertness, that clairvoyant penetration of insight which are some of the characteristics of genuine writers.

This is a second example of what I mean. The subject was "A Soldier." I read innumerable themes of ordinary soldiers—trite stuff that anybody can write. Finally I came to this picture: "I saw him standing in the railroad station at Nancy; and instantly my heart made deep obeisance, for I knew that my mortal eyes were gazing at the Spirit of France. He was only a Poilu, and he was greedily munching a sandwich stuffed with onions. But he was the Soul of France. I marked, under his rough ex-

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terior, the indefinable gaiety of spirit that belongs to the people of his race. I saw the bright flash of merry blue eyes, softened when they turned southward toward his home in Provence, but vindictive when they sternly shifted to the north where lay the enemy. . . . After the onion sandwich came a cigarette—a long and vile one, which he smoked with an avidity too ingenuous for grace. . . . His shoes were almost gone; his trousers were muddy with the mud of the Argonne; his coat was torn and dishevelled. His beard was of startling growth. Nevertheless my heart made obeisance to him, there in the railway station—dirty, onion-eating, cigarette-smoking, homesick, dauntless, indomitable, glorious Spirit of France!"

But it is not only by composition that these thrushes reveal their presence. They are, almost without exception, the most silent and unobtrusive members of a class. It is usually painful for one to recite orally. They are retiring, unwilling to offer to answer questions, whose answers they know far better than anyone else, and singularly given to blushing and stammering when called upon to explain the simplest matter. But if given a chance to write, these boys, one and all, will bashfully and with unerring ease, make a mark of 100 per cent. . . . Nor is it difficult to distinguish between the real thrushes and their imitators—the blue jays who have a great deal to say, but who, after all, are more or less impostors.

Out of the classroom, the gifted boys of whom I speak usually seem to be lonely fellows. They try to withdraw from the roar of the factory. They eschew football, as I think they will always turn from spectacles of violence. They are not only in spirit retiring but in body also. These are the lads who take the long solitary walks, who, in so far as they are able, love to live as Milton did during his happy Horton period, or as lived the Boy of Winander. I do not mean that they are necessarily odd or curious; they are merely different. And to me they are the most interesting people in the world. Of a mature author it is possible for us to take the measure; but these lads are exciting in their nameless promise. The honor of interpreting the coming generation is theirs if their spirits are not broken by the grinding of the mill of education.

"Much," said Johnson, in one of his many flings at Boswell, "can be done for a Scotchman if he is caught young." I am persuaded that much can be done for a poet if he *is not* caught young. When I see a lad of sensitive spirit, modest demeanor, and grave with that pure sadness that comes with a true if limited understanding of life, entering a modern American school, where a cruelly efficient system destroys individuality in order to produce a type, my heart misgives me. And I hope that my feeling in the matter is not foolish sentiment. I honestly feel that I am having to do with a youth who has it in him to become one of the authentic voices of the race. I feel, in a certain way, that it is a pity to "educate" such a boy. A stereotyped course in school or college will usually do a lad of great promise more harm than good. He comes, to use Kipling's fine phrase, "in all the loneliness of wings." The danger is that he may walk out with the crowd.

And what do I do for such a lad? I hardly do anything. My great aim is to keep him from being caught young by the Juggernaut of the system. I talk to him a little about the mere mechanics of style; but I seldom make an attempt to form it for him. I know that if I let him alone his own personality will take care of his style. I lend him books—those especially of a type to stimulate his imagination. I try in a most unofficial way to recommend Malory, Spenser, the great legends out of lands other than England, and thus to fill his mind with "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance."

There are, then, these wood-thrushes in the factories of our schools and college. I think we do too little for them. Perhaps it is not possible to prevent them from feeling strange and lonely; for such an attitude toward life is probably natural in many young men of genius. The hustling efficiency of the modern school hardly provides for them. Indeed, I am sure that a school does more for a plain fool than it does for a genuine poet. The old truism that a poet dies young in every man is a rather insipid saying. Should we not say: "A poet is killed young in every man"? And, paradoxical as it may seem, education is most frequently the executioner.

I have no remedy; perhaps there is no panacea. But I think that every school and college should be singularly solicitous to detect and to minister judiciously to its shy wood-thrushes who, alone amid a world of perishing things and people, have the magic to confer immortality.

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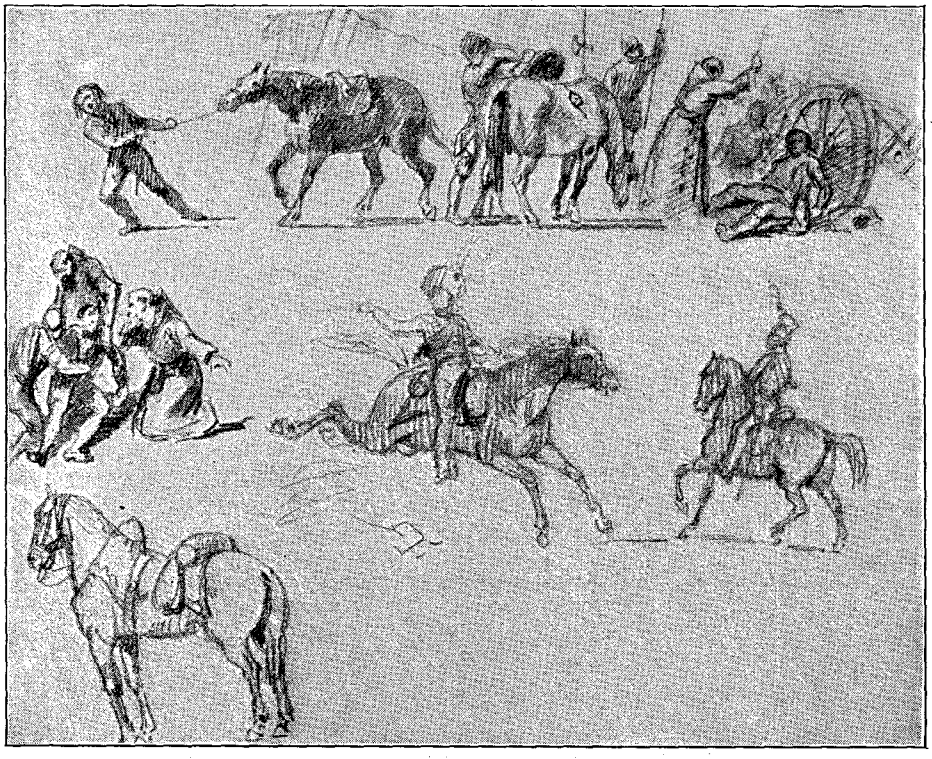

Reminiscences of Jacque's experience as a soldier.

# Rare Sketches by a Famous French Artist

BY WARREN WILMER BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED SKETCH-BOOKS OF CHARLES JACQUE

SOMETIME about the middle of the last century, George A. Lucas, an American gentleman who had decided to make his home in Paris, formed the nucleus of a collection of art destined to rank among the unique museum possessions of his native country.

Mr. Lucas continued ceaselessly to add to his art treasures during the fifty years he remained in the French capital, and when he died there a decade or so ago he bequeathed them to the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, which was his native city.

His reputation as a patron of the arts and as a connoisseur gave him an influential position among Americans living abroad, and it is stated by those that knew him best that from the first he kept in close touch with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Walters Art Gallery, and many of the important private collections in this country.

He was on terms of the closest intimacy with many of the men who loom large in the history of modern art, notably those of the Barbizon School, and consequently was



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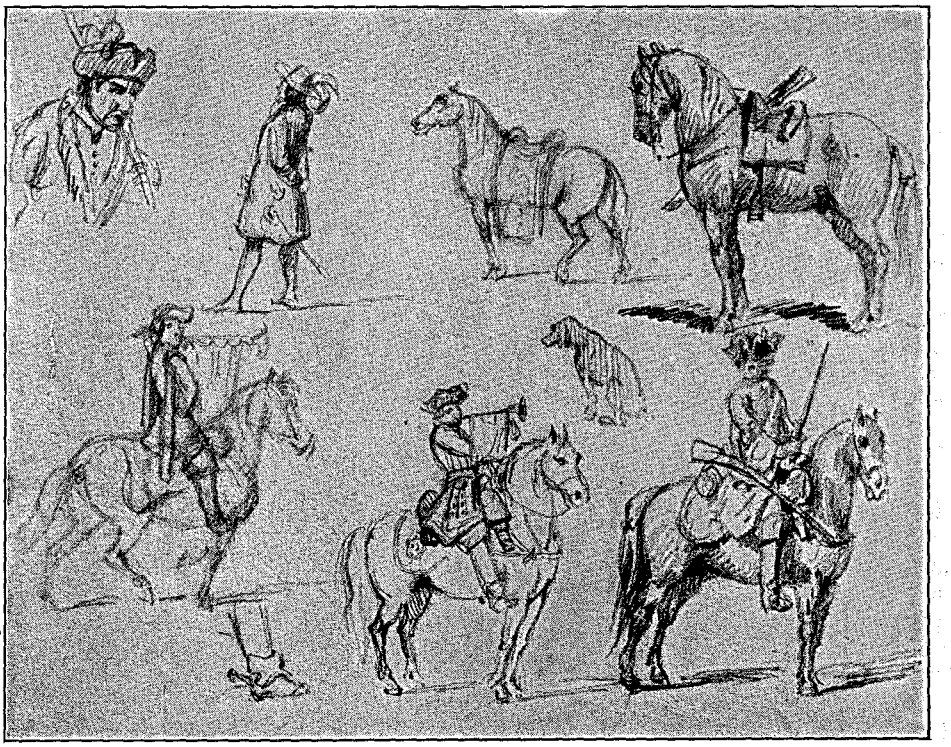
able to secure examples of their production that ordinary collectors could not get for any consideration.

In view of the facts, it is not surprising to find that the collection, which is now housed in the Maryland Institute's handsome Renaissance Building, is of the most not so very long ago, of the Charles Jacque sketch-books.

Jacque was born in Paris, May 23, 1813. He seems to have had no instruction in art save that he picked up from the engraver of geographical maps with whom he was apprenticed in his early youth.



This page reveals the sketching methods employed by Jacque in his mature period.

diverse and, in some respects, the most unusual nature. It comprises paintings (among which are two Corots of modest dimensions, one of them, "Road to Ville d'Avray" being a particularly fine example), palettes, prints, drawings, and intimate memorabilia in almost inexhaustible quantity.

The portfolios contain literally thousands of separate pieces and, since the tabulation of them has been in progress, a number of rare works have been brought to light.

The examination of this rich storehouse of art proved a task of no mean order. It was started several years ago and is being enthusiastically continued by Alon Bement, director of the Institute.

Especially noteworthy was the discovery,

He did not waste much time with that "master"—none of the biographies I have read even mention his name—for he soon found a way to escape from the boredom of a life that was insupportable. This was by enlisting in the French army, and while his military duties doubtless occupied most of his time, his pencil was by no means idle, for the sketches comprise numerous vivacious references to his experiences at the front.

After a period of about seven years, he returned to civilian life and turned his attention more earnestly than ever to his art. He painted considerably, but as time went on he paid less and less attention to his palette and brushes, directing his energies principally to etching.

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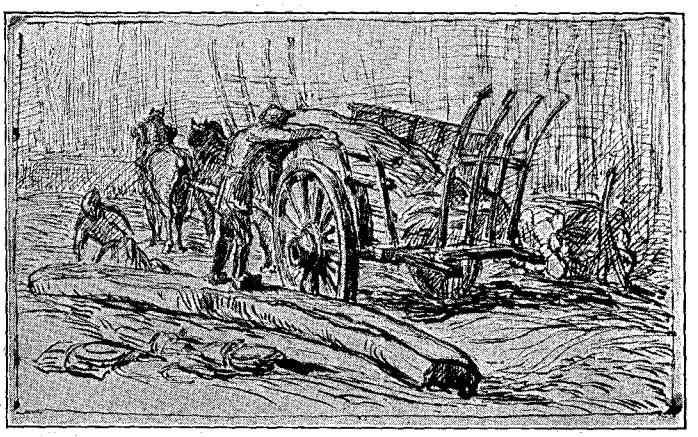


A familiar scene in rural France—a fine example of the dignity and simplicity that characterizes even the quickest of Jacque's sketches.

Jacque was a man of the most versatile temperament and practical adaptability. At one time he was absorbed, heart and soul, in cabinet-making; at another, chicken-raising was a hobby to which he was passionately devoted.

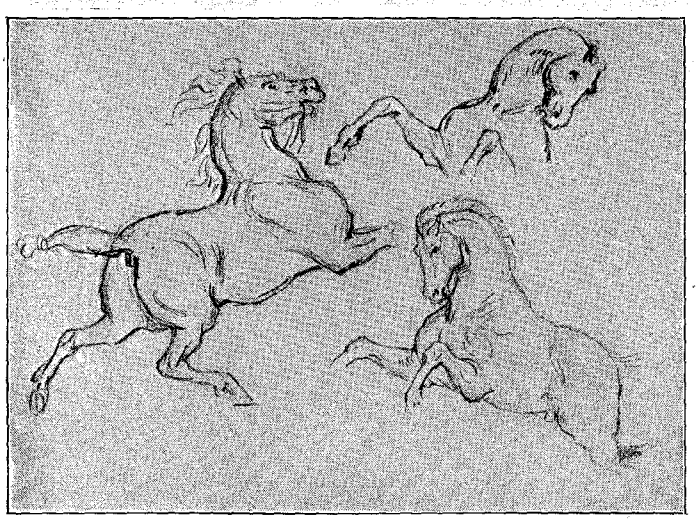
Doubtless he found, as sometimes has happened to other amateurs, that poultry as a pragmatic proposition is a delusion and a snare, but at any rate this phase of his career supplied him subject-matter for a curious and now seldom seen book called "Le Poulailler," two beautiful editions of which, copiously illustrated with his own engravings, were published in Paris in 1858 by the Libraire Agricole de la Maison Rusique.

It was very difficult for him to stay settled in any one spot. First he was at Barbizon with Millet, then he was back at his studio in the Boulevarde Clichy, Paris, or else at Croisic, Brittany, where he had his chicken-yards and his furniture work-shop.

Despite his wandering proclivities and his varied occupations, he was an adept in concentration where his craft was concerned, and his artistic progress was steady and rapid. In a surprisingly short time, he was known not only as a fine painter, but as one of the foremost etchers of his day. To him was attributed the re-establishment of etching in its old place of distinction and he was further declared the pioneer of its modern development. Many honors were paid him, culminating in the Grand Prix in 1889, twenty-two years after he had been made a member of the Legion of Honor.

Jacque was an exceedingly prolific genius. His etchings alone numbered more than four hundred and it has been declared that at least half of them are of the first order.

He died in Paris in 1894 in the studio he had built adjoining that of Gérôme, another of the celebrated contemporaries who shared his friendship.



Studies of horses from the sketch-book of the sixties.

With the sketch-books, Mr. Lucas had carefully preserved a clipping from *Figaro* of his obituary notice, written by Charles Chincolle.

"One speaks of the etchings of Jacque," M. Chincolle said, "as of those of Rembrandt, Callot, and Claude. On a plate of ten square centimetres he evoked all Nature."

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He had been described during his lifetime by one of his companions as a man who had a "mania for moving." The remark was in reference to his inability to remain long in a settled condition and, as has already been indicated, it was unquestionably true.

Like unedited letters never intended for publication, his sketches emphasize many facts regarding his artistic temperament and habits, and, in greater or less degree, they help to establish an understanding of his personal characteristics. A study of his sketches makes possible an entirely new concept of Jacque, both as a man and as an artist.

The books are evidently of different creative periods, the smaller one—almost a vest-pocket affair—apparently being the earlier of the two.

The subjects are those of which he was pre-eminently fond and in which he "specialized," and they furnish a clew to the secret of his eloquent style—a style that was realistic yet always poetic and redolent of pastoral charm.

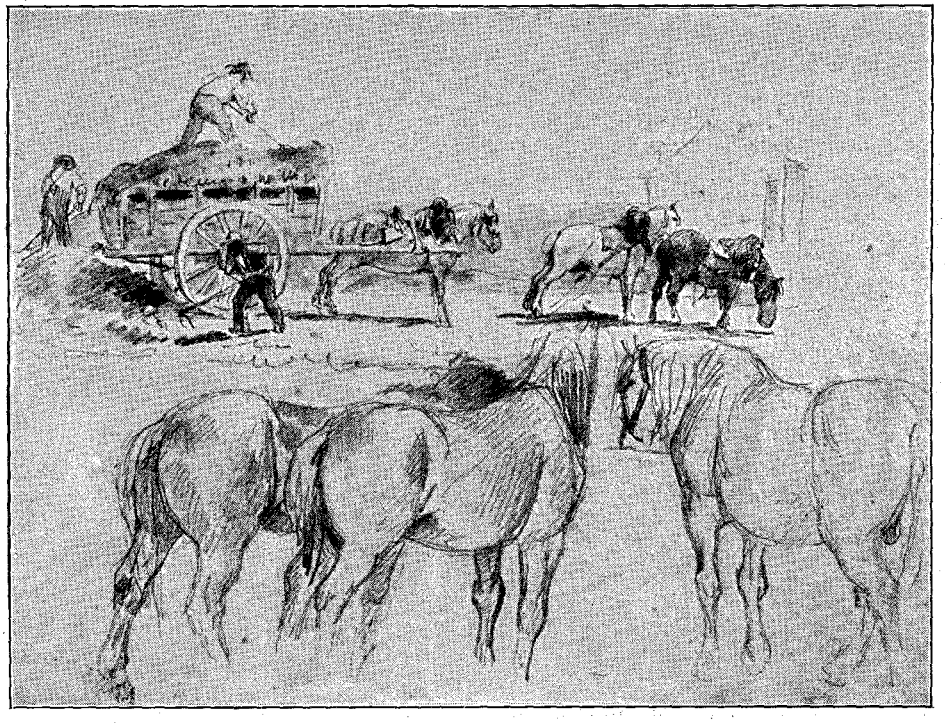
Jacque, one would say, never went anywhere without seeing a hundred things that clamored simultaneously for separate attention, and his cahiers with their closely crowded pages—a dozen drawings sometimes being found in the space of a few inches—suggest that he did his utmost to make his fingers keep pace with his lightning powers of observation.

He took the most minute care to conserve his impressions, and step by step the studies trace the route by which he arrived at the superb achievement of his dry-points and etchings.

The effect is astonishingly vital and stimulating. Here, for instance, is a quiet barn-yard scene—a pen-and-ink sketch—representing a peasant standing beside a loaded wagon, while close by a woman is kneeling on the ground, busy with some task of her own.

Almost the whole range of farm life is recorded, not by any intricate, analytical method, but merely by a succession of detached, often extremely fragmentary, comments.

And how vividly, how sympathetically, and how lovingly it was all set down! Men at work in the woods; hay-making beneath



Jacque loved to draw peasants at work in the field.

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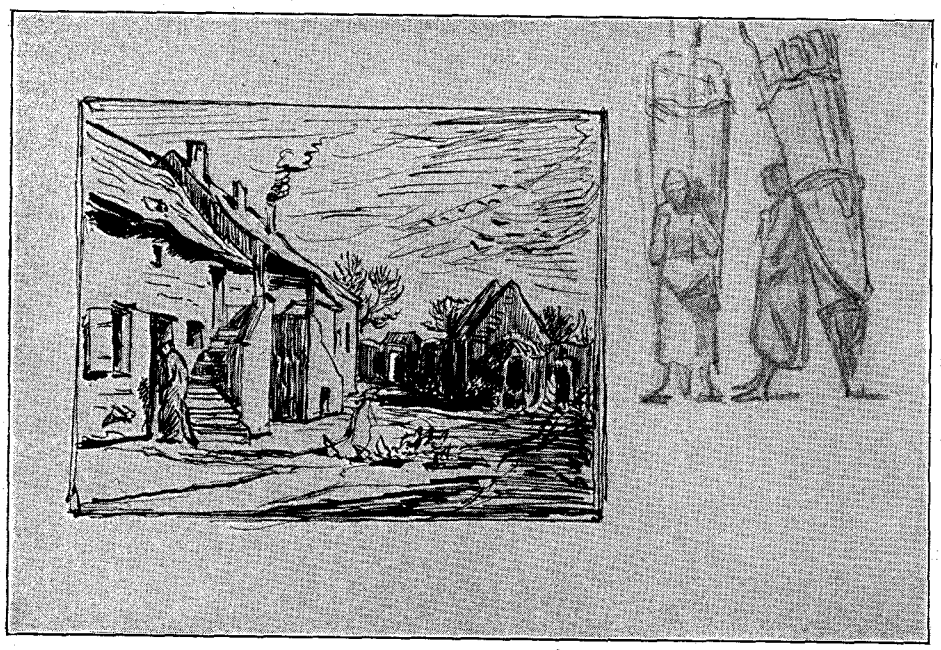

Chicken-farming was one of Jacque's pet hobbies.

bright summer skies; horses tugging heavy burdens; luncheon hour at the manger; village streets where chickens are scratching in blissful peace; fagot-bearers, peasants and their wives engaged in chores of all sorts.

These and many more of like nature were the subjects Jacque loved, and one fancies that in noting them he was filled with the ecstatic joy of the poet who finds a universe of wonder and beauty in the simplest things, for are not all the worshippers of nature closely associated in spiritual kinship?

There are only one or two nudes in the sketch-books, and they are so rapid in stroke, so concise, that they must be considered only as memoranda scribbled off to fix in mind some particular movement of an arm, a leg, or the beautiful bend of a torso.

Nowhere in the drawings is there a hint that Jacque was either a satirist or a reformer. It has been pointed out that "he discovered the peasant before Millet"—who incidentally was one of his closest friends and whose influence is sometimes reflected in his style—but it was not at all in the same way.

If he were the least concerned with making a cult of the peasant or "interpreting" him in the fashion of the painter of "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners," or some of his other colleagues, the proof cannot here be located. On the contrary, it is plain that he was studying the human figure chiefly as an essential in the scheme of things and that, broadly, when he decided to introduce it in a composition he gave it no more importance than belongs to secondary details. Predominant traits of both individual and type, however, were infallibly suggested, even in his sketchiest efforts.

It was domestic animals and fowls in which Jacque was primarily and most insistently interested, and his sketch-books are fairly alive with them, beasts of burden predominating very decidedly. He was evidently particularly concerned with perfecting his knowledge of the anatomy and characteristic attitudes of horses. On page after page appear drawings of their heads, their hoofs, their bodies, from every possible angle and in every possible position.

Problems of action, of foreshortening, or of modelling and values, are solved with a few lines, without any attempt, usually, to work over details or to polish down the rough places. If he did not get what he wanted the first time, he would hastily finish another sketch.

More than once one comes across the



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expression of a broad, and it must be said, occasionally vulgar, sense of humor, but if he did indulge in a joke once in a while for his own amusement, he could also suggest a great deal of pathos.

A memorable example is a sketch of an old horse.

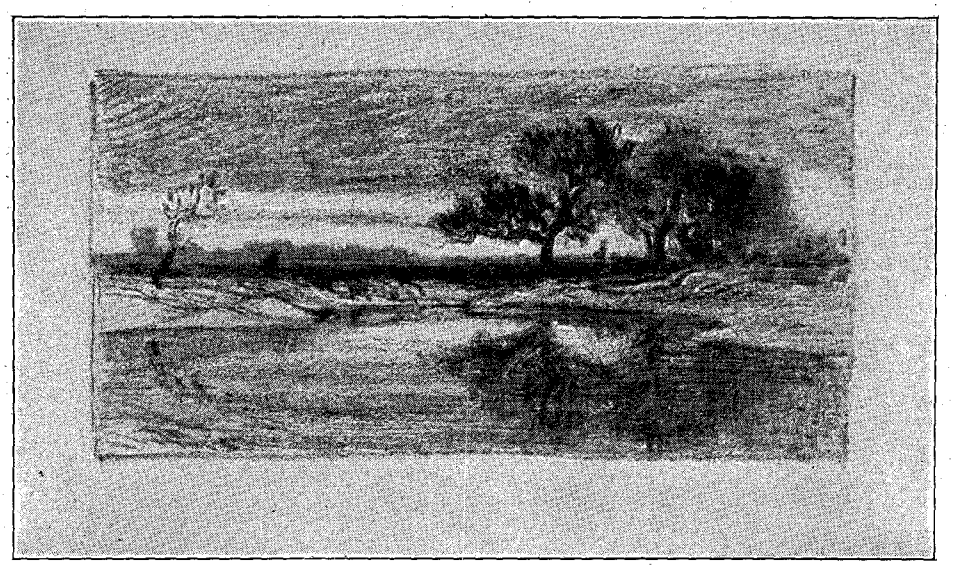
There is no sign of hesitancy nor of uncertainty in the majority of the drawings. They pulsate with the buoyancy of life in the open.

The larger of the books bears Jacque's signature and is dated July, 1865. Its contents are all pencil-drawings that proclaim much broader technical proficiency than the others. They have, as it were, a more even sequence and are more orderly, some of them, in fact, being almost meticulous. All are "right side up," whereas those of the smaller book were entered in the most helter-skelter, haphazard fashion imaginable, in whatever way the page happened to open and with no thought in the world for tidiness.

The later sketches show powers approaching maturity. Indeed, there is but little of the empiric or the tentative about them. The draftsmanship is masterly and the style of the utmost facility, but a tendency is noticed now and again toward the "finicky" that inevitably meant a greater or less sacrifice of vigor.

While Jacque paid close attention to landscape when making these sketches, he studied it principally for background and environment purposes. There are, however, a number of charming paysages in the collection—wide meadows with low skylines (a pencil note on one was to remind him of a "ciel jaune"); bits of forest with trees in strong silhouette, long avenues shaded by poplars; pleasant farm lands with houses and barns in the distance (three of these, one of them a "detail," are marked Marly, July 9, 1862). He would also mention, as occasion demanded, peculiarities of village and rural architecture.

His was a painstakingly progressive method that took nothing for granted and that left nothing to chance or to instinctive understanding. One catches the dynamic impulse of untiring purpose in all this endeavor. It was Jacque's unroyal road to Parnassian virtuosity, and familiarity with it leaves no wonder in the flawless accuracy of his technic.



Jacque could be extremely effective in purely lyric expression.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

# Problems of a European Conference

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

**The Situation of the Moment**

IN the United States the outstanding fact in the recent drift of the financial and economic situation has unquestionably been its evidence that the burden of hard times was gradually lifting in the agricultural West and South, that debts were being paid whose early payment had seemed impossible, and that production and consumption were slowly moving toward normal relations. In Europe the outstanding fact has been the rapid progress made in readjustment of the balance of current trade indebtedness with the rest of the world. But from time to time even the markets would pause in perplexity over the larger political aspects of the situation.

Since Germany's surrender and the end of the war, when the mind of the whole world was turned to the problem of reconstruction, the most clearly evident and yet sometimes most obscure consideration has been the interplay of events political and events economic. In forecasting either the immediate or the longer future, the two sets of influences could at no time be separated from one another. Even at the present day the disturbances in Ireland and India have had to be taken into reckoning along with the fall in cost of money, the signs of American trade revival, and the recovery of investment markets. Against the Washington Conference and the Senate's ratification of the treaties, there had to be placed the economic predicament of Germany and Central Europe, the world-wide unemployment, and the discontent of labor.

Our own financial markets have struck the balance on the side of cheerful inference, apparently believing that economic recovery must precede political, industrial, or social stability, but that economic recovery was visibly under way. The advance on the Stock Exchange has seemed to ignore the disturbing elements in the news, and to fix its eye on the 40 per cent advance in prices of farm products, the increase in railway gross earnings over the previous year, for the first time in ten months, the expanding of the country's steel production to the highest rate in a year and a half, and the overtopping of the preceding year in the weekly and monthly exchange of bank checks, for the first time since the middle of 1920.

All these considerations had been reflected in the prolonged upward movement of financial markets between November and March. All of them had a hand in promoting that advance. The halt in all the markets toward the end of March probably signified not at all disappointment over what had already occurred in the field of politics and industry, but hesitation over the course of events in the next few months. If the markets had risen or fallen on the scale of their midwinter movement, such action would have indicated the financial community's expectations. But a time had apparently come when the future was growing somewhat more perplexing.

**Europe and the United States**

IN no respect was this attitude more evident than in discussions of the Genoa Conference. A very clever Washington correspondent, closely in touch with opinion at the capital, wrote to his newspaper at the end of March that "the world has not made any appreciable progress toward

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normal economic conditions" and that "the present paralysis of international relations and of the failure of the world to be well on its way toward some kind of economic stability, is largely on our own shoulders." The ground for this conclusion was that, after the United States had insisted at Paris on the adoption of its own lines of political rearrangement, and after having "started the world in the direction we indicated, we thereupon halted, hung fire for two years, and then threw the whole thing overboard." Hence "the failure of the world, three years and six months after the end of fighting, to have made much real progress toward normal conditions in an economic sense, is chiefly due to the United States."

The judgment will not be accepted without dispute, either that no progress had been made since 1918 toward European economic recovery, or that much greater progress would have been made if the United States had remained in the League of Nations. That our Senate's rejection of the Versailles Treaty, in the manner and with the motives which accompanied that rejection, is each year taking its place more distinctly in the public mind as a discreditable chapter in American history, most people who can discern the drift of popular sentiment agree. That our government's attitude has to a considerable extent discouraged the League of Nations, which we deserted, and has in a measure handicapped its operations, is probably true.

But this does not prove, on the face of things, that Europe would by this time have got any more surely on its feet in an economic way if the United States had been a member of the League. Our presence in that organization could hardly of itself have disentangled such problems as the currency depreciation of Germany and Central Europe, the reaction in trade after the whole world's extravagant misuse of credit in the speculative days of 1919, or the political and economic chaos of Russia. Yet these have been the admitted barriers to European recovery.

AMERICAN representation in the League could not have settled the question of inter-governmental debts, because that settlement belongs to the governments immediately concerned and can be adjusted only through their arrangements with one another. Except, indeed, for the thorny question of German reparations payments, the League's functions are political, not economic. Mr. Lloyd George's ideas regarding the Genoa conference have plainly been based on recognition of the fact that the League of Nations could not deal with the purely economic questions, with or without American co-operation.

**Plans for the Genoa Conference**

To what extent an economic conference can itself reach any real solution of the problems to which I have referred, is itself a question on which opinions have differed widely from the start. It was not even clear how far the Genoa economic conference could keep away from purely political discussions. Our State Department's letter of March 8, declining the invitation to the conference at Genoa, based its refusal on its view that the plan for that conference had excluded from consideration certain questions which were vital to economic readjustment, and would, in fact, "be a conference of a political character." What was evidently meant by Secretary Hughes was that the key-note of the programme seemed to be the admission of the Russian Soviet Government to international deliberations and agreements. As the time of the conference drew near, this judgment appeared more and more to be correct.

The British Government's general purpose was no mystery. As compared with a year ago, the shrinkage in British trade with the rest of Europe has been very large. During the full year 1921, that country's shipments to the Continent decreased £313,000,000 from 1920, or nearly 60 per cent. A good part of that decrease was caused by the fall of 25 per cent or thereabouts in average prices, but the decrease in quantity was even greater, and it was quite in accordance with his traditions that the British merchant should be looking for means of restoring old-time business conditions, whether in Russia or in Central Europe or anywhere else. This has plainly been the basis of Lloyd George's plans for Genoa.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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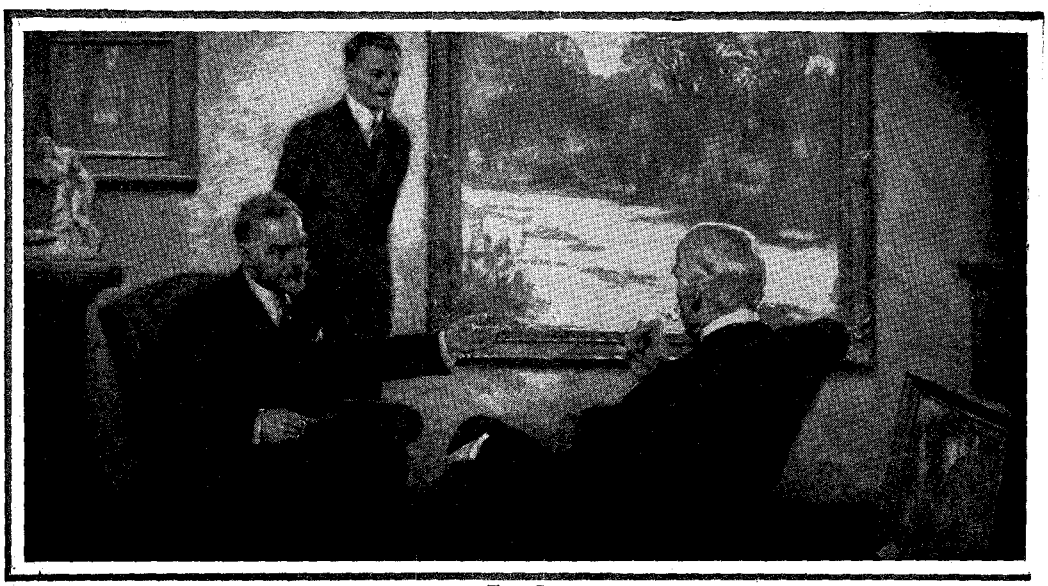

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 642)

ordinary times the problem of regaining a lost foreign trade would rest mainly on the ublishing of English export prices low ugh to command a competitive market. an extent that consideration has existed on this occasion; British prices have until lately been kept out of line with the world market by the exactions of British labor, the shortage of fuel during last year's coal ke, and, not least, by the partial depreciaı of British currency, which was bound to rt its effect on British prices. But the er problem at the present time has been the blem of putting the foreign markets themes upon their feet. That meant, first, reation of international credit. The relatively e imports of continental Europe in 1919 and ɔ, from England as from the United States, e made possible through existence of credit very long dates and on a very large scale, to foreign purchasers. That expedient, als precarious and at the time largely unsound in a financial way, broke down with the world-wide collapse of overexpanded credit.

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In course of time the general recovery from the shock of readjustment would restore the movement of trade with countries like France, Belgium, Italy, and the so-called European neutrals. But the rapidly widening depreciation of Central Europe's paper currencies, and of their foreign-exchange rates, has not only disorganized the home trade of those countries; it has made it extremely difficult for them to trade abroad. A purchase made in sterling on three months' time might require at date of payment 25 per cent more in marks or crowns than had been calculated when the bargain was closed. This was true of Germany, to which country England's exports in 1921 were £3,900,000 less than in 1920, and £22,800,000 less than in the year before the war. It was true in a far greater degree of Russia, where existing conditions have powerfully affected not only Great Britain's export trade, but its imports of necessary raw materials. In 1913

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)


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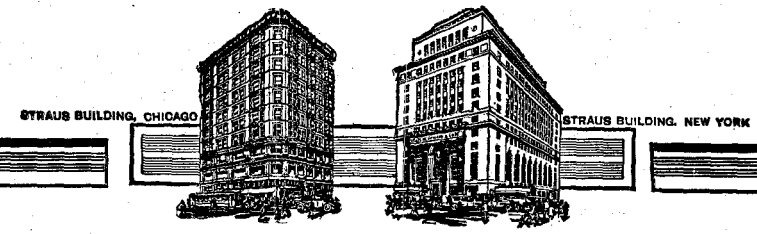


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You may depend absolutely on every Straus Bond in your strong box. These securities are justly entitled to the highest investment rating, because they are based on solid values and assured earnings, and are surrounded by all the safeguards of the *Straus Plan* —which has protected our clients from loss for 40 years.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

ngland exported £18,103,000 of finished goods
Russia, and imported £40,271,000 of food
id raw materials. In 1921, even at the much
gher prices then prevailing, exports to Russia
ere valued at £8,630,000, and imports from
ussia at £13,122,000.

The idea that the foreign exchanges of Cen-
al Europe could be in some way "stabilized"
s not proved practicable. It had, however,
en discovered that when even a country with
avily depreciated exchange had made a seri-
s effort toward matching expenditure with
venue, it was possible to stimulate its trade
recourse, either to guarantee of its importing
erchants' obligations by the government or
loans made to that government by the Brit-
investment market, the proceeds being
voted to purchase of goods in England.
echo-Slovakia has thus appeared in the re-
nt rapidly expanding market for foreign
ns, both at London and New York. But
obvious difficulty lay in the fact that, when-
er such a government continued to resort to
re paper-money issues in paying its current
ls, that very action emphasized the depreciа-
n of exchange, drove up paper prices at
ne, and thereby resulted in a much larger
blic deficit and much weaker public credit.

THE case of Russia was still different; in re-
lations with that country financial consid-
tions could not possibly be separated from
itical. That fact is recognized by the exist-
Russian government itself, which ap-
proaches it in a sufficiently crafty
way. Assuming that Soviet dele-
gates would be received at Genoa,
Lenin remarked in a recent inter-
w that he "did not expect a political under-
nding; that is impossible between a Soviet
ublic and a bourgeois state." Bolshevist
ssaries "would go as business men," who
now how to bargain" and who, if there
uld be an "element of bluff" in the bargain,
e accustomed to bluff, too." The British
ernment, in Lenin's further view, "knows
t the number of Russian commercial under-

**ssia the ference**

(Financial Situation, continued on page 59)

# For Mortgage Bond Buyers

**This flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf book, makes it easy for owners of First Mortgage Bonds to keep a record of their holdings. We will send it upon request.**

## 67 Years' Proven Safety

**The preparation of this book is a small part of the service rendered to investors all over America by the Oldest Banking House in Chicago. Whether you have $100, $500, $1,000 or more to invest, 100% protection and 7% interest returns may be yours. For more than two-thirds of a century, every *Greenebaum Safeguarded Bond*, principal and interest, has been promptly paid.**

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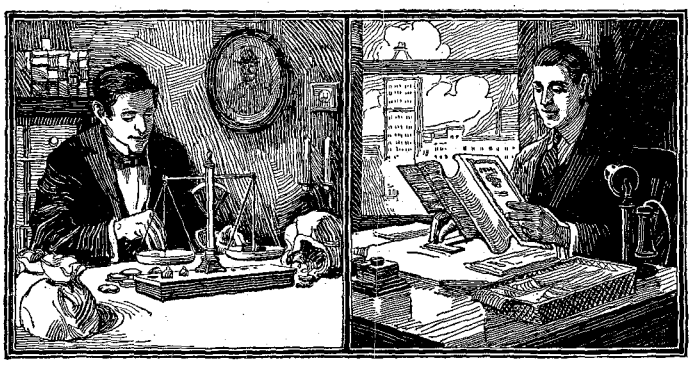

# Gold *and* Paper

Within the past two centuries, paper has replaced the yellow metal as the symbol of man's wealth.

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The solid foundation of municipal bonds, in particular, provides the assurance of permanent safety that is sought by every investor.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

takings in which foreign capital is taking part has been steadily increasing. He is too much of a realist to allow British capital to be frozen out."

All this might almost have been said by Lloyd George himself. But, even if taken as an accepted policy, it would leave several serious questions open. What is Russia able to offer to-day in the export trade? What guarantee could outside governments or merchants get of Bolshevist good faith? How would a formal international compact between the Western European governments and the Bolshevist régime, even on a question of mutual trade, affect the question whether Russia is ever to escape from the incubus of the present cabal, which, supported by foreign mercenaries, has already, through its crack-brained social and economic policies, wrecked the productive industries, the transportation system, and even the agriculture of the country? What, finally, would such recognition mean to the Bolshevist propaganda in the outside world, which even now occasionally raises its head, and the purpose of continuing which is boldly asserted by the Soviet?

NO international conference can answer these questions convincingly, because the whole existing situation in Russia is of a character to baffle prediction, whether based on general principles or on the precedent of history. The Milyukoffs and Bachmetieffs, speaking for the exiled statesmanship of Russia, while they hold unswervingly that the Bolshevik régime will fall, are unable to say what organized leadership will overthrow it or what will take its place. What Lenin and his colleagues are offering to outside nations is the privilege of exploiting Russia with foreign capital on a scale and in a manner which no self-respecting government would endure, and which is so utterly inconsistent with every conception of their communist philosophy as to make it unbelievable that the

**Future of the Russian Problem**

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)


CITIES of the South have prospered greatly in the past two decades—they have grown in size, wealth and national importance. The remarkable growth of the South in twenty years is typified by the Census figures of a few leading communities.

| | *1900* | *1920* |
|---|---|---|
| Nashville ..... | 80,865 | 118,342 |
| Chattanooga... | 30,154 | 57,895 |
| Birmingham... | 38,415 | 178,270 |
| Jacksonville.... | 28,429 | 91,558 |
| Shreveport..... | 16,013 | 43,874 |
| Miami ..... | 1,681 | 29,549 |
| Atlanta ..... | 89,872 | 200,616 |
| New Orleans... | 287,104 | 387,219 |
| Knoxville ..... | 32,637 | 77,818 |
| Memphis ..... | 102,320 | 162,351 |
| Dallas ..... | 42,638 | 158,976 |
| Houston ..... | 44,633 | 138,076 |

# Bonds of Prosperous Southern Cities

***"Backed by the Power of Taxation"***

THE bonds of Southern Municipalities are highly regarded by banks, insurance companies and individual investors. The prosperity and growing population of Southern cities give strong assurance of their safety.

Caldwell and Company are familiar with local conditions throughout the South and offer to investors Southern Municipal Bonds of the highest character, yielding 4¾% to 6% interest, exempt from all Federal Income taxes.

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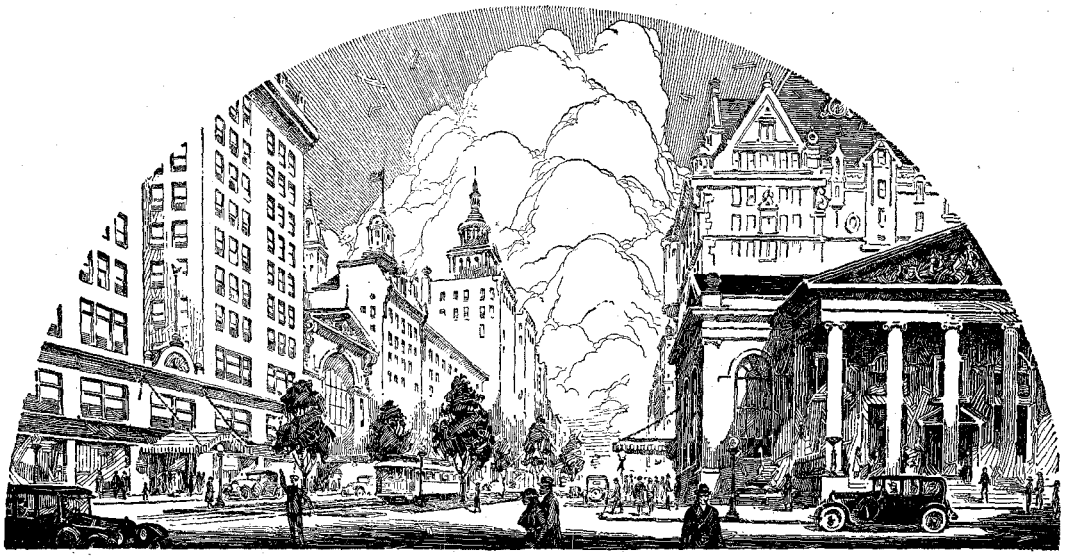

# SOUTHERN CITIES

THE building of modern business and office structures to keep pace with the growing community needs of the South is progressing in increasing magnitude.

This avenue of development has created unusually desirable investment opportunities.

Many of these undertakings have been financed by this institution on a basis of closed first mortgage on the properties.

In line with our policy of placing Southern investments on a standard that will attract banks and insurance companies or other investors seeking absolute safety for their funds, we limit these loans to not more than 50% of our value of the property. They are made in the form of closed first mortgage bonds bearing attractive interest rates.

We have been making these investments for over seventeen years, placing them largely with banks and insurance companies. The constant growth of the South enables us, from time to time, to offer these securities to a wider clientele.

We would like to place in your hands details of the many attractive features of these bonds.

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*Seventeenth Year—Never a Loss to a Client*

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER ONE MILLION

CANAL & CAMP STS. NEW ORLEANS



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 59)

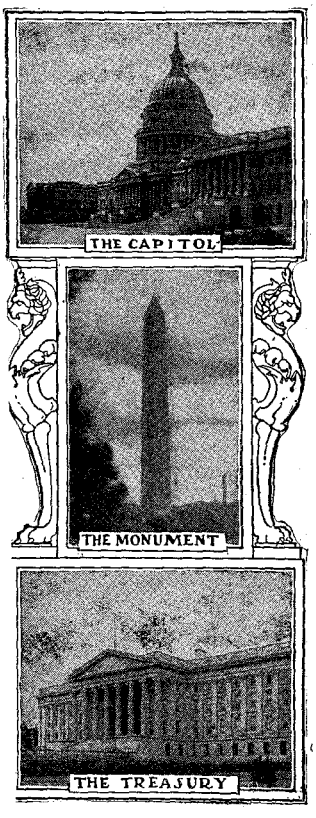
Soviet itself is inspired by any other purpose than a desperate desire to get foreign capital into Russia, where it will be at their mercy when the Soviet's own position has been made secure.

The case of Germany and the rest of Central Europe is more closely in line with historical experience. These governments must grapple with their own paper-money problem. When they are taking serious measures to that end, they will begin to command foreign capital in the shape of loans from the great investment markets (as has happened already with Czechoslovakia) and can thereby slowly take up the work of economic reconstruction. For the rest of Europe it must be recognized that, conference or no conference, the basic economic situation is already changing for the better. This does not mean that scepticism no longer finds voice over the reality of recuperation. Such scepticism bases itself as a rule on the admitted fact of severe industrial depression in England, France, Italy, and indeed in America; on production and consumption, exports and imports, profits of business and employment of labor so greatly reduced from normal times as seemingly to reflect economic paralysis.

**The European Situation**

NOW it is not at all unnatural that survey of these facts in the situation should have created something of pessimism. Considered by themselves, a British foreign trade in 1921 smaller in quantity by 30 to 60 per cent than that of 1913, production of coal in France less than one-third that of the pre-war years, production of iron in England actually down to the lowest figure since 1850, and a ratio of unemployed to the total British trades-union membership officially reported as 17 per cent against a normal 2 to 3 per cent before the war, would seem on the face of things disproof of economic recovery. It was easy to imagine that matters were growing worse instead of better.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)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Solid Business Foundations can be established only on the bed-rock of sound financing, which in turn can be obtained only from sound and responsible financial institutions possessed of both the experience and organization to serve fully and completely in all departments of banking.

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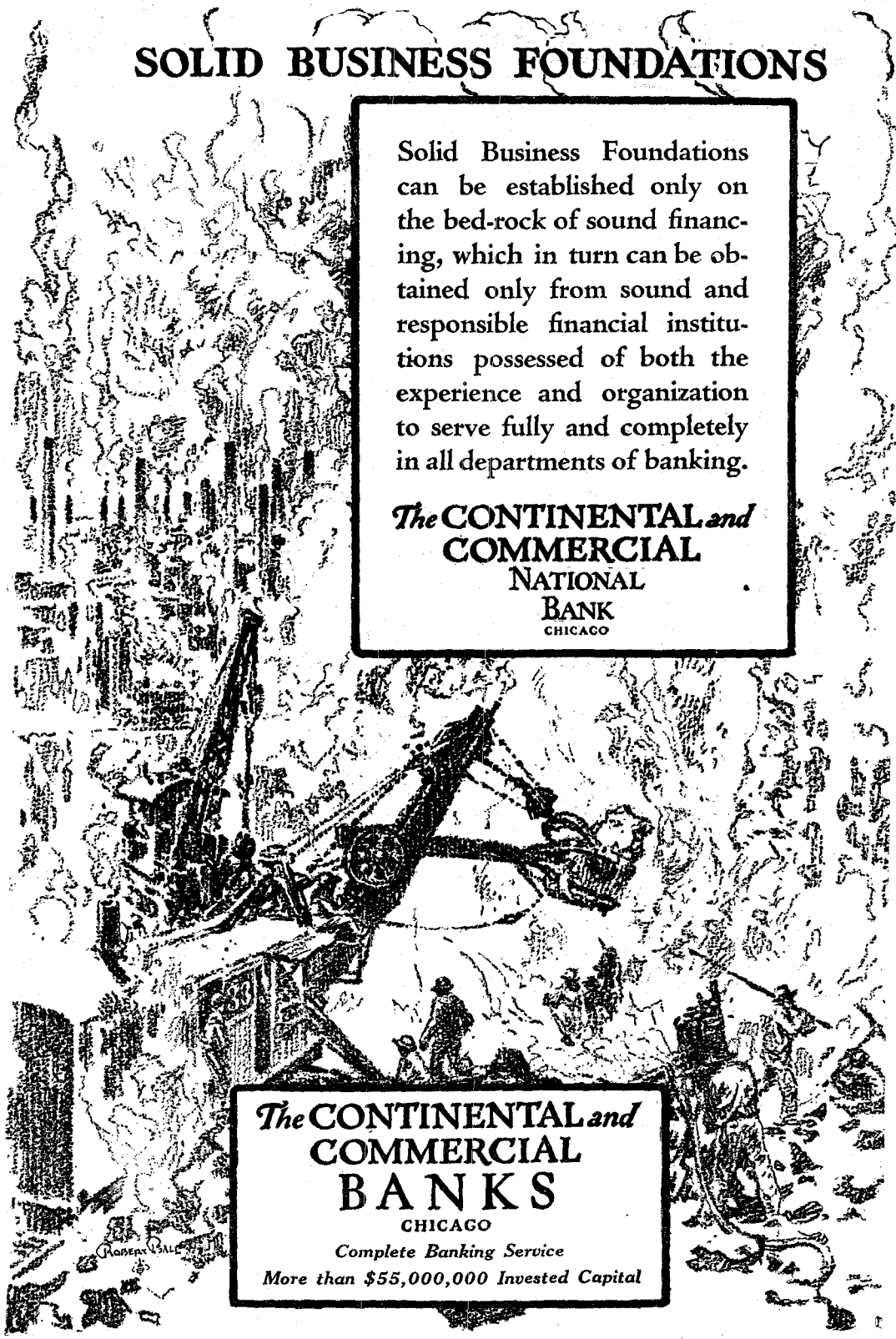

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*Complete Banking Service*

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

But such indices of trade depression cannot be considered by themselves. In particular, readers of past economic history, especially of those chapters which describe the aftermath of great financial reactions and of destructive wars, are now beginning to ask whether such a period of falling prices, stagnant trade, and arrested industry may not have been not only the interlude to the movement of economic rehabilitation but a necessary preliminary to such recovery; whether it was possible to reestablish normal conditions except through correction of the abnormally inflated currencies, the abnormally inflated trade, and the abnormally inflated prices which were the immediate consequences of the war, and whether such correction would be possible except in a period of industrial reaction.

We are not without useful teaching from the past. Exactly the same problem existed when the United States emerged from the Civil War, and its solution was undertaken, as has been on this occasion, first in the wrong way and finally, under stress of circumstances, the right way. The very experienced economist who was then secretary of the treasury, Mr. Hugh McCulloch, stated positively in his reports to the Congress of 1865 and 1866 that, before the United States could reconstruct its financial or industrial position, the depreciation of the paper currency and of the foreign exchanges must be corrected, but that this could not be done until prices had come down and an export balance in foreign trade had been restored. "Nothing is more certain," he went on to say, "than the fact that there can be no permanent resumption of specie payments in the United States until the balances between them and other nations shall be made easy by the exportation of commodities equal at least to our importations." But "under the influence of a redundant currency, our imports increase and our exports diminish. A country in which high prices prevail is an inviting one for buyers but an uninviting one for buyers, and such a country is unfortunately the United States at the present time." He pointed out

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)


**Are You Really Making 7% on Your 7% Investments?**

Perhaps you think you are, but mark these questions: How often do you receive your income? How often do you invest? While your money is accumulating for investing how much does it earn for you?

Your money is worth as much during the accumulation period as after you have invested it. But you are not getting as much. The answer is to have no accumulation period. Invest monthly. Idle money is too easy to spend. Let your monthly investment earn the full rate. In no other way can you make full 7% on your 7% investments.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

hat, precisely as an inflated and depreciated urrency works in a vicious circle, by causing igher prices, which are themselves made the round for demanding still great currency in-ation, so the reduction of prices was an in-ispensable preliminary to the correction of urrency depreciation.

NOW the mere fact that a secretary of the treasury had thus defined the necessary eps to resumption of specie payments, and ad declared such resumption indispensable be-re the American industrial situation could be restored to normal, did not prove that it was so. Mr. McCulloch might have been mistaken in his opinion; in fact, there were plenty people in responsible positions during 1866 10 insisted that he was mistaken. There re Gustav Cassels and Henry Fords in those ys to denounce the secretary's notion of gold sumption through readjustment of trade and ices. Even in Congress legislators of high thority declared, quite in line with the Eng-h devaluationists of 1921, that the amount legal tenders outstanding "is not too much the present condition of the country," and at the policy proposed would be "a double-ick march to bankruptcy." Therefore our lgment of this parallel case should be based, t on the theoretical merits of Mr. McCul-h's arguments, but on the question whether not his prediction was verified by the nt.

**1 old ecedent America**

Fortunately, the record is plain. It shows t the secretary's forecast was accurate. He l cautiously admitted that the rapidity of rement of paper circulation "must depend the effect which contraction may have upon iness and industry, and can be better deter-ed as the work progresses." But he added phatically that, under all the circumstances, ere is more danger to be apprehended from inability of the government to reduce its ulation rapidly enough than from a too d reduction of it." The secretary was not nitted to go far in his programme of eco-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 67)


# An Honest Return

THERE is a limit to the return which an investor can obtain safely. Beyond this he passes from investment to speculation.

It is the work of this old reliable investment institution to analyze and select those offerings which insure the safety of principal and at the same time yield as high an income as is consistent with this safety element.

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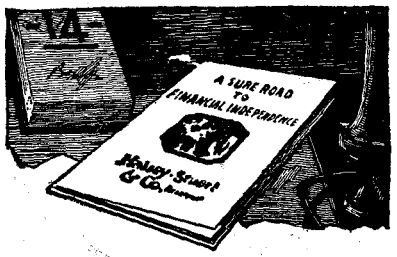


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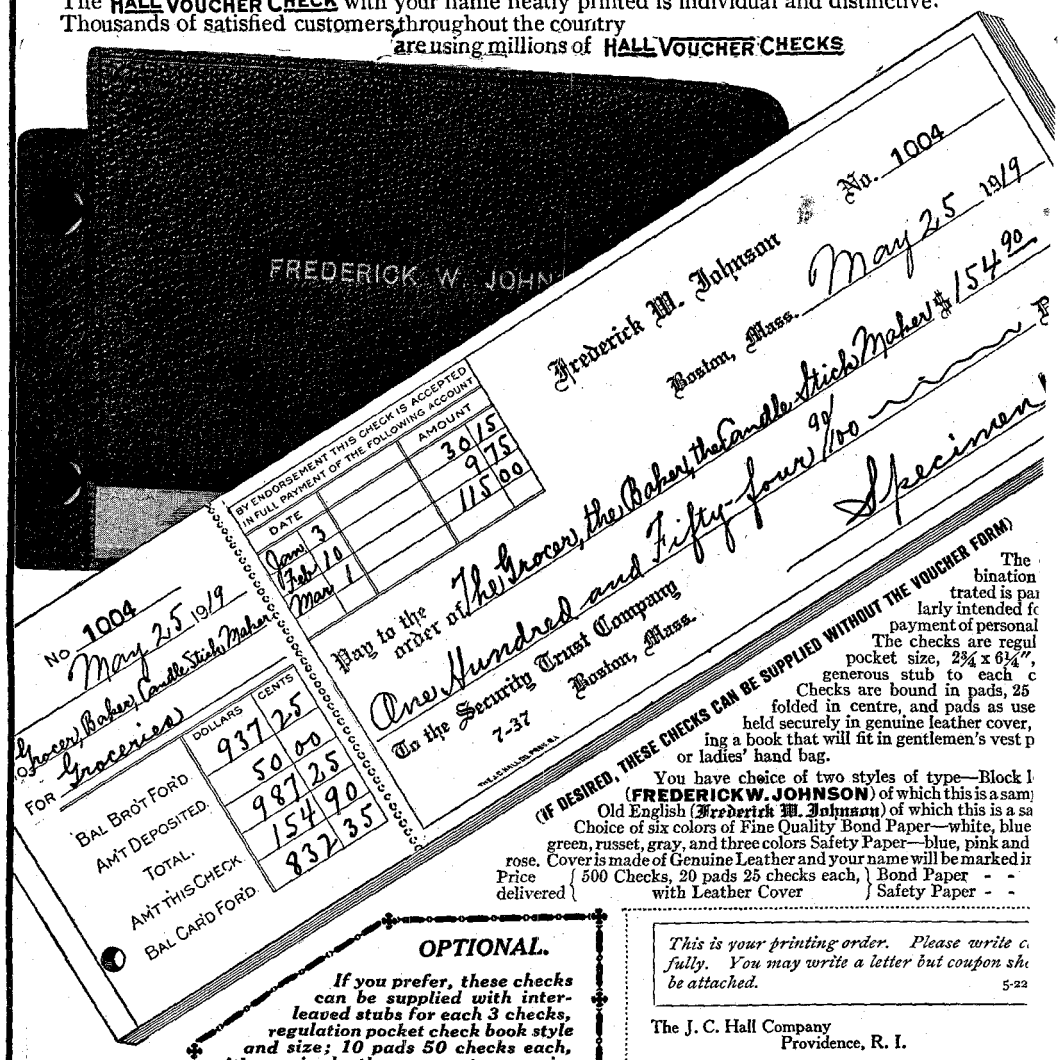


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**(IF DESIRED, THESE CHECKS CAN BE SUPPLIED WITHOUT THE VOUCHER FORM)**

You have choice of two styles of type—Block l **(FREDERICK W. JOHNSON)** of which this is a samp Old English (*Frederick W. Johnson*) of which this is a sa Choice of six colors of Fine Quality Bond Paper—white, blue green, russet, gray, and three colors Safety Paper—blue, pink and rose. Cover is made of Genuine Leather and your name will be marked i

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Number checks and stubs beginning with No.....
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

omic rehabilitation; Congress stopped it be-
ore it was fairly under way.

As a result of that rejection of the secretary's olicy, high cost of living and extravagant com-
ercial speculation came into play again. Ex-
ess of imports over exports—an abnormal con-
ition for a country which had been placed eavily in Europe's debt during the period of ar—was $72,000,000 in 1865. It rose to 131,000,000 in 1869 and to $182,000,000 in 872. The discount on the paper currency in rms of gold, which had been as low as 24 per nt in 1867, got back to 31 per cent in 1869. he panic of 1873 ensued; it brought down ices violently. By a fortunate combination circumstances a specie resumption act was ow pressed with serious purpose, and the con-
tions precedent laid down by Mr. McCulloch indispensable were found to have been auto-
atically created.

On the basis of prices now forcibly adjusted markets of the outside world, not only did ur annual export trade rise $266,000,000 be-
ween 1872 and 1879, but our import trade de-
eased $181,000,000. The $182,000,000 sur-
us of imports over exports in 1872 was anged to a $264,000,000 surplus of exports in e fiscal year 1879. Two or three years be-
e that change had been effected, it was pre-
cted in a message by the President of the nited States to Congress "that the balance trade in favor of the United States will in-
ease, not diminish, and that the pledge of ongress to resume specie payments in 1879 ll be easily accomplished." The prediction s fulfilled; on January 1, 1879, gold pay-
nts on the United States paper currency re resumed and never subsequently sus-
nded. What was more to the point, the era reckless paper speculation, of the gold nics, the Black Fridays, the wild fluctuation prices up and down, ended once for all. An of unprecedented prosperity began in the nited States, lasting for many years and ex-
nding over both home and foreign trade.

is a possible conclusion, alike from the logic of the situation, from the unhappy ex-
ience of 1919, and from the historical anal-
ogy which I have reviewed, that the present era of low prices and industrial depression may be far from an unmixed evil. Let us see just what have been its consequences in the field of international economic relations. The first remark of the American observer is apt to be that economic reaction in the countries with which we do business has caused something like collapse of the American export trade. During the first two months of the present year, the value of our exports was the smallest since the autumn of 1914. Last February they footed up $251,000,000, whereas in February of 1921 they were $486,000,000 and in June of 1919 $928,000,000.

**Trade Depression and European Finance**

Nor was even this the whole story. In our import trade there had been no equivalent decline. Although average prices of goods this year were lower than in the same season of any year since 1916, the value of our importations was greater than in any year on record except 1919 and 1920, and the rather extraordinary result was that whereas in February, 1921, our exports exceeded imports by $274,000,000 and in June of 1919 (the high-record "export surplus month") by $635,000,000, excess of exports in February, 1922, was only $34,000,000. In the corresponding month in each of the three years before 1914 the export surplus ranged from $44,000,000 to $64,000,000. The American foreign-trade balance, after its amazing expansion of two or three years ago, was actually back at the pre-war figure, or lower.

WHAT was to be inferred from so astonishing a change? The answer of the average exporting merchant would be, that trade reaction had descended with such paralyzing force on our foreign customers, notably in Europe, that markets into which we had poured our merchandise during the war and for the two years after it had temporarily all but ceased to exist; with the prospect, however, of recovering the export trade and the "export surplus" when business should revive in Europe. There is something to say for that view of the matter;

**The Present Situation**

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)



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(*New Issue*)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 67)

English merchants must so have regarded the situation in the year after our panic of 1893, for instance, when American imports decreased $211,000,000 from the year before, and Great Britain's total exports, chiefly because of the reduced American purchases, fell $85,000,000. The case of our export trade to Asia and South America, which had lately shrunk 40 and 70 per cent respectively as compared with 1921, would be wholly explainable on that basis. When the countries of those two continents shall have recovered from the shock of the recent forced readjustment of credit and prices, our trade with them will undoubtedly return to its old-time balance. The trade between England and the United States did so after 1894.

To a certain extent, the same recovery will occur in our European trade; but with this important qualification, that the recent great reduction of our export surplus, in trade with the European countries which the war left with a huge accumulated indebtedness to the United States, embodies also a change of a permanent sort which must occur before the international economic relations can be straightened out. Every statement made in 1865 by Secretary McCulloch, regarding the American foreign-trade balance and its bearing on currency depreciation, demoralized exchange, and future financial stability, applies under the present parallel circumstances with equal force to the foreign-trade balance of England, France, and Italy. With those countries today, as with the United States of 1865 and 1872, reduction or reversal of their abnormal surplus of imports is an essential step toward stabilizing their foreign exchanges, restoring sound conditions in their home finance and industry, and ultimately resuming gold payments in their currencies.

WHEN, therefore, analysis of our own February foreign trade showed our surplus of exports to England, France, and Italy to have been smaller in value than in the same month of 1913 or 1912, and when, allowing for the month's large export of gold from those countries to New York and the purchase of their securities by American capital, it appeared that the actual "balance of trade" for the period had swung in their favor and against the United States, the economic logic of the change could not very well be denied. The larger question is, how long that balance is likely to continue to run against us and with what effect on the future of American export trade and American productive industry.

**War Debt and Balance of Trade**

The question is an obscure one. Probably it could not be answered without some guess at the kind of economic world which is to arise when the period of readjustment has run its course. The outside world which was left heavily in England's debt by the Napoleonic wars met the obligation partly (as Europe is now partly meeting its current debt to the United States) through selling long-term securities in the creditor market. But the debt was also settled by a surplus of exports to Great Britain. In due course England became, and remained, a country with a yearly "import surplus" on merchandise account. But its wealth and economic power were increased and, what is equally interesting to recall, its actual export trade grew larger and its producers did not lose their own home market, in spite of the excess of imports. Along just what lines the present parallel situation will in the long run find the solution of its problem, we shall begin to see when the world-wide economic depression ends.

# INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE [SENT WITHOUT COST]

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained **without cost** on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

### INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are two booklets published by the William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. Both booklets describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

(Continued on page 71)



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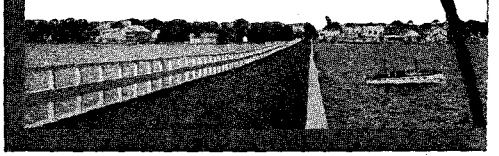

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(Continued from page 69)

"How to Figure the Income Basis on Bonds," a non-technical discussion of this important subject which investors may have simply by writing to Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis.

Caldwell and Company, 214 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee, will send upon request a monthly list of offerings, including descriptions, of attractive issues of Southern Municipal Bonds.

The Bankers Trust Company of New York is issuing periodically an Investment Letter with an informing review of the investment situation, which will be sent to investors on request.

"Bonds Questions Answered—Terms Defined" is the title of the new edition of an instructive booklet issued by Halsey, Stuart and Company. This is a handy reference book for those who know bonds as well as for the new investor.

## BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

"The Giant Energy—Electricity." A booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public-utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

Stacy and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York City, have just published "A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, Revised for 1922," showing the exemption value of municipal bonds which are free from all Federal income taxes as compared with investments subject to these same taxes. Copies may be had upon request.

The Equitable Trust Company of New York has published a treatise, "Currency Inflation and Public Debts," written by Professor R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, with a preface by Alvin W. Krech, President of the Equitable. The publication is of special interest to bankers, importers, and exporters, legislators and statesmen.

C. S. Demaree, legal blank publisher, 613 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Missouri. Ask for free pamphlet "D-24."

## REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of first-mortage bonds offered by this house.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, LaSalle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request a flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf book making it easy for owners of First Mortgage Bonds to keep record of their holdings.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm-mortgage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

"A Guaranteed Income" is a booklet for investors in real-estate bonds, describing the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has published a book entitled "Building with Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First-Mortgage Real-Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

The Mortgage and Securities Company of New Orleans, Louisiana, specializing in Southern investments, have published a booklet, "Farm Mortgage Bonds of the South," setting forth the attractive features of Southern securities of this type. They have also published two additional booklets, "Southern Real Estate Bonds" and "Southern Industrial Bonds." Write for copies of these booklets.

Leonard and Braniff, mortgage bankers, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, who specialize in first mortgages guaranteed by a large title company, have for free distribution a printed table showing the comparative return on their 7% and 6½% mortgage bonds and tax-exempt securities.

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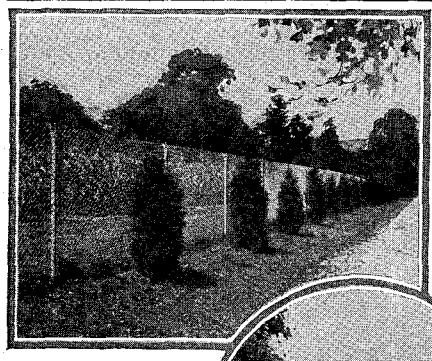

*Reproduction of illustration on page 6 of GOOD FENCES*

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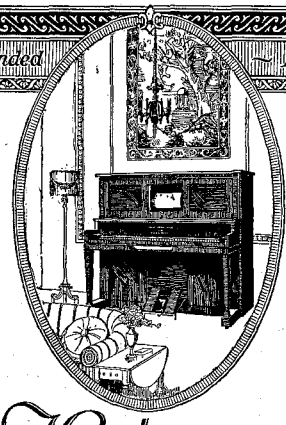

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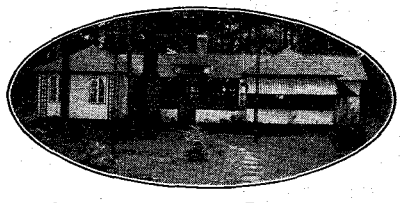

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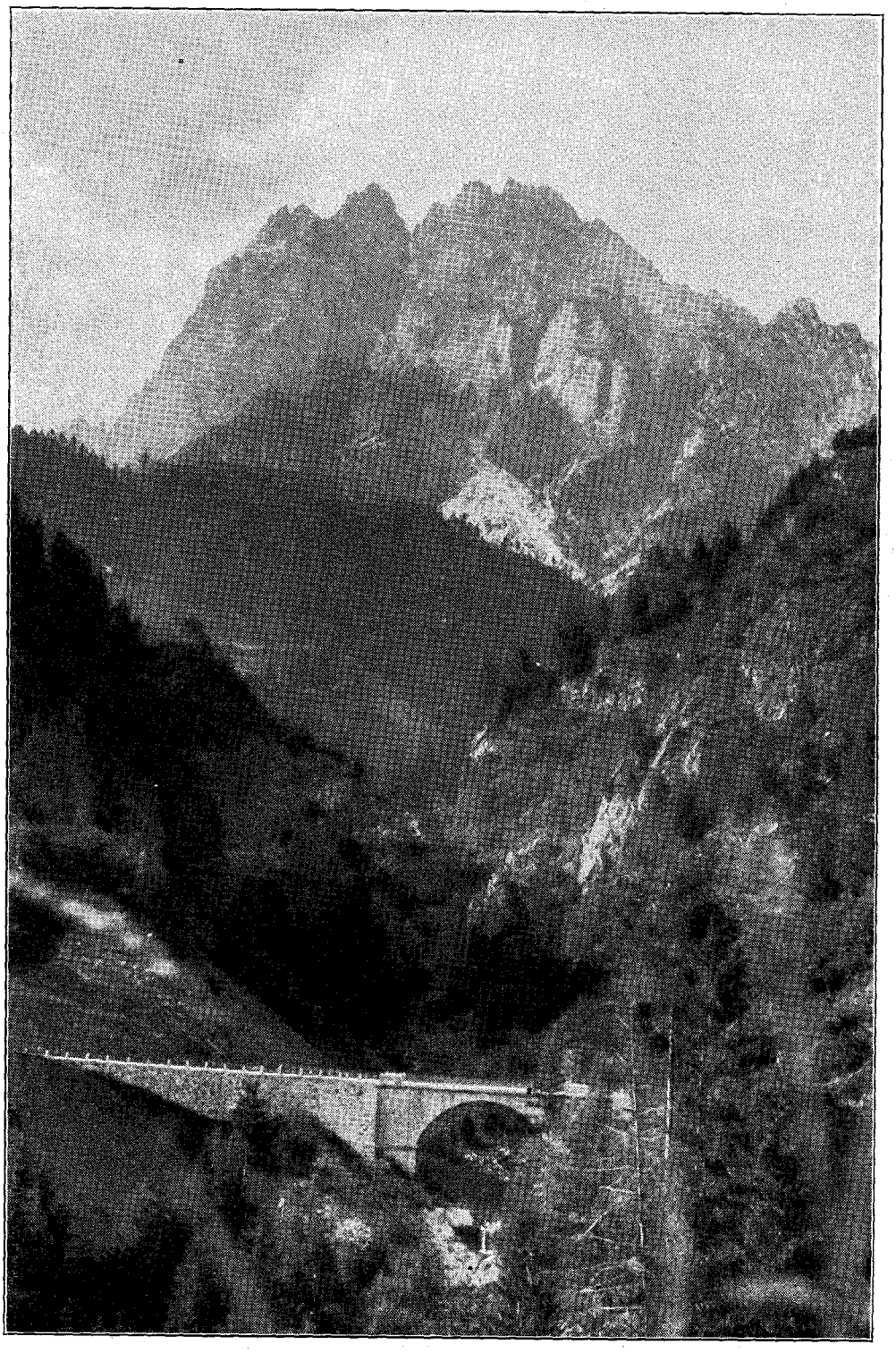

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